



**WORKS BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD**

M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

Author of "The Light of Asia," &c.

---

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD; or, The  
Great Consummation. A Poem. Crown 8vo,  
7s. 6d. net.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE, and other Poems.  
Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

ADZUMA; or, The Japanese Wife. A Play.  
Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.

THE TENTH MUSE, and other Poems.  
Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

SEAS AND LANDS. With 71 Illustrations.  
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

WANDERING WORDS. With 45 Illustrations.  
8vo, 18s.

---

LONDON, NEW YORK, AND BOMBAY:  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.



# EAST AND WEST

6



# EAST AND WEST

BEING PAPERS  
REPRINTED FROM THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"  
AND OTHER SOURCES

BY  
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

AUTHOR OF  
"THE LIGHT OF ASIA," "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,"  
"SEAS AND LANDS," "WANDERING WORDS,"  
ETC. ETC.

WITH FORTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
R. T. PRITCHETT

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
LONDON, NEW YORK, AND BOMBAY

1896

*All rights reserved*



# CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE EGYPTIAN THIEF . . . . .	I
II. "ASPECTS OF LIFE" . . . . .	23
III. A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS . . . . .	55
IV. ASTRONOMY AND RELIGION . . . . .	67
V. IN THE INDIAN WOODS . . . . .	91
VI. LOVE THE PRESERVER . . . . .	107
VII. A REAL THIRST . . . . .	135
VIII. THE INDIAN UPANISHADS . . . . .	149
IX. THE TWO BRIDGES . . . . .	169
X. INDIAN VICEROYS . . . . .	183
XI. UNDER THE SUNSHINE . . . . .	195
XII. JUNGLE KINGDOMS—	
PART I.—THE WAR BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST . . . . .	209
,, II.—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CONFLICT . . . . .	218
,, III.—SNAKES . . . . .	230
XIII. A FISHERMAN'S WIFE . . . . .	237
XIV. AN ENGINE OF FATE . . . . .	247
XV. IN THE STONE TRADE . . . . .	257
XVI. THE TRIUMPH OF JAPAN . . . . .	271

CHAP.	PAGE
XVII. LOST AND FOUND . . . . .	291
XVIII. BUDDHA-GYA . . . . .	303
XIX. THE "GARDEN OF REPOSE" . . . . .	323
XX. THE SWORD OF JAPAN . . . . .	339
XXI. LIMPETS . . . . .	353
XXII. A DELICATE ENTERTAINMENT . . . . .	363

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

BUDDHA-GAYA, A.D. 1870. ( <i>State before restoration</i> )	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
THE WATER CARRIER OF EGYPT . . . . .	17
CHINA TEA CLIPPER . . . . .	32
JERUSALEM AND MOUNT OF OLIVES AND TEMPLE . . . . .	58
ALGIERS HARBOUR . . . . .	198
NORTH SEA TRAWLERS . . . . .	240
DOWN THE GHÂTS . . . . .	252
THE WIND GOD OF JAPAN . . . . .	285
BUDDHA-GAYA. ( <i>Entrance arches before restoration</i> ) . . . . .	305
ASOKA PILLAR AT TIRHOOT . . . . .	307
THE BUDDHIST CHIEF PRIEST—SRI-MANGALA WELIGAMA OF PANADÛRE . . . . .	311
SWORD REST, JAPAN . . . . .	342

## ILLUSTRATIONS IN TEXT

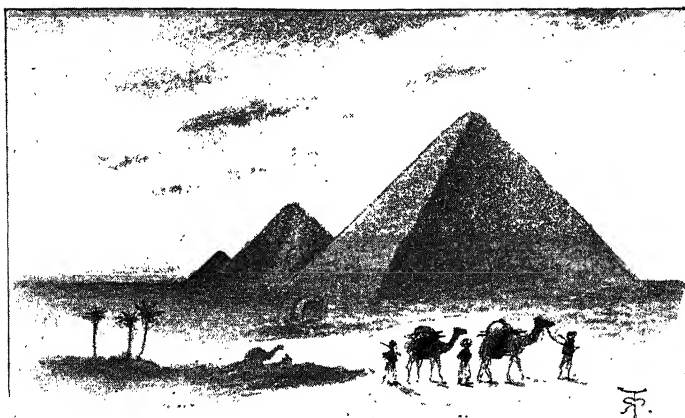
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER I. . . . .	I
SON OF RAMESSES . . . . .	I
NILE BOAT . . . . .	2
SISTRUM . . . . .	4
THE GOD "RA." ( <i>Orb of Life</i> ) . . . . .	7
"HÂTHOR." ( <i>Goddess of Bread and Water</i> ) . . . . .	10

	PAGE
"PAPYRUS CYPERUS" OF THE NILE . . . . .	20
LOCUST AND EGGS . . . . .	62
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER IV. . . . .	69
SACRED LOTUS . . . . .	97
BANYAN TREE . . . . .	104
TALIPOT PALM AND BAMBOO . . . . .	105
LAEF BUTTERFLIES. ( <i>Protective resemblances</i> ) . . . . .	112
HINDOO FUNERAL . . . . .	142
GRÆCO-BUDDHIST SCULPTURE ON SANSHI TOPE . . . . .	153
MINIATURE ROCK AND TREE . . . . .	260
TOBAKO-BON, PIPES, AND SAKI BOTTLES . . . . .	264
MINIATURE GARDEN . . . . .	268
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XVI. . . . .	273
RICE . . . . .	276
"DAIKON" RADISH. ( <i>Raphanus sativus</i> ) . . . . .	281
WATER GATE OF TEMPLE, MIYA SHIMA, ISLAND OF ITSUKU	290
POONA . . . . .	326
BANGLE SHOP, POONA . . . . .	327
A SET OF LOTAS . . . . .	332
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XXI. . . . .	355
WALL PICTURE OR "KAKEMONO" . . . . .	366
JAPANESE LADY . . . . .	368
JAPANESE BOY . . . . .	373



# I

## THE EGYPTIAN THIEF



# EAST AND WEST

## I

### THE EGYPTIAN THIEF

*A Tale expanded from the brief Greek text of Herodotus.*

(EUTERPE II. Chap. 121.)



SON OF RAMESES.

“TAKE chisel and mallet, my son, and cut for me, in the spot I mark upon this porphyry block, a socket three fingers breadth across.”

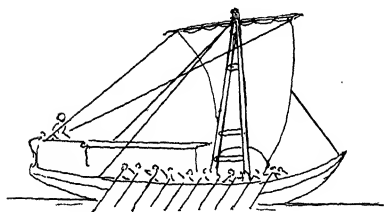
“Wilt thou, oh my Father, thus mar the master-stone of thy building for the treasure-place of Pharaoh? How should a socket be needed on the under-face of this block?”

“Cut even as I bid thee!”  
gravely replied the elder of the two, the Royal Architect Sanehat; and bending to

the lower side of the tilted stone he drew carefully with red pigment the outline of the orifice which he desired to have pierced upon the huge mass of the dressed and polished rock.

Those who held this conversation—Sanehat the Royal Builder, and Setnau his eldest son—lived many thousand years ago. It was in the time of the very ancient King of Egypt, Rhampsinit, who

ruled in Memphis. The scene was the Courtyard of the Palace at the outskirts of the great city, where the massive walls and gateways of the Royal House came down to the banks of a canal leading



NILE BOAT.

to the Nile. Along the edge of the canal lay barges and river-boats, loaded with ponderous blocks of hewn and unhewn stone, brought laboriously from the quarries of Hammâmat beyond the river; and all the Courtyard, usually so quiet and well-swept, was now cumbered with similar dressed and undressed masses of porphyry, syenite, granite, and the softer limestone, beyond which soared, amid scaffolding of palm-sticks, the nearly finished façade of the King's new treasure-chamber. The day was sultry with the fierce heat of early summer in the Delta, when the last hot breath of the Khamsîn withers the fresh fig-leaves, and Ra the Orb of Life, gleaming in full majesty from his burning path across the pale sky,

makes all the land look gold in the light, and ebony in the shadows. Only native-born children of the Nile valley could have toiled bareheaded under such ardent heat; but, temperate as antelopes in their diet, the Egyptian women and children went and came with water, slime, and wood on their heads for the artificers, heedless of the glare, beneath which a crowd of brown-skinned masons, stoneworkers, sculptors, painters, and common labouring men, stripped stark naked, worked in various ways, at the direction of Sanehat's sons and foremen, to hasten the completion of the mastaba of King Rhampsinit. From the canal-banks and from the neighbouring Nile the creaking noises came of water-wheels perpetually lifting the precious water upon the thirsty gardens and fields. The chatter and babble of a bazaar close at hand mingled with fainter cries from the city, and with the far off beating of temple sistrums and cymbals. Suddenly a large drum in the Courtyard gave the signal for the midday meal of the royal workmen, and, as they broke off to their rude repast of onions and millet-cake, the Royal Architect took his staff and slowly paced, respectfully followed by his son, to his own abode within a garden of palms and sycamore trees at the angle where the canal emerged from the Nile; for "Sanehat" means the "son of the sycamores."

What caused him to wear so wistful a countenance? The reason was that, early in the day, the Master-Builder of Memphis had been summoned to the presence of the mighty Pharaoh in the inner

hall of the Palace. The King had borne himself towards his accomplished servant as "a friend of great sweetness." Sanehat had saluted the Throne with the palms of his hands and his forehead humbly placed on the ground. Lying low and long on

his breast before the state chair of ivory and brown gold, he did not raise his eyes until the chief officers lifted him up with gentle arms, and the girls of the Court began to beat their triangles, and sang the song of the "King's friend," softly chanting—

"May thy works prosper, Lord of all  
Lauds!

May Phtah give good breath to thy  
nostrils;

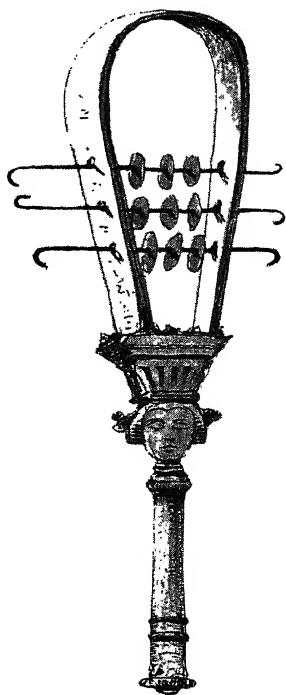
May Nub the goddess ornament thy  
years with glory!

The Urœus shines on thy brow like  
the star Sothis;

Grant fair words unto Sanehat thy  
servant,

Who buildeth thee abodes for the  
Gods,

Houses for thy women, and chambers  
for thy treasure."



SISTRUM.

And, hereupon, Rhampsinit the King had bade them raise him to his feet, and put a collar of gold upon his neck, and pour fragrant oil upon his head, saying, "Let him be free of terror. He is a Royal Friend among my chosen! Bring for him delicate meats, and drinks of coolness, and place for him

a seat of inlaid wood that he may sit, and that I may speak with him of my building."

Afterwards the King had held much and earnest speech with Sanehat, questioning about mighty temples which were in his mind, and structures of splendour to be devised and erected; and Sanehat had laid before the eyes of Rhampsinit the plan for the first pyramid, which was hereafter to be erected by Cheops. There should be raised from the sandy tableland of the desert, said he, a tomb-place for the King, called Khâ—the rising—a place where the dead Pharaoh should be safe forever until his soul had need again of the body. The pyramid completed should have a height of 476 feet on a base 764 feet square, and should contain in itself the deepest secrets of mathematics and astronomy. The King's Sarcophagus should be concealed in the heart of this stone mountain made by man's hand, with cunning devices to hide it until after-times. Under the limestone casing, a movable block, working on a stone pivot, should close the passage to the death-chamber, so that no intruder could find the way to violate it. Sanehat showed the King with what machines the vast blocks might be lifted to their position, and the great hill of stone built perfectly from top to bottom. Also what it would cost in turnips, onions, and garlic for the labourers employed. But these things were subsequently to be achieved, and the King, albeit rejoiced at such vast plans, had ever come back from musing over the magnificent ideas of his Master-Builder to the

matter of the treasure-chamber attached to his Palace, now nearing completion. Herein he intended to store the accumulated wealth to be devoted to those stupendous future labours. The gold and the amber and the ivory, the agates and carved onyx and bronzes, the priceless gums and perfumes, the gilded lapis lazuli and the lovely blue and green turquoises from the mines of Hammamat, all were to be deposited in that strong receptacle which Sanehat was constructing in the Palace Court. And one would think, as the Pharaoh loaded his servant with praise for his large conceptions, and promised to make him like to a King's son for worthiness and wealth and fame, that he would surely be in the favour of the Palace till his death, and that the heart of Sanehat would have rejoiced. But at the last, the Chief Interpreter had whispered somewhat to the King, and the King spake a certain sombre word which had sent Sanehat very sad of countenance forth from the Palace, and had caused him to bid his son cut that same socket in the block of porphyry.

Now the word was this. Rhampsinit, hearing the whisper of the Chief Interpreter, gnawed his fingers for a time until he broke his sard signet-ring, and then said gloomily, "Hath thou spoken to no man, O Master-Builder, of the secret entering and quitting of this my new treasure-chamber?" And the Architect answered, "By the life of my Lord, and by my soul, I have spoken to none." Then Rhampsinit said, "Thou and I alone, therefore, know of the

making of this house and of the keys of its doorway." And the Architect had answered, "By Ra, living forever! only thou and I."

Yet, when he had so answered, his heart became as water within him, for he discerned suddenly the bitter purpose of the King, and that he himself should be in some way or other slain, in order that only the Pharaoh might be aware of the entering of the treasure-chamber. And therefore was it that he had gone back sorrowful to the working place, and therefore had he commanded the socket to be cut in that block of porphyry.

The day arrived when the treasure-chamber became finished; and all the wealth of Rhampsinit, brought from many a storehouse, was laid out and heaped up in its recesses. Besides the massive gateways which led into it,

and the strong walls of stone shutting it close, the place was guarded by every kind of magic. Statues animated by the *Ka*, or Double, of the Royal Founder, protected its angles. An image of black and white granite at the entrance held in its huge hands a sceptre and a hooded snake; and that same carved



THE GOD "RA."  
Orb of Life.



stone serpent, it was currently reported, would coil round the neck of any robber approaching, and sting him to swift death. Only the King and the Chief Eunuch possessed the curious keys which opened the vast bronze doors of the chamber, or knew how to use them. When all the royal wealth had been deposited there, a great feast was held in the palace, whereat the guests of the King sat crowned with flowers, their heads scented with perfumed oil, the Master-BUILDER highest among them, throned amid Princes, beside the Pharaoh. At the close of the festival, Rhampsinit poured a measure of wine into his own golden goblet, and gave it to Sanehat, who, bound by loyalty, drank it to the bottom, and took his leave, clad in new robes of favour, and graced with titles of honour: while the people of the Court made way before him, and the dancing girls sang the praise of the "friend of Pharaoh."

Alas! that same night, at the hour when the first cock crows, mortal pains attacked the frame of the Architect. The sweat of death stood cold upon him. His body shook alternately with rigors, and then became as if plunged in the fires of Amenti, so that, perceiving his end to be near, he spake to Rud-didet, his chief wife, saying, "The heart of Pharaoh is harder than the red granite of the desert quarry. The breath of his kindness is deadlier than the kiss of the hungry asp. This night he has put into his wine of amity a poison which no medicine can assuage. Call hither my two sons, and come thou nigh unto me with them,

for I shall die to-night, and I have that to say which only thou and these must hear."

Setnau and his younger brother Hemti dutifully attended at the summons, and stood with their mother beside the bed of the dying Architect, while he thus addressed them, in a voice growing more and more feeble: "My sons! and thou, Rud-didet, mother of my sons! the Pharaoh has not willed that any should possess the secrets of his treasure-chamber except himself and our enemy—the Chief Interpreter. To-night he has taken my life with a subtle drug. This, indeed, I had foreseen, and have so devised that when I shall have descended to Amenti, the riches of the King will all be yours. Thou dost remember, Setnau, how I bade thee cut a socket in the block of purple porphyry. Count eleven cubits from the hand of the statue at the corner, and ye shall see a granite slab, rose-coloured, fronting the canal, which moves if ye press its upper third portion. Being disengaged, the porphyry block beside it swings round upon its socket, and ye may enter the chamber from the outside at will. When I am dead, the King's Chief Interpreter will speak fair words, but trust them not. When fitting time arrives, go freely into the King's treasure-house, and make yourselves rich with the royal wealth, for the sake of which he hath betrayed me to death." At this Sanehat, the Master-Builder died, and was embalmed after the Egyptian manner, his soul going forth to seek "the Field of Reeds," while in the coffin of his mummy were placed

chapters of "The Book of the Dead," to guide him to where Hâthor the Goddess gives that bread and water of death which, once partaken of, enable the departed to enter the Ferry Boat that doth bear spirits to the other world. The dead man had then to answer the questions of that Boat. "Tell



"HÂTHOR."

Goddess of Bread and Water.

me my name," said the Mast; and he must reply, "The Guide of the Great Goddess is thy name." Then the Sailyard asked, "What is my name?" and the dead must reply, "The Backbone of the Heavenly Jackal, Uapû-âitû, is thy name." And the Masthead inquired, "What is my name?" the right answer being, "The Neck of Amsit, Child of Horus." And the Sail also, demanding its hidden title, must be responded to, "Nûit is

thy name, the Starry One!" Knowing all these things, Sanehat went safe to the Shore of Spirits.

But when he was gone, the household became neglected by Pharaoh, and poverty pressed upon the Lady Rud-Didet, and Setnau and Hemti the brothers. Moreover, the King's Interpreter, by and by pretending royal anger against the deceased

Artificer, and that he had laid unlawful hands upon some of the money and provisions for the workmen (which was a false accusation), sent officers to exact restitution, and took away all that could be found which was valuable in the abode of Sanehat. There came at last a time in that sorrowful abode when not more than a jar of oil and a measure of millet were remaining for the family; but the young men had been brought up in fear of the Lords of Justice and Truth, and day by day they sought the favours of Thoth, who gives wealth, and of Nâpri, who grants food, working industriously in the yards of the stone-masons of the city. Soon, however, their mother fell sick for lack of good nourishment, and remembering in her heart how cruelly Sanehat had died, and what he had said in dying, she called her sons to her side, and gave them command, in these words: "This will be no sin if we shall hurt those who have injured us. Ye know well where there is abundance of wealth and worldly store. What spake he who was beyond all the builders of Egypt for knowledge and faithfulness, and who perished of the shameful wine-cup of Pharaoh, in its show of friendliness? 'Count eleven cubits along the wall from the hand of the statue at the corner, and ye shall perceive a granite slab, rose-grained, fronting the canal, which will yield if ye press its upper third portion; and then the dark-coloured block swings back upon its socket, and ye may enter the chamber from without, and help yourselves at will from his goods who hath rewarded good service

with a deadly drink.' Thus did your father speak. Go now therefore by night, and bring for me and for yourselves that which shall fill up our jars and sacks again from the King's Treasury."

Accordingly, the two young men went forth by night, bearing with them a lamp of clay, and a fire-stick to kindle its wick ; and knowing well the place, they measured the eleven cubits from the hand of the statue, found the granite slab, and pressing upon its upper portion, set free the great block of porphyry, which easily revolving upon the socket, opened a passage into the King's treasure-house. First Setnau crept through, while Hemti kept watch outside ; but when the lamp was enkindled, then—lest the guard should spy the shining of its light—Hemti followed his brother, and together they drew the great stone close again, and looked around them. At first little could be discerned of the vast enclosure, but there were bronze lamps filled with perfumed oil swinging from the roof, or placed on pedestals of alabaster ; and these being ready for use, they lighted them all, until the place became bright as day, and every corner of it visible. Then they saw two rows of massive stone columns supporting the vast slabs of the roof, coloured with all sorts of gay painting, and having carved capitals, richly wrought and painted ; and all round the walls were alabaster panels, sculptured with pictures of the products of the King's countries, and of the people bringing these in boats and on asses and oxen, all limned and tinted to the life. And around these

columns, and along the walls of the chamber, were ranged all kinds of wealth and wonderful possessions that a Lord of Egypt would store up. There were the black and the blue wigs of the King, together with fair diadems of gold, and silk, and stringed gems belonging to each of them : pots of costly perfume for the anointing of his head and body—costliest of all those gums of the land of Punt which burn with the smell of Heaven—bottles of agate and chalcedony holding the black powder for the eyelids of his ladies, and of red powders for their cheeks and lips ; piles of rich garments in cotton, and wool, and silk delicately woven and brodered, and made precious with thread of gold and silver and with work of pierced pearls and turquoises. In one corner lay heaped up, like round yellow flowers from the Sont-tree, little balls of pure gold, got from the rocks of Ophir, and in another bricks of silver and of copper ; while elsewhere were beads of many colours and shapes on strings, and curious enamelled ornaments of burnt earth, and stone and wood and glass and bronze, with Tabnu, which are small rings holding a sacred beetle, or a sardonyx, or a charmed crystal. Lapis lazuli in blocks and rough lumps lay on one hand, and on the other little chests of cedar, or boxes of alabaster and bags of leather stiffened with bitumen, holding all sorts of jewels,—rubies, sapphires, carnelians, jaspers, turquoises, agates, jacinths, emeralds, and topazes. There were long strings of polished amber, and plates of green copper stone, with gods and god-

desses cut out in yellow and red and green marbles, and *ushabtî* for the King's death--little figures of attendants to wait on him in the Nether World, having heads of gold and feet of coral or amber. Also there were pearls from the Sea of Suph--pearls of all shapes and sizes, in white piles like the husked rice; some beaded into necklets and armlets; together with billets of ebony wood and of sandal wood, sacks of gum arabic, bundles of ostrich feathers, skins of lions, leopards, and other animals, not to speak of elephants' tusks, beautiful weapons of bronze and iron and wood, inlaid and jewelled, and rows upon rows of painted jars full of the choicest wines of Egypt.

The two young Egyptians, having feasted their eyes upon all these treasures of the King, and marked what should fetch most profit from the merchants outside, filled the receptacles which they had brought with bricks of gold and silver, and precious stones engraved, and amulets of amber and lazuli, together with enamelled *ushabtî* for their father's mummy place, and departed, carefully replacing the great stone behind them. Moreover Setnan took with him an alabaster flask of the costly perfume used by the daughters of the King, marked in gold script with each one's name, and, further, hid in his girdle a necklet of great pearls for his wife to wear privately; and they took also an earthen jar of the King's wine, made of strange vines from the land of the black men. Afterwards once and again they did re-enter that treasury,

when the first spoil was expended ; and great cheer made they in their house, and it seemed to Rud-Didet and to her sons that while the cruel Rhampsinit should be rich they also would be well-to-do.

But, on a time, the King coming into his secret place of wealth to overlook his havings, perceived that in this, and that spot, and the other, much was lacking ; here jars of wine, there alabaster flasks and essences, and, beyond, ingots of gold and silver, and precious amulets of carved stone, and some among the rarest gems and jewels. Yet was there no sign of entrance at the heavy gate, nor mark of violence to wall or roof or lintel or window. Astonished and incensed, he took long counsel with the Chief Interpreter, and by advice of that evil man he caused traps of iron, which would grip and break the haunch of a lion or knee of a river-horse, to be cunningly set in the shadow of the columns, by the side of the principal treasures. Thus was it, that one moonless night, when the two brothers came again, and Hemti had entered, he groping about in the darkness, stumbled into one of these terrible engines, which closing upon his mid-leg, held him fast. Nevertheless he forbade his brother to approach until he had kindled the lamp. Setnan then coming to him, could in no way loosen the jaws of the trap, nor deliver Hemti. Thereupon the fearless young man said : " It may not be that I escape, and the face of me will be known, and death will fall with shame and torment



upon my mother and thee. Cut off my head, accordingly, and carry it away with thee, that Rhampsinit may be shent. But fill thy bag also with gold and jewels, for this is the last of our nights of fortune." Thus urged, Setnau cut off the head of his brother Hemti, and placed it in his leathern sack together with much wealth and many precious things, and so went home again to inform Rud-Didet.

Next morning, when the King returned to the treasure-house to see what had occurred, he was beyond measure amazed at finding the dead body of the robber, without a head and stripped of clothing, fixed in the teeth of the trap, and yet no sign around, above, or below, to manifest how the chamber had been plundered. Long and anxious were the counsels of the Palace. At last it was resolved to hang the carcase of the thief upon a cross of wood on the city wall, setting a constant guard of soldiers beside it, who should observe every one passing by, and should straightway arrest and bring to the Palace him or her, whosoever, at sight of the body, displayed any marks of sorrow or compassion. For it went very ill with the ancient Egyptians if the body of a dead person should moulder in the air or earth, or be devoured of worms, or birds, or beasts, or fishes: since in this way, and failing embalmment, the *Ka* or double of the man or woman would possess at last no link by which to return to life, but must wander between the two worlds, the soul fading away as the body



THE WATER CARRIER OF EGYPT.

crumbled. All which lay heavy upon the heart of his mother, the lady Rud-Didet, when she heard about the dead man on the wall, so that she spoke bitter things to Setnau, and bade him, by whatsoever means, deliver to her the corpse of her younger son, so that it might have the work of the embalmer done upon him, and the head be stitched fairly upon the neck, and repose in peace in a goodly mummy-chest. Furthermore, when Setnau said this could not be, since no wit of man could outdo the anger and vigilance of the King, Rud-Didet replied that if the body were not brought home before sunrise she would go, in her despair, to the throne of Pharaoh, and inform him how the treasures had been stolen, and where they might be discovered.

Hearing this, the elder son, beside himself with fear and trouble, conceived a subtle plan. Taking a string of asses, just before sundown, he loaded them with skins of sweet heady wine, and disguising himself as an ass-driver, directed the beasts along the wall to the place where the soldiers guarded the corpse. Arriving there, he managed, unnoticed, to cast loose the cords from the necks of two of the skins, so that the wine began to spirt forth, running into the road. At this he wailed aloud, beat his head with his fists, and manifested such loud tokens of distress, that the soldiers heard him; and noticing the waste of the wine, they, instead of helping the man, got vessels, and filled and quaffed them, while the pretended ass-driver cried on all the Gods to curse them, and threatened to invoke

against them the justice of Pharaoh. But the sentinels, having drunk freely of the liquor, and becoming more amused than angered at the man, spoke soothing words to him; until at the last the ass-driver affected to be propitiated, and exchanged friendly speech with them, finally even offering one more of his skins wherewith to make merry. Soon, as the cups went round, the soldiers and the pretended ass-driver became boon companions, they reclining upon their shields and jollily toping, while Setnau plied them ever and ever with more liquor until such time as the whole band grew utterly fuddled, and overpowered by the strong drink lay fast asleep in the midst of their spears and swords, the city also being quite still and empty because of midnight.

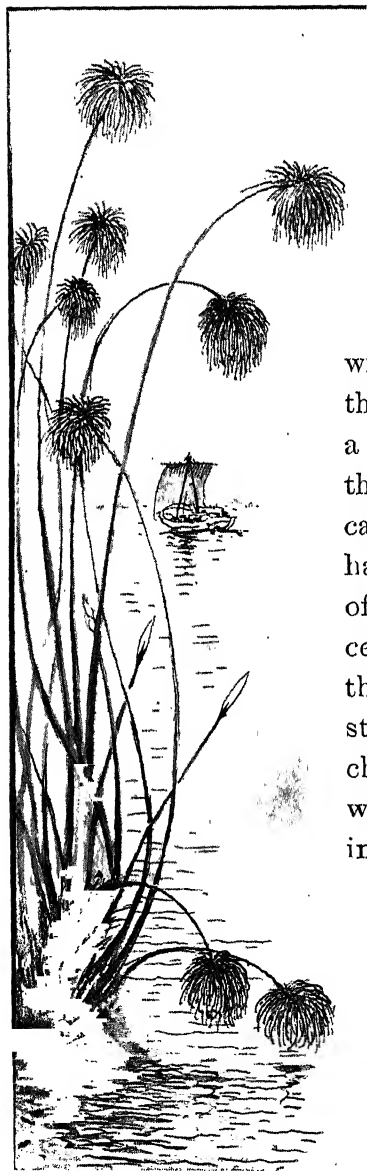
Then Setnau arose, having all this while drank little, but, indeed, spilled his share of the wine unseen upon the dust; and taking down the body of his brother from the cross, he laid it on the stoutest of his asses, threw over it a mantle from one of the soldiers, and so carried the corpse home to his mother the Lady Rud-Didet, who very secretly performed for Hemti all the due death-rites, and laid his mended body in a fair box, with beautiful chosen death-charms, and learned prayers painted upon it, so that his *Ka* had peace and pleasure, and should come again to earthly life at the appointed time.

But Rhampsinit the King, having learned how that the carcase of the robber had been craftily borne away, grew wroth beyond any patience. And

first he put to cruel death the soldiers and their captain, thrusting some through and through with pointed stakes, and flaying alive the others. Afterwards he devised a strange plan whereby to catch the daring man who had broken into his treasure-house, had plundered his wealth, and had defied his vengeance by delivering the body of an accomplice from shame and decay.

Now Rhampsinit the King had for his eldest daughter a Princess the most beautiful of face and faultless in limbs and maiden symmetry in all Egypt. If a man should gaze upon her countenance, which was as a full moon in the time of millet-reaping, the heart within him became as water, and his strength melted for worship and desire. This great Princess, the High and Sacred Lady Amîtsi, was at that time promised to a mighty and opulent Prince of the Royal Blood; but by reason of bitter anger, and burning rage to discover the offender, Rhampsinit commanded his daughter as follows. He bade her put on the robes of a courtesan, painting her face, and braiding her hair, and suspending outside her house a picture of herself, cunningly limned, so that all men passing by must admire and desire her, sitting at call. And under the picture was written that the favours of Nub-Khesdeb<sup>1</sup> the Harlot were only for him who had wrought in his lifetime the most subtle and most wicked deed ever wrought—and for no man else. Many gallants, accordingly, repaired thither,

<sup>1</sup> *Nub-Khesdeb* means: "She whose body is as gold and lazuli."



"PAPYRUS CYPERUS" OF THE NILE.

but it availed not because their stories did not satisfy ; until Set-nau, hearing of the device, and well comprehending it, resolved to outwit the King, and to embrace the Princess.

To this end he took with him, under his mantle, the newly severed arm of a dead man, and went to the house of her who was called Nub-Khesdeb, and had admittance. For, first of all, the Princess perceived upon his garments the smell of that fragrance stolen from the treasure-chamber, the like of which was not in all Egypt except in the tiring-rooms of the Queens and the Princesses. And next the man spake, saying, "Kiss me, and I will afterwards relate to thee the wickedest deed ever done, to wit, when I cut off my brother's head within the King's treasury ; and also

the most subtle thing, to wit, when I caused the soldiers on the wall to become drunk with wine, and took away my brother's body for burial." Thereupon the Princess in the dark, well-assured that this was the one she sought, made quickly to lay fast hold of him, and to call succour; but he passing the dead man's arm between her hands, with that deceived her, and so made good his flight through the door.

When this last doing was reported to Rhamp-sinit, he was astonished at the shrewdness and boldness of the thief. He therefore swore an oath by the life of Osiris, that there should be a free pardon for him and his, and great rewards, and that the Princess Amîtsi herself should be given to him in marriage, along with a dower of lands and cattle and slaves, if he would reveal himself, and be true man of the State and faithful. Which oath the heralds proclaimed in all the cities and towns and villages, and the news coming quickly to the ears of Setnau, he resolved to cast himself upon the clemency of Pharaoh, and therefore went to the Palace and told all which he had wrought, whereon the King forgave the thief, as the most knowing of such living men as he had seen, and wiser than all the other Egyptians.

## II

# “ASPECTS OF LIFE”



## II

### “ASPECTS OF LIFE”

*An Address delivered in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on the 10th of October 1893, as President of the Midland Institute.*

IT is thirty-five years from the day when I last stood in Birmingham. More than a generation has, in fact, elapsed since, as a very young man, newly graduated at Oxford, I had the good fortune to be selected as a Master in your King Edward's School. And now a much greater honour, one far beyond my merits, has fallen upon me—to be chosen to address this important and enlightened Institute, in your famous, patriotic, and prosperous city. I should hold it an impertinence to dwell at any length on that which must be too obvious—my inability to discharge with becoming credit the responsibilities of such a succession. For you have established upon the records of your Institute, in its list of Presidents, a dynasty of such intellectual and social splendour as hardly any other association could rival. Finding myself in the place which they have rendered august, it is with true respect that I recall some among the names of my brilliant predecessors. That master of all English hearts has spoken here

—Charles Dickens ; as well as those illustrious physicists Professors Huxley, and Tyndall, and Lord Kelvin. The wide and gentle genius of my friend Sir John Lubbock has graced this seat, and the kindly learning of my old tutor, Arthur Stanley ; together with the research and the philosophy of renowned historians like Mr. Lecky, Professor Seeley, and Mr. Froude. You have been addressed by a Primate of All England in his Grace of Canterbury ; by an Indian Viceroy in Lord Northbrook ; by a chief of critics in Mr. James Russell Lowell ; and by an accomplished astronomer in Sir Robert Ball. The glory of these and other names which glow upon your catalogue during the past quarter of a century forbids to him who follows them here to-day any hope of being worthy of so grand an inheritance. He must regard himself as but a link of metal in the chain of gold, contented if the current of your high traditions passes safely by him, and relying for your indulgence on two qualities only—an appreciation of the eminence of his antecessors, and a desire to show his regard for this important Institute, and his gratitude for its choice of him, by saying the best he may.

That galaxy of great minds to which I have alluded has illuminated well-nigh all possible topics of speech in your Hall. I have indeed asked myself with no small anxiety what was left which might be handled with freshness and profit, since it would not seem decorous to talk of science, of history, of education, and many other tempting

subjects, after such commanding authorities. Still, the experience of any one, honestly stated, has a value; and, seeing that I am here again after so many years, it is natural to question myself, and it may not be useless to answer briefly before you, what I have learned—to what chief conclusions study, observation, travel, public toils, and private meditations have led me—upon life in general. Will it be worth while frankly to compare the aspirations of the youth of twenty-one with the realisations of the grown-up man of the world? Shall I venture once more, and for an hour or two, to become a teacher in Birmingham? If you can have the patience to listen, I think I will have the courage to speak; and my address to-day shall, therefore, be upon some aspects of human life, free, of course, from all theology and politics.

I fear I must alienate certain friendly minds, and appear to commence by presumption, when I say that I return to Birmingham just as convinced of what can never be proved as when I left it. I have found life in the highest degree charming and interesting, and this notwithstanding an ample share of what are styled—sometimes I think a little too querulously—its "pains and sorrows." I quitted Birmingham in the pleasant beginning of my days, glad to live; I come back to it, after much experience and many labours, glad to have lived, well satisfied with my share in the world, and a resolute philosophical opponent of those who love dismal dialectics and drape the Universe in the black

hangings of pessimism. If there have been ages in which, because it did not know much, our race had good reason not to hope much, the time seems to me to be now arrived when the despair which has been so fashionable grows foolish as well as needless. It is true we have inherited so much fear and superstition from the past; dogmatic religions and artificial moralities have wrought so much to degrade natural virtue and check instinctive joy; our inner vision is still so rudimentary and our sense-knowledge so limited, that I dare not say worse of the pessimists than that they seem to me very stupid. As for that noble love of fact and truth which is at the bottom of sincere agnosticism, there is nothing, I think, to be more respected. We must not deceive each other with soft sayings. Ajax demanding light from Zeus, even though he must die in that light, is the immortal example of a faithful and valiant human spirit. Speaking from this place in 1877, Professor Tyndall well remarked: "When facts present themselves, let us venture to face them, and let us be equally bold to confess ignorance where it prevails." But the day seems to be arrived when there is really so much to make us think well of the destiny of mankind; such fair reason to rejoice in the mere fact of existence; so large a promise of ever-extending human knowledge and insight; such general softening of manners, spreading of intelligence, and enlarging of average happiness, that it appears more becoming for man, the chief at least of animals, to be singing with the lark in the sky than croaking

with the frog in the swamp. Mahommedans follow a habit of reciting their morning formula of praise—the *Fatihah*—as soon as the light enables them to distinguish a black garment from a white one. I think we also have by this time passed far enough through the night of ignorance and fear to discern in our beliefs what is the black of wilful blindness from the white of rightful hopefulness, and to realise the truth of that fine line of Mr. Frederick Myers, "God will forgive us all but our despair."

From the lowest points of view, hope is very cheap and gladness acts as a sovereign medicine. Consider the social, moral, and individual advantages of a cheerful view of life contrasted with the cheerless view. Sunshine has not a stronger effect in developing the beauty of flowers and the form of leaves than radiance of mind and lightness of heart in bringing forth all which is best in men and women. We have partly found this out as regards children, and Society conspires pretty generally nowadays to render their early years happy. The Japanese recognised that same high duty two thousand years ago, and possess in consequence the best mannered and most joyous little ones in the world. But why stop at childhood? I should like to see the pastimes and recreations of the people made henceforth a department of administrative solicitude. I should like to have a Minister of Public Amusement sitting in every Cabinet, and Municipal Councils spending rates royally upon new popular pleasures of the right kind. There is nothing better than to be happy;

joy is the real root of morality ; no virtue is worth praising which does not spring from minds contented and convinced, and free of dread and gloom. No religion was ever divine which relied on terror instead of love ; and no philosophy will bear any good fruit which propounds despair and deduces annihilation. This is where, by their own true instincts, the greater poets have done so much more for mankind than most of its benefactors, delighting as they do in life, and preserving amid its deepest mysteries and hardest puzzles a divine serenity about its origin and purpose. Observe our English Shakespeare ! How calm, how complacent ! how assured his glorious genius always abides ! A page of him taken almost anywhere—set beside a page of modern pessimism—is like the speech of a prince in his pleasure-house compared with the moanings of a sick wretch in a spital. All genuine poets, from Homer to Browning, are radically joyous. Keats writes :—

“They shall be accounted poet-kings  
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.”

And Hafiz says : “It was whispered of me in Shiraz that I was sad, but what had I to do with sadness ?” Art, in all its highest forms, bears no message so imperative as to emphasise the beauty and maintain the dignity and delight of life ; and you may judge first-class writers and painters as we shall some day judge philosophers, by their fidelity to this wholesome errand of joy.

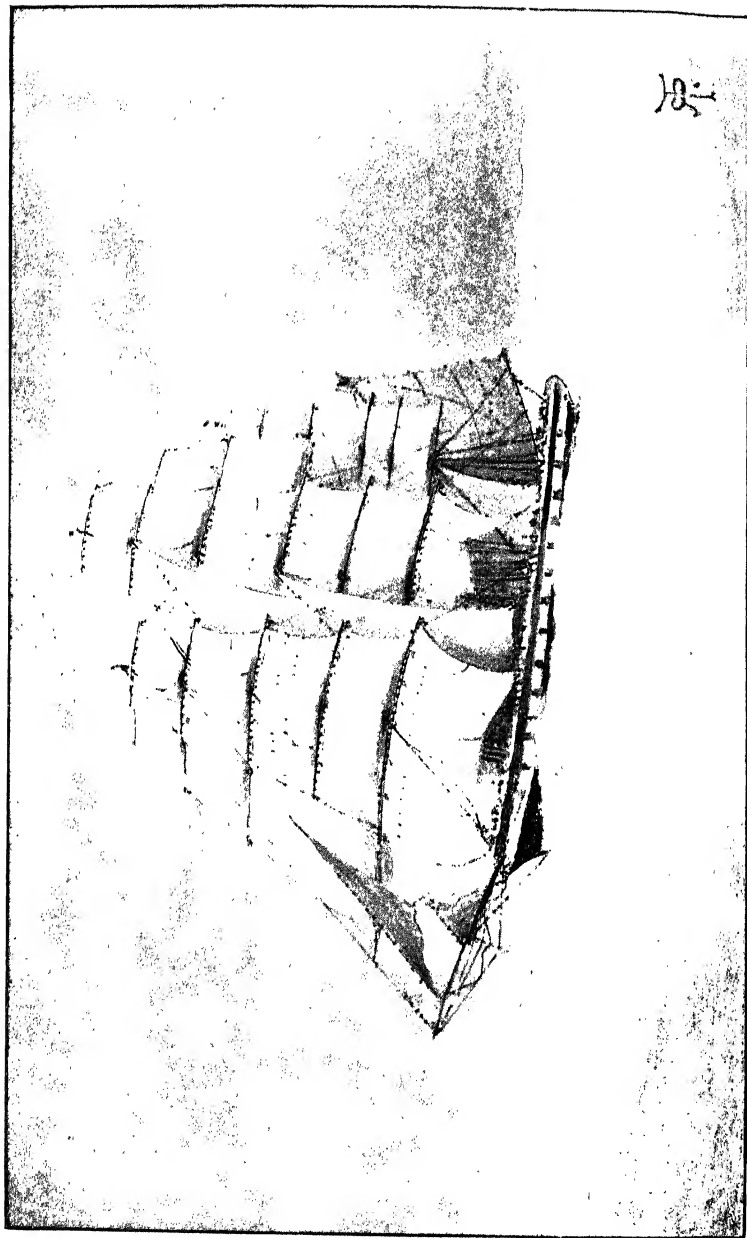
Poets, however, are not much accepted as autho-

rities in certain quarters; and beyond doubt we must have better reasons than their melodious verses furnish if we are to be securely glad of life and serenely unperturbed by death. Yet, upon the face of facts, is life—even were it transient—so bad a thing as some people make out? Look at common modern existence as we see it, and note to what rich elaboration and large degrees of comfort it has come. I leave aside for the moment uncivilised nations, and the bygone struggles of our race; its wars and woes, its tyrannies and superstitions; all of which history has greatly exaggerated, not telling us of the contemporaneous contentments. I invite you briefly to contemplate the material side of an artisan's existence in your own Birmingham. Let alone the greatness of being an Englishman, and the supreme safety and liberty of his daily life, what king of old records ever fared so royally? What magician of fairy tales ever owned so many slaves to bring him treasures and pleasures at a wish? Observe his dinner board! Without being luxurious, the whole globe has played him serving-man to spread it. Russia gave the hemp, or India or South Carolina the cotton, for that cloth which his wife lays upon it. The Eastern Islands placed there those condiments and spices which were once the secret relishes of the wealthy. Australian Downs send him frozen mutton or canned beef; the prairies of America meal for his biscuit and pudding; and if he will eat fruit, the orchards of Tasmania and

the palm woods of the West Indies proffer delicious gifts; while the orange groves of Florida and of the Hesperides cheapen for his use those "golden apples" which dragons used to guard. His coffee comes from where jewelled humming-birds hang in the bowers of Brazil, or purple butterflies flutter amid the Javan mangroves. Great clipper ships, racing by night and day under clouds of canvas, convey to him his tea from China or Assam, or from the green Singhalese Hills. The sugar which sweetens it was crushed from canes that waved by the Nile or the Orinoco; and the plating of the spoon with which he stirs it was dug for him from Mexican or Nevadan mines. The currants in his dumpling are a tribute from classic Greece, and his tinned salmon or kippered herring a token from the seas and rivers of Canada or Norway. He may partake, if he will, of rice that ripened under the hot skies of Patna or Rangoon; of cocoa, that "food of the gods," plucked under the burning blue of the Equator. For his rasher of bacon the hog-express runs daily with 10,000 grunting victims into Chicago; Dutch or Brittany hens have laid him his eggs, and Danish cows grazed the daisies of Elsinore to produce his cheese and butter. If he drinks beer, it is odds that Belgium and Bavaria have contributed to it the barley and the hops; and, when he has finished eating, it will be the Mississippi flats or the gardens of the Antilles that fill for him his pipe with the comforting tobacco. He has fared, I say, at home



as no Heliogabâlus or Lucullus ever fared; and then, for a trifle, his daily newspaper puts at his command information from the whole globe, the freshness and fulness of which make the news-bearers of Augustus Cæsar, thronging hourly into Rome, ridiculous. At work, machinery of wonderful invention redeems his toil from servitude and elevates it to an art. Is he fond of reading? There are free libraries open to him, full of intellectual and imaginative wealth. Is he artistic? Galleries rich with beautiful paintings and statues are prepared for him. Has he children? They can be excellently educated for next to nothing. Would he communicate with absent friends? His messengers pass in the Queen's livery, faithfully bearing his letters everywhere by sea and land; or in hour of urgency the Ariel of electricity will flash for him a message to the ends of the kingdom at the price of a quart of small beer. Steam shall carry him wherever he would go for a half-penny a mile; and when he is ill, the charitable institutions he has too often forgotten in health render him such succour as sick goddesses never got from Æsculapius, nor Ulysses at the white hands of Queen Helen. Does he encounter accident? For him as for all others the benignant science of our time, with the hypodermic syringe or a waft of chloroform, has abolished agony; while for dignity of citizenship he may help, when election time comes, by his vote, to sustain or to shake down the noblest empire ever built by genius



CHINA TEA CLIPPER.

and valour. Let fancy fill up the imperfect picture with those thousand helps and adornments that civilisation has brought even to lowly lives; and does it not seem stupid and ungrateful to say, as some go about saying, that such an existence, even if it were transitory, is not for itself distinctly worth possessing?

But, will it last? That ordinary human life is fairly agreeable, stands sufficiently confessed by the fact that people want it to go on in the same way for ever. Very few even among our gloomiest pessimists appear to be in any particular hurry to die. And they, too, are obliged to allow that human life exhibits everywhere an almost universal advance in social elevation and range of perception. Two fatal blows, among others, have fallen upon the old narrow-minded theologies and philosophies. One was the Copernican discovery, that, instead of being the centre of things, furnished with sun, moon, and stars for mere lamps, and created as the sole care of Heaven, our globe is but a small obscure islet of the celestial archipelago, an almost insignificant speck in the galaxies of glory filling space. The chief religions of the world have not even yet adjusted their doctrines to the great verities of Galileo and Newton, although they will have to adjust them. A second revolutionary announcement which has altered bygone ideas is that of the revealed vastness of geological time followed by Darwin's "*Origin of Species*." Modern astronomy and evolution have silently swept away "dark-tangled schemes of sad salvation" and

the belief in special creations. It seemed at first to some conservative minds that all was hereby lost for human hope and pride, if we were, indeed, so closely akin to lower life and so humbly placed in the stellar systems. But those prodigious truths have really enhanced unspeakably the dignity and value of human existence. If Earth knows now that she is only, as it were, a bit of drift-wood in the "blue Pacific of Infinity," she has also learned that she influences by attraction every orb in the sky, and is influenced by every orb. The descent of man from an ascidian mollusc immediately implies his ascent towards unimagined perfections. If we started so low down, we have already climbed up most promisingly. The amphioxus has no cerebrum at all; the halibut, as big as a man, possesses that organ in size smaller than a melon-seed; while the cranial capacity of the Australian savage exceeds that of the gorilla by ten cubic inches, and our Birmingham artisan's skull is better than the "black fellow's" by forty cubic inches; to say nothing of those convolutions of the brain in the civilised man which are its most important feature. There, by the way, is planted the physical throne of that consciousness which puzzles the boldest materialist, and obliges him—if really scientific—to confess his ignorance. An illustrious interpreter of the ways of Nature, Professor Tyndall, asked from this very place, "What is the causal connection, if any, between the objective and the subjective—between molecular motion in the brain and states of consciousness? Does water think and

feel when it runs into frost-ferns upon a window pane? If not, why should the molecular motion of the brain be yoked to this mysterious companion, consciousness? His answer was, "I do not know, and nobody knows." In the same honest spirit Dr. Burdon Sanderson said in his address this year before the British Association at Nottingham: "Between sensation and the beginning of action there is an intervening region which the physiologist willingly resigns to psychology, feeling his incompetence to use the only instrument by which it can be explored, that of introspection." I quote these sentences not to lead you into the wilderness of physiology, but merely to show that science has no fatal or final word to say about the prospects of continuous Life. She capitulates here, by the lips of two of her truest and most fearless spokesmen, to the Unseen and the Unknown. Do not, therefore, think that you are warned off from endless hope and utmost probabilities of immortal and ever-increasing individual life and gladness by the scalpel of the brain-doctor or the dyspeptic logic of the agnostic. A boundless aspiration is not only cheap, but strictly reasonable; and what has come from Evolution in the visible region is nothing to what may come from it in the invisible. The dove of right Reason can bring you back a branch of olive from the waste of physiological waters where the raven of Unfaith never finds so much as a single leaf.

The "Cosmic process," as Professor Huxley calls it, has led us thus far; yet that justly famous

expositor of science, in his Romanes Lecture at Oxford, delivered on 18th May last, arraigned the Cosmos for immorality, and declared that "the ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, but on combating it." I could not speak of my illustrious predecessor here without gratitude and admiration, and should ordinarily distrust myself in differing from him. But so luminous a mind certainly overlooked the fact that the ethical faculty and the ethical ideal which he contrasted with the course of nature have likewise come, by Evolution, forth from the cosmic process, just as much as those things that shock him in the natural world. As I have written in my "Light of Asia"—

"Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,  
Out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck ;  
Ever at toil it leads to loveliness  
All seeming wrath and wreck.

It is not marred nor stayed in any use,  
All liketh it : the sweet white milk it brings  
To mothers' breasts : it brings the white drops, too,  
Wherewith the young snake stings."

"Reckless of good or evil," writes another highly enlightened metaphysician — Mr. John Fisk, of America—"natural selection develops at once the mother's tender love for her infant and the horrible teeth of the ravening shark." But the cosmic process is not immoral on that account ; not even cruel ! On the contrary, it is supremely equitable and ultimately tender. It is as sedulous to pro-

vide the shark with the means of living as the new-born heir of a queen with his natural food. Professor Huxley accordingly erred, I think, in saying at Oxford, "The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call Goodness or Virtue—involves a course of conduct in all respects opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint. In the place of thrusting aside or treading down all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect but shall help his fellows. Its influence is directed not so much to the survival of the fittest as the fitting of as many as possible to survive." Yes; but the nobler specialised justice referred to in this passage is exactly what has been developed out of the initial impartialities of the natural course. The "morality" has come forth from the "immorality." Out of the simple instinct of gregariousness we see Nature making something like citizens even of bees and ants, penguins and seals teaching rudimentary ethics by lessons of the savage struggle itself; and in the brain and heart of man she attains to that noblest goal of all morality embodied in Christ's Golden Rule. Is there not a clear demonstration here of the fundamental and far-off beneficence of the cosmic process if we will only get two foolish notions out of our heads—one that the universe was made for us alone, and the other that death is an ending and an evil? I do not know how Mr. Huxley could more amply

justify the ultimate objects of the cosmic process than, being as he is its brilliant product, thus to reproach it with precisely what he has derived from it. It is Coriolanus at the head of his army splendidly rebuking his mother, Volumnia, by warrant of those very qualities which he drew in at her breasts. Well might she say—

"Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;  
But owe thy pride thyself."

The gifted lecturer put the problem back, I readily confess, into a very different region when he asked at Oxford, "Why among the endless possibilities open to omnipotence—that of sinless, happy existence among the rest—should this present actuality be selected in which sin and misery abound?" That eternal dilemma puzzled the Buddha himself; as in the "Light of Asia," where Prince Gautama says—

"Since, if all-powerful, He made us so,  
He is not good ; if not all-powerful,  
He is not God."

There is no present answer to it. Mr. John Stuart Mill, in a valuable letter, which I possess, upon the question, wrote me: "I can believe in a God or Gods, but not, as matters appear to stand, in an Omnipotent Deity." As to the "sin and misery" business, however, is it not nowadays absurdly exaggerated? I have alluded to the almost universal willingness to live, which of itself shows that pleasure and satisfaction largely preponderate



over pain and discontent. The average number of days of sickness in every ten years for each man is said to be only sixteen. Under rules of scientific hygiene and principles of health better practised, our span of life—be this desirable or the reverse—has, by the evidence of insurance societies, considerably increased. The power of unalleviated physical pain to terrify or trouble is practically at an end with the general use of those benign anæsthetics which have brought a new era of confidence to the hospital and sick-room, and taken away all its horror from the surgeon's knife. Doubtless, to judge from your average daily journal, murders and suicides, crimes and catastrophes, wars and feuds and frauds, would seem to remain the staple of the human record. But be it remembered that, for obvious reasons, all our worst and darkest is collected there. One might as well judge of public health by the painful cases described in a medical publication as of the vast mass of solid human happiness and innocent living joy by the daily catalogue of these really trivial exceptions to it. As for "sins" (the most serious of which are only such as are malicious), though the population increases, they seem steadily to diminish. We had 87,668 "habituals" in 1868; now the evil roll is only 52,153. When the population was 19,257,000 in 1889 there were 2589 persons undergoing penal servitude; now, with a population of 27,830,179. the number is only 947. In 1878, the entire number of prisoners in our gaols was 20,833;

the entire number at the same date last year was 12,663, though the population had increased by six millions. Pauperism is also declining. In 1870, 1,079,391 persons were in receipt of relief; in 1891, with an addition of more than seven million inhabitants, there were only 774,905. The upshot of these figures—without pressing them too much—seems surely to be that the "cosmic process," in our own little corner of the universe, is not doing so badly.

If, in truth, that process contained and developed no other wonder of love and wide-reaching purpose than the far-sighted instinct of motherly affection, Professor Huxley's indictment against it would have to be abandoned. I say nothing here of the beauty which its action has produced on land and water, in wood, and field, and garden; of the glories of form and colour, and the delights of sound and taste and touch; nor of the faculty to rejoice in these which it has also bred out of the salutary struggle. I would be content to trust a defence of the cosmic scheme to that one profound and ever-present passion for futurity which burns at its centre—the love, namely, of the mother for her offspring. Why, except for glorious ultimate ends and personal rewards, should this exist in all its strange gradations, from the fish which feels the diluted rudiments of its mandate, to the fierce and fearless maternal devotion of the tigress and she-bear, and the unwearying and unselfish tenderness of the Christian mother? Why should the eider duck pluck the down from her breast to make

her delicate nest at one end of the scale, and the Princess Alice, at the other, die so divinely from the kisses of her sick child, if the universe were not bound together in some sweet secret of a common life to come, and in some far-off profits of a vast hidden partnership, as to which female parents are the semi-conscious trustees? I have always greatly admired an answer made to me by an American woman, when I was wondering at the patience of a nursing wife with her complaining child, and at the general marvels of maternal care throughout nature. "Well!" she said, "stranger, God Almighty can't be everywhere at once, and so I guess He invented mothers."

Nevertheless, in spite of parental protection and individual effort to live, the cosmic process no doubt has plenty of innocent victims, and to some minds seems to be likely to end by cutting short all which it has developed, including progress, pleasures, arts, learning, races, realms, and eventually the planet itself; nay, even the solar system amid which these were produced. But that is only in the visible sphere! The cosmic process perhaps secretly mocks at those whom it thus succeeds in deceiving for their own good, like a mother administering hidden medicine. Its strenuous purpose, in the midst of its slaughters and by means of its very terrors and cruelties, may be to make everything strive to live. If its tribes and races knew too much, they would not be sufficiently anxious to exist. Two conditions have been

necessary to the full exploitation of our earthly passage — dread of death and ignorance of the future. Nature hoodwinks her children everywhere. When she has trained a bird to feed on butterflies, she teaches the butterfly to look like the dead leaf of a tree; when she has given the fish-hawk his keen vision, she makes his food — the fish — take on the colours of the weeds and river-stones to escape him. She has put man to school here with Death and Pain and Want for his stern teachers; but possibly it is only because we are children that we think our instructors merciless. Deeper down we evidently know better than to be afraid of them. Note, in those moments when they leave a man to the best and greatest that is in him, how we let go all grip of those lower instructions. Pliny says in vigorous Latin that the cessation of the breath is probably the most delightful moment in life, and I myself have had the honour of conducting to the dinner-table a charming actress, twice drowned (and twice restored to consciousness), who protested that dying was the nicest sensation she knew. As is written in my "Death and—Afterwards": "What a blow to the philosophy of negation appears the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Leopardi or Schopenhauer, perhaps not that heavenly verse, 'Whoso loseth his life for My sake, the same shall save it.' But arguments, which are as far beyond dismal philo-

sophies as the unconscious life is deeper than the conscious, sufficiently persuade him to plunge. 'Love that stronger is than death' bids him dare, for Love's imperious sake, the weltering abyss; and any such deed of sacrifice and heroic contempt of peril in itself almost proves that man knows more than he believes himself to know about his own immortality. Every miner working for wife and children in a 'fiery' pit, every soldier standing cool and firm for his country and flag in the face of instant death, offers a similar endorsement of Walt Whitman's indignant sentence, 'If rats and maggots end us, then alarum! for we are betrayed.' It is quite possible that in respect to the mysteries of life and death we precisely resemble the good knight Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Fate, in the character of Maritornes, cuts the thong, with lightsome laughter; and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches!"

As to this aspect of the question, Asia—from which you have derived all your past religious ideas, and from which you have many more to learn—is far in advance of our West. St. Paul's great declaration, "The things seen are temporal; the things not seen are eternal"—accepted timidly here by the pious, but regarded as a mere phrase by materialists—is in India a commonplace of daily certainty. Nobody there doubts the continuity of life, any more than he doubts that the setting sun

will rise again, the same orb, to-morrow. I have heard a Mahratta woman, while chiding a child for spilling milk, exclaim, "You must have been a very bad girl in your last life!" The popular reason why Hindoo widows do not re-marry is because the loss of a betrothed or wedded husband is looked upon as the fatal expiation for some extreme offence in a previous existence, to be borne with patient continence in this one; on which condition the family of the deceased husband will faithfully maintain the widow, as still belonging to the dead man, and to be surely reunited with him. This was the basis of the heroic though tragical custom of "Sati," or widow-burning, one of the grandest defiances ever flung by human faith and love at the face of the doctrine of annihilation. The respect for the animal world, general in Hindoo and Buddhist societies, is founded, with the tenet of transmigration, on the same fixed belief in the endurance and evolving advance of every individual being. No spot is empty of life to the Indian mind. A Deccani or Bengali labourer, at his meal in the jungle, throws behind him fragments of his chupatty for the invisible Bhuts and Prets to eat. In India, as in Japan, festivals (*shradha*, *shojin*) are made for the dead with scrupulous regularity, at which their seats are duly set. The East is saturated with the mental and social results of this universal acceptance of the notion that individual life is inextinguishable. A dignified calm spreads throughout the Oriental populations, a permanent uninquiring placidity,

noticeable by the most careless or prejudiced eye. India would never indeed have invented the locomotive, or the Gatling gun ; but her poorest peasants, by inheritance from profound philosophies, and by the religious atmosphere of their land, stand at a point of view far beyond the laboured subtleties of a Priestley or a Hegel. And if they could be familiar, as you are, with the splendid achievements and vast researches of modern science they would not, any the more, abandon their fixed faith in the Unseen and the Unknown. Rather would they think it odd that Western savants should teach the law of the conservation of force only to abandon it when the highest and most elaborated of all forces come into question ; that they should study cell-life under their microscopes and not perceive that the same *Protamœba* they examine—that shapeless jelly—has been living forty thousand years, as certainly as forty minutes ; that an illustrious chemist like Professor Dewar should compress the air we breathe into a sky-blue liquor, and, when he lets it loose again, fail to suggest to his audience that what their eyes see of the real life and furniture of the universe is next to nothing. The wisest Indian philosophy has never boggled, like ours, over that silly word “supernatural.” The Upanishad says : “What is in the Visible, exists also in the Invisible ; and what is in Brahm’s world, that is also here.” The Ultimate, albeit unreachable, is as real to the Asiatic mind as rice ; and in the Bhagavad-Gita Arjuna is actually permitted to behold the embodied Infinite.

Indeed, it is rather this present existence which India regards as the illusion, the Maya. To see the stars we must wait for night, and to live we must die. Nor is it uninteresting to note in Hindoo classics how these large and happy serenities of Oriental view have softened personifications of Death. I have translated from the Sanskrit of the Mahabharata,<sup>1</sup> among other episodes, two remarkable examples of this. In one the Princess Savitri follows Yama, the god of death, who has taken away her husband's soul, and sings to him such beautiful words of love and faith that, after bestowing many boons, to show his delight in her virtue, the vanquished deity at last gives back to her the spirit of her lord. In the other, "The Birth of Death," it is represented how Death was created by the Supreme Being, in the form of a most lovely and compassionate girl, to lighten the earth of that growing burden of living things of which it had complained. But Death, "Mrityu," is pictured as too full of love and tenderness for all living creatures to kill them, until "Bhagavan" turns the tears which she has shed upon his hand into diseases, and ordains that she shall bring lives to an end indirectly by these :

"So passed she from the Almighty Presence, mute,  
The tender angel made to slay mankind,  
And works the will of Heaven, and slays what lives ;  
Not with her own kind hand—she doth not kill !  
By ills and pests which foolish passions breed,  
As many as those pitying tears that rolled  
Forth from her eyes, they perish." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Indian Idylls.

<sup>2</sup> Indian Idylls.



I do not presume to say that Asia is wiser than Europe or than our illustrious agnostic Professors, but certainly her children live more happily and die more easily. Since it is not the eye which sees, or the ear that hears, but the Self behind those instruments, they believe in that Self, and discount by peace its assured perpetuity. Masters of metaphysics, they sweep the puzzle of Being aside with one decisive maxim: "Never can the Thought know the Thinker." Of that which daunts and troubles us, the boundless mystery of the Universe, their quiet genius has made a daily delight, congenial to the limited powers but illimitable desires of the ever-ascending soul. They have perceived, without seeking to explain, the two supreme celestial laws that govern the Cosmos—Dharma which is Love, and Karma which is Justice. By light of these they have partially discerned how, under an immutable and sometimes seemingly pitiless Equity, all things will advance from good to better, and from better to better still, until it be time for a new and higher order. "*Ahinsa*," therefore, "the doing no injury," is their central commandment, as it was that of Christ in the "Golden Rule," and as it is the last word of Hafiz in his Persian verse.

"Do no one wrong, and then do what thou wilt,  
My statutes recognise no other guilt."

They await death, not as some of us do, like complaining prisoners under a tyrannical sentence

without appeal, attending with gloomy courage the last day in this condemned cell, the flesh ; but rather like glad children of a Great Mother, whose will is sweet and good, whose ways are wise, and who must lull them to the kind, brief sleep of death by-and-by, in order that they may wake ready for happier life in the new sunshine of another and a larger daylight.

If you would banish the evil taste of pessimism from your lips, read sometimes a page or two of the "Leaves of Grass." There died recently in Philadelphia that great and gifted, if somewhat outspoken, Poet of the West, my dear and venerated friend Walt Whitman, who had somehow learned this vast Asiatic complacency which comes from acceptance of the cosmic process and from goodwill to all its living things. Walt Whitman will tell you that :

"Whatever happens to anybody it will be turned to beautiful results,  
And nothing can happen more beautiful than death."

He will say :

"All goes outward and onward, nothing collapses !  
And to die is different from what anybody supposed-- and luckier !"

He sings right cheerily :

"I know, I am deathless ;  
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass :  
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut out with a burnt stick in the dark."

Yes! Read a little sometimes in that large-minded and clear-sighted Master—alive with the huge new life of America—who has seen with eyes divinely opened and inspired heart how persistently kind is the unkindness of the Cosmos, and how the beginnings of its work point to far-off consummations, alike in the visible and invisible. The Cosmos is not immoral for him. He writes:

“I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the star;

And the pismire perfect; and a grain of sand; and the egg of the wren;

And the tree toad a *chef d'œuvre* for the highest;

And the running blackberry an adornment for the parlours of heaven;

And a mouse miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.”

In his wide affection for humanity, his sense of comradeship with all life, high or low, you may perceive what Buddhism taught to Asia, and what Christ tried to teach to Christendom; that the secrets of content, the spells which bring us into harmony with the cosmic process, are, faith in its purpose, work for its furtherance, and fixed goodwill towards all creatures (*Ahinsa*, the desire to help, the readiness to love), which qualities the Cosmos has cheaply evolved by rivalries, and destruction, and the temporary wretchedness of hating. Nor is it only inspired teachers and authentic poets who have seen this. The shrewdest minds all know it. Talleyrand was sharing once in a round game of “questions and answers” at a French château,

where one of the queries was, "What is the proper object of life?" which received an almost unanimous reply in the word "Happiness." The next question ran, "What is the secret of securing it?" but this caused deliberation, and greatly perplexed a young and gay Countess, who accordingly consulted in private the Prince of Benevento. That cynical old diplomat, who had seen and done everything, and had no illusions left, exclaimed with impetuous simplicity: "*Le secret du bonheur, chère Madame! il n'y en a qu'un — la bienveillance!*"

To what point, then, have I to-day ventured to lead you? To this. I say aloud to my age, "*Sursum corda!*" Lift up your hearts! I say that it seems time for enlightened minds to lay aside misdoubt regarding the continuity of individual life, as wholly contrary to the balance of evidence; to taste the easy pleasure of trust in the cosmic process, as gradually justifying itself; to become partners in the objects of that process by active help, earnest rejoicing, goodwill to all that live; and so to pass at last out of the rudimentary stage where fear and incertitude have been necessary and natural. We must put aside that deeper question which Mr. Huxley asks, as to why it all is so; and must take things as they are. Nay; there is a charm and an advantage in this, similar to the delight which a healthy man feels in breathing the air in which he was born, the delicate medium which so softly and fittingly surrounds him. Mr.

Ruskin has admirably written: "Our happiness as thinking beings must hang on our being content to accept only partial knowledge, even in those matters which chiefly concern us. . . . Our whole pleasure and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in a cloud; content to see it opening here and closing there, delighting to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied." If, as seems certain, the social virtues have been evolved out of the social alliance forced upon man by the fierce and universal struggle of life, then we will not call the Cosmos immoral. And if, out of the uncertainty that hangs over death and the future have sprung, like flowers in a shadowed place, fortitude and self-sacrifice, faith and pity, poetry, art, and religion, we will not call the Cosmos blundering. If it be keen necessity that has sharpened wits, deadly dangers that have bred courage, anxious fears that have produced resolve and aspiration, and death that has intensified and glorified love, we will not think the Cosmos cruel. Among Sir Walter Besant's charming works is one remarkable book entitled "The Holy Rose," in which that ingenious author draws a thoughtful and instructive picture of society relieved from the law of change and dissolution. A German savant

has discovered the elixir which prolongs human life indefinitely, and nobody any more in his new City of hard facts grows old or in any way alters. A vast and featureless equality is established, a ghastly democratic sameness; everybody is like everybody else, and takes an idle share in the common commodities which an all-powerful science commands, instead of more happily joining under the shield of a natural justice, in the old-fashioned common struggle. The end is a superb but miserable monotony, which is broken up at last by a glad return on the part of the leaders in the improved order to the pleasant anxieties and agreeable mysteries of life as we all to-day know it. I neither ask you, nor am I competent to ask you, to live any other life. It has been good enough, and sweet enough, and wonderful enough for me; and I rejoice to believe there is no end to it, and nowhere any limit to what we have to learn. It would be death, indeed, if there were any such boundary fixed! Never can "the thought compass the thinker," and never shall we get nearer, nor need we wish to get nearer, to a final definition of the infinite existence than that mystical verse from the Sanscrit—

"He is unknown to those who think they know,  
And known to those who know they know Him not."

But my humble contention is that, having now such ever-augmented glimpses of the wisdom and benignity of the cosmic process, we ought all to begin henceforth to import into life a quite new

delight, an entirely fresh solace, a very much happier comradeship and confidence. If Epic-tetus, the lame Phrygian slave, could cry, "Lead me, Zeus and Necessity! whithersoever ye ordain: I will follow," an enlightened Englishman to-day might, I think, repeat—at once with the fullest freedom of the philosopher and with the lowliest simplicity of the child; neither attaching himself to any special dogmas nor detaching himself from the Eternal Love, which is the last and largest and truest name for God; those words that fold the wings of the soul, and stay the beatings of the heart—"Thy will be done!"

# III

## A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS

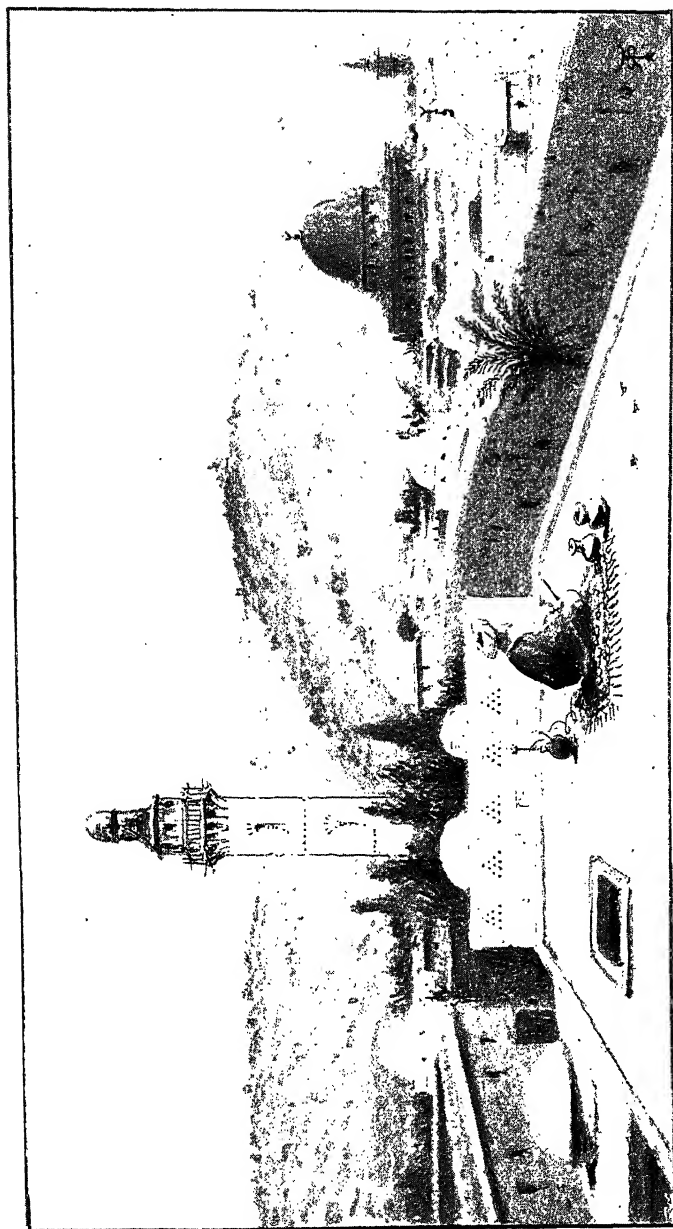


### III

## A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS

A SENSATION was caused, not long ago, in the House of Commons, when an honourable member rose and exhibited specimens of locusts and of locust-eggs, which had been discovered in some compressed hay or straw imported into Essex from the East. Legislators who had never seen locusts "at home" laughed; but it would be no laughing matter if the omnivorous insect could indeed be acclimatised in this country. I say this who have seen locusts nibble a green country into grey within the course of one afternoon. We were sitting on a hill upon the southern side of the great plain of Esdraelon, in the Holy Land. We had been riding down through Palestine, from Damascus to Jerusalem—beyond all doubt the most interesting stretch of country that can anywhere be traversed. We had passed with our little caravan under Mount Hermon and the back of Carmel, past the Sea of Galilee to Nazareth, and, after tarrying there a few days in the Latin Convent, were pushing on again for Nablous. So many sick children and women had been encountered on the road that a warm desire arose to afford them the benefit to their fevers and agues and other maladies

of Western medicine. Except for a few indigenous drugs, the only treatment followed by these poor Syrian Mohammedans was to get a "mollah" to write a verse from the Koran upon a strip of parchment, and then wash the sacred characters off with a little water or milk, and drink the liquid. That was not much of a febrifuge; and since there chanced to be a clever Armenian physician resident at Nazareth, who only wanted some place as a dispensary to help the people medically, I bought, through a Mussulman of the country, those very seven acres of ground on which the synagogue stood where Christ stood up to read the law. The land extended on the brow of an eminence overlooking the little city, generally identified by Biblical scholars as the "Hill of Precipitation," and no doubt this is, indeed, the very place whence the angry Jews tried to cast down our Lord headlong. The idea was to convert a little, domed building, standing upon the ground, into a small hospital; and having obtained a "firmân" from the Sultan, and secured the site, I did afterwards send beds and hospital appurtenances to the place, with a stone for the gateway, inscribed in Arabic characters, "The Catharine Arnold Hospital." But quarrels broke out between the Greeks and Latins; blood was shed; and the small enterprise succumbed for the time, though I believe it is now being renewed, and under the same firmân which I obtained. The business had kept us longer than was proposed in Nazareth, and it was raining hard when we started once more down the rocky



JERUSALEM AND MOUNT OF OLIVES AND TEMPLE.

path leading from the city into the plain. In consequence, the road was bad, and the brook Kishon, which flows across it, was greatly swollen. My dragoman, stupid and pig-headed, like most of his class, had for his own purposes opposed our departure; and when we came to the ford, and the first two of the laden mules had sunk into the slime and water up to their belly-bands, he exclaimed, rather insolently, "I told you so, Effendi. *Tarik mafecsh!* there is no road." But I was resolute to go forward, and instead of trying for a passage on this and that side of the regular way, which, indeed, seemed to be a quagmire, I spurred my horse along the middle of it and ordered them to follow. As I had supposed, there was a hard bottom there, and we got across with comparative ease and safety, the face of Nedjm becoming black in consequence all the rest of the day.

So we crossed Kishon and came close up to Mount Gilboa, on a green hill overlooking the site of the ancient Jezreel. The rain had blown away; the sun had dried up the plain; and the rolling hillsides where we stopped for our mid-day meal on the sunny slope glistened under the departing clouds. It would be difficult to find in all the world a more interesting spot for those who knew fairly well the associations of the surrounding country. Within sight were Carmel and Megiddo; the emerald downs overlooking the village of Nain; the cliffs that held the cave where the Witch of Endor lived; Shunem, and, in advance, Engaddi and Dothan, with the

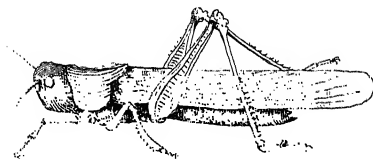
mountains of Samaria ; while we actually overlooked the vineyard of Naboth, full of the memories of the prophet Elijah, King Ahab, and the proud and queenly Jezebel, whose character is so much perverted by some who have chronicled the life and death of the great and terrible Sidonian Princess.

But it is not for its wonderful associations that I chiefly remember that green Syrian hill glittering in the sunshine. It is rather on account of having seen there one of the great sights of the natural world which may be described a thousand times without much impressing the mind, but, once witnessed, leaves an indelible recollection and a feeling almost of awe at those united infinitesimal forces of the lower animal world which would overcome evolution itself and banish man from his own planet, if it were not for the wise equilibrium that the cosmic process has established by slaying as well as creating. Should all the spawn of herrings, shed into the North Sea, come to mature fish, its waters would in fifty years be so crowded with shoals that the keel of a ship could not pass. The ants alone, if they had a free antenna, would soon occupy the whole earth. The earth-worms, as Darwin showed us, have by manufacturing arable soil, done more for the cultivation of the globe than all the farmers and agriculturists that ever lived and have come to own it. Such facts as the mischief caused by the introduction of sparrows into America and of rabbits into Australia show that it is perilous to interfere with the arrangements of Nature. I remember being justly

rebuked by Sir John Lubbock for having offered to bring him back some white ants from India. "No, no!" my wise friend said; "I would not be the man to introduce the white ant into Great Britain for all in the cellars of the Bank of England!"

I saw for the first time that afternoon a flight of locusts! We were sitting on the hill with our backs turned to the west wind, which was softly blowing from the Mediterranean. The horses were picketed close by, grazing the sweet mountain grass. The Arabs of our caravans were cooking a "pillaw" at a little distance off. Around us were laid out the wherewithals of a light lunch, amongst which was an open marmalade jar. I was thinking of Ahab, and wondering how he could put up so long with Elijah, especially when on this very spot the prophet said to the king, "As the Lord liveth, in this place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood—even thine"—when suddenly right into the marmalade there dropped what I took for a large grasshopper. It was yellow and green, with long jumping legs and a big head, and while I was taking it out of the jar two others fell into a plate of soup, and half a dozen more of the same kind upon a dish of salad. At the same moment my horse stamped violently, and I saw more of these grasshoppers pelting his hocks and haunches. Turning round to find whence this insect-shower came, I witnessed what was to me an extraordinary spectacle, though common enough, of course, in the East. A large cloud, denser in its lower than its upper part, filled

an eighth part of the western hemisphere. The remoter portion of it was as thick, as brown, and as brumous, as a London fog. The nearer side opened



suddenly up into millions, and billions, and trillions, and sextillions of the same green



*Eggs in Capsule*



*Eggs full size.*



LOCUST AND EGGS.

and yellow insect, pelting in a close-winged crowd quite as thickly as flakes of snow could fall upon all the hillsides near and far. You could not stand a moment against the aggressive and offensive rain of these buzzing creatures. The horses even swung themselves round and stood with lowered crests, taking the storm upon their backs and flanks. You had to turn up the collar of your coat to keep them out of your neck, and to button the front not to have your pockets filled with the repulsive swarm, which in two minutes had so peppered the whole scene round

about that its colour and character became entirely altered. Every little creature of the interminable flight, on alighting, veered himself round head to

wind on the earth just as if he had dropped anchor and swung to the breeze; and it was curious to notice that the general tint on the ground of their countless bodies was brown if you looked to windward, and green if you gazed to leeward. But very quickly the only green to be seen round about was the hue afforded by this sudden invasion. Even while we prepared to yield up the spot to them and pack our lunch baskets for departure, they had cleared off grass and leaves and every verdant thing around; and where they rose again from the soil, or from any clump of trees, in a hungry throng, the place they quitted had already assumed a barren and wintry aspect. The Syrian peasants passing along the roads were beating their breasts and cursing the ill-fortune of this plague. Some of them, none the less, gathered up a clothful of the noxious things; for the locust is distinctly edible. Half in wrath and revenge, and half for a novelty in diet, the Arabs to this day eat a few of them, roasting them in wire nets or in earthen vessels over a slow fire till the wings and legs drop off, and the locust becomes crisp, in which state it tastes, as I am able to say from personal experiment, something like an unsalted prawn. But it seemed as if, had all Syria and the globe itself taken to living on locusts, they would hardly have made a sensible mark upon the extraordinary number that drifted that day over our heads. St. John the Baptist is said to have supported existence upon that sort of "locust" which grows on the carob-tree, a kind of sweet bean; but



this is very probably a mistake of the commentators, who did not wish Sacred History to feed so distinguished a character upon a diet supposed so disgusting. Probably he, however, ate dried grasshoppers, for there is no doubt at all that Easterns have always retaliated upon these devourers of their crops by in turn devouring them. No better proof is wanted of this than the constant practice of the Arabs to-day, and that verse in Leviticus which runs, "Thou mayest eat the locust after his kind, the bald locust after his kind, the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind."

The flying plague passed away almost as quickly as it had come, disappearing over Jezreel and the Jordan in the same long, low, brown cloud. But the earth remained for a long time strewn with them, almost as closely as if none had taken wing. Every depression in the ground, every horse-hoof mark, was filled with dozens or scores of them, spitting a green juice, and always head to wind; and what we observed was nothing—be it remembered—compared to the flights witnessed in Southern Africa and elsewhere. Borrow, in his Travels, speaks of the ground being covered by them over an area of 2000 square miles. Travellers tell of wide rivers the water of which becomes invisible on account of the dead bodies of these insects floating on the surface. The Albert Nyanza is called by the natives the "Muta Nzigi," or "lake of the white locusts," from the enormous masses of these creatures which drown in its waves and are washed up on its shores in

pestiferous heaps. That is the worst of the locust. In inhabited countries it is almost more dreadful dead than alive—poisoning the cattle and spreading disease. It must be, however, an excellent manure in desolate regions, and no doubt, in some wonderful way of nature, manages to expiate its ravages by its agricultural usefulness. In Cyprus the English Government has waged a long and costly war with this *Gryllus migratorius*, but if anybody had sat with us at lunch that day upon the hill in Esdraelon, it seems to me he would have backed the locusts against the strongest and richest Government that ever went to war with its winged hosts.

# IV

## ASTRONOMY AND RELIGION



## ASTRONOMY & RELIGION.

GREAT results often spring from very small causes. In the ancient town of Middleburgh, in Holland, on a clear autumn day in the year of grace 1606, an old optician named Jan Lippershey had a little job in hand, which was to repair the spectacles of a worthy Mynheer, member of the City Council. He had laid the thick circular glasses, to be re-set, on his work-table, in front of a large old-fashioned mullioned window that looked over the roofs to a flat country in the midst of which rose a church-spire with a clock. The church was about half a league distant, and the figures of the clock were small and in the crabbed Gothic character. By the old craftsman's side played his grandchild,

who had taken up the lenses and was applying them in an idle mood this way and that to his eye. Suddenly the child uttered a Dutch exclamation of delight and cried, "Oh, grandfather, I can see the hour!" And in effect he had by accident so adjusted the two glasses that a telescopic result was produced; and Jan Lippershey, repeating the experiment, read with facility the time from that casement, holding the glasses in the same manner.

From such a chance moment dated the invention of the telescope; and from that same moment also, a new era of scientific knowledge dawned, which must result, though it has not yet resulted, in a new era of religious thought.

Galileo heard of what the optician's little grandson had found out, and in the year 1609 he constructed the earliest telescope. It was not much more powerful than the opera-glass which the pilot or the racing man now employs; but by its aid the illustrious astronomer was the first to view the spots on the sun; to see four moons revolving round Jupiter; to descry mountains and plains in the moon; to watch the phases of Venus, and to distinguish many stars which had been invisible before. Those earliest observations revolutionised all astral science. Ptolemy and the ancients silently and suddenly abdicated in favour of Copernicus, Galileo himself, and Tycho Brahe. There was come to an end for ever that old conceited ignorance which pictured our planet as the centre of

the Universe, with the moon and the stars for night-lights, and the sun the brilliant but humble attendant of the earth. Little as this immense advance in knowledge has been yet realised by the common imagination, the Church of Rome had an instinct of the revolution; but neither her then mighty power, nor any other influence, could prevent a sudden and swift transformation in human ideas. The least informed mind cannot well take itself back now to the time when a Hebrew writer really believed and recorded that, at the command of Joshua, the moon stood still in the valley of Ajalon, while another inspired scribe could chronicle it as a serious fact that the sun had gone back on its course to prolong the life of King Hezekiah. Galileo, upon whom the prodigious new veracities instantly and imperatively flashed, was compelled by the priests verbally to recant his splendid declarations. But rising from his knees he muttered the famous reservation, "*E pur se muove*;" and for all ages to come there was thus created out of that accidental deed of the little Dutch boy at play, a new heaven and a new earth for mankind.

Galileo, in his "Sidereal Messenger," made a map of eighty new stars which he had discovered in the constellations of Orion's Belt and the "Sword;" and since then astronomer after astronomer, as is well known, has added various groups and galaxies to the two or three thousand conspicuous stars of the first six magnitudes which can be always seen with the naked eye. It is curious and

not complimentary to the good sense of mankind that those stars should have been looked upon as merely intended to spangle the sky and give light at night. As lamps they were always a failure. Sixty times the total starlight on the clearest night would not equal the illumination given by the moon; and thirty-three million times their radiance would be required to equal sunlight. Yet the stars which are seen even by a powerful telescope are now known to be only an insignificant proportion of those actually existing inside "Visible Space." Telescopic photography, as practised to-day by all the observatories, reveals in almost every apparently blank region of the celestial sphere, countless new and distant worlds, lying far beyond all methods of mortal computation and measurement. The only foot-rule with which we can at all estimate the scale of distances in the "Visible Universe" is light. This travels along the ether at the rate of 186,000 miles in a second, so that the ray which we receive from the sun left his surface eight minutes before it has reached our eyes. By ingenious processes based on complex arithmetic, astronomers have determined the distance of about eighty stars, and the nearest of all of them to our system is *Alpha Centauri*. The radiance of this star takes, however, about four years to reach human vision; while that which we perceive from *Alpha Tauri*, or *Aldebaran* was projected from its glittering source twenty-seven years ago; and most of those seen deeper in the

night sky are so far off that their present light left them three or four hundred years back. Many are to-day visible whose beams have travelled to our gaze only after a lapse of thousands of years, and there must be radiant streams now on their way from heavenly bodies in the empyrean which will only reach the eyes of our very far off posterity.

To what comparative insignificance do these well-known and well-assured facts reduce the little corner of space in which our own trivial family of planets has its being and its motion. It seems much to say that the earth is distant from the sun ninety-three millions of miles, so that to travel thither at the average rate of a tourist by steam and rail would ask an interval of six hundred years. And the outside planet of our family, *Neptune*, is two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five millions of miles from the sun, so that we may roughly call the diameter of our flying system in space five thousand six hundred and fifty millions of miles. But vast as this sounds, our solar system sinks into a speck when one reflects that if we should represent the interval between the sun and the earth by one inch, then to put *Aldebaran* into his proper place and proportion our chart would have to be nine leagues wide. At this moment the great work is everywhere advancing of making a photographic picture of the entire visible heavens; all stars down to the 14th magnitude are being reproduced. Twenty-two thousand separate plates will complete the



planisphere, and it is estimated already that as many as twenty million distinct stars will appear upon the unparalleled and astonishing map.

It is vain to endeavour to reduce into intelligible or adequate language the vastness of material creation revealed in such a chart; a vastness augmented by the measureless variety of the bodies and systems included in the immense conspectus. Gazing near at hand there are indeed all sorts of absorbing wonders on and around the sun himself; a world of marvels exists in those "rice-grains" upon his surface which look like specks and are all larger than Great Britain, in the "willow leaves," the "granules," the "faculae," the "spots;" in those scarlet flags of flame called "prominences;" and in the "corona," which at the time of a solar eclipse is seen stretching for millions of miles outside the orb. Those early theologians who taught that the sun was made to warm and illuminate this our poor little planetary island did not know that only one part in two thousand two hundred millions of his heat and light are received by the earth. The rest, in the boundless prodigality of Nature, goes away into space to do, no doubt, much subtle work. And then, besides the sun, there are tantalising mysteries in

"That orb'd maiden  
With white fire laden  
Whom mortals call the moon."

One side of her we have never beheld, but that which is always turned towards her elder sister is

painted in silvers and greys, with a landscape of acclivities and levels which nobody really understands. Astronomers say too rashly that there can be no life on the moon, because there is no atmosphere there and no moisture. Dead silence must reign over moonland, they aver, since there is no air to vibrate; barrenness must prevail since there falls no rain; and the heat of the sun must alternately scorch it, and then be withdrawn, producing a cold greater than any which Professor Dewar can create. Then there are the planets of which we know just a little, as people often do of their own particular families. Mercury and Venus inside our own orbit, Mars outside it; and, beyond him, stately Jupiter, Saturn with his Ring, Uranus, and Neptune. Comparatively near as these are, and presenting well-marked features to the glass, they are yet so far divided and so minute compared to the space they swim in, that if the earth were represented by a football at Hyde Park Corner, Neptune would be such a four-foot globe as an acrobat walks upon, placed at Oxford. Between Mars and Jupiter swarm in the ether those silver bees of the system called asteroids, perhaps the fragments of an exploded planet, the baby children of our system, already 370 in number, and increasing with yearly observations. The largest of them, *Vesta*, is but 300 miles in diameter. Beyond Jupiter, again, circle those large mysterious planets about which astronomers too arrogantly say that they must be lifeless, failing to perceive that life

equates itself everywhere to its conditions, and that just as lungs are the correlation and the consequence of an atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen, and gills the adaptation to water as a medium to existence, so there may be creatures on the sun which thrive upon incandescent hydrogen, moon-people who flourish without air or water; Jovians and Saturnians well contented with an abode in a state of vapour; and Uranians with a scheme of body and being unimagined, but suitable to their environments, and real as the stomach of a railway director. Then beyond these our close neighbours are the comets, the stars, the nebulae, the "Milky Way," that "river of light and life" which, searched by the glass, presents itself as a fathomless channel of sweeping stars. Inconceivably distant from him, man has yet means to-day which bring those within the range of his knowledge. The spectroscope aided by photography tells us the substance and the chemistry of those remote worlds. Dr. Huggins has found hydrogen in the "nebulae," and Secchi in certain stars also; while the rate at which they approach or recede can be accurately measured. Thus *Aldebaran* is going away from us at thirty miles a second, and *Gamma Leonis* approaching us at a slightly lower speed. The great telescope of the Lick Observatory, which I myself had the privilege one night of using, has settled the fact that the nebula of Orion is flying from us at ten miles a second. We know in fact enough of this marvellous "Visible Universe" to be proud and glad of our increasing

knowledge, but never to presume upon it as final or sufficient.

Indeed, our best acquaintance with its wonders must always be held provisional. The organ wherewith we are aware of it is an imperfect one, insensible to many colours beyond the red and the violet which certain insects appear to perceive. Light itself is nothing but a vibration of what we call, without understanding it, the ether; and sight is a sense easily deceived and of very feeble range. It is probable that only a slight exaltation of the power of our optic nerve would present the picture of the starry sky to us in a very different aspect. To our vision the waste of space appears astounding, much as the Pacific Ocean seems far too large for its archipelagoes. The boundless vault looks as though wasted in containing at such enormous intervals the tiny specks that are its worlds and suns. Would it wear anything like so open an aspect if we had better or different eyes? To see the stars at all it is necessary to wait for the darkness of night: to be aware of those crimson fountains of glory streaming into space from the sun, we have to borrow the help of the moon's interposed disc. Since all heavenly bodies exercise an influence, gravitatory and otherwise, upon all other bodies, it is conceivable that a kind of vision may hereafter exist to which their mutual contact and interaction would be perceptible. We see nothing now which is not of the nature to reflect upon our retinas or to project upon them

those light-waves of which alone our light-sense can take any cognisance. The fish that dimly perceives a star through his water-world composed of oxygen and hydrogen, is not in a much worse position for reliable astronomical observations than man, with his limited visual spectrum, at the bottom of his own ocean of oxygen, nitrogen, and the new gas.

Astronomy has taken, however, an immense start forward in estimating the Cosmos, since that discovery by the little Dutch boy, which put her solemn sisters, Philosophy and Religion, quite out of step. The spell of habit binds, nevertheless, even astronomers themselves. Not only do they use contentedly the phrases consecrated by ancient ignorance, such as "Sunrise" and "Sunset," spoken incorrectly of an orb which, as far as we are concerned, neither rises nor sets; but most of them cannot shake themselves free from absolutely primitive ideas about life. You shall read them gravely declaring the uninhabitability of the sun, the moon, and the planets, as before remarked, because of physical differences forsooth between those bodies and our earth. They go on contentedly with the old stellar cartography which Ptolemy introduced when he divided the stars into forty-eight constellations, giving to each of them the name of a character in classic mythology. Modern astronomers, unwilling or unable to improve upon this, have added about twenty more pagan names to those of Ptolemy; and even when fantastic figures are not delineated round the groups of stars, the

ancient appellations are still retained. No doubt there is a convenience in this, as it helps the "stargazer" to map out his sky; and a good observer will know the "Lyre," the "Swan," the "Plough," and "Cassiopeia" as well as any teacher of geography the outlines of various states and countries. But no attempt has been made to break away into a new and more adequate astronomy, based as it might be on the marvellous symmetries and geometrical collocations of the sky. This subject of astral perspective has indeed engaged singularly little scientific attention. The pursuit which should excite and delight most of all the scientific imagination, is content to view its universe as an indefinitely or infinitely expanding hollow sphere, the boundaries of which perpetually recede before the increasing power of the lens or the resolute exercise of inductive reason. But if our experimentalists suspended in a vast glass globe endless numbers of electric lamps of different sizes, and surveyed the illumination from a point inside or outside, how long would it be before chance furnished us with such a shapely arrangement as those of the three jewels in the belt of Orion; the rhomboid in Charles' Wain; or the measured localisation of the stars in the Southern Cross? The best thing that could happen for mankind would be if a great astronomer had been born a poet, or if a great poet should become an astronomer; for we sadly need newer and nobler ideas about the chief of sciences.

But if, in view of the good and useful work which astronomers are undoubtedly doing in collecting facts and adding to the range of actual knowledge, we excuse them for not rising to the rich sublimity of the Cosmic side of their business, it is not so easy to forgive modern Philosophy and modern Theology. Physical and metaphysical writers are equally to blame for the very slight influence which they have permitted latter-day astronomy to exercise upon their disquisitions. Yet the meaning of the word "metaphysics" would almost appear to suggest that every great enlargement of view in Natural Science ought to be followed by an expansion of thought in Speculative Philosophy. "Metaphysics" is a fine sonorous word, like "Mesopotamia," but it merely means that when Aristotle had finished writing about the objects in creation, *τά φυσικά*, he commenced quite naturally to discourse about "*μέτα τά φυσικά*," or "the things that come next after objects of creation." Surely that is an obvious sequence; and if our metaphysicians, especially those of the pessimistic school, would saturate themselves with the new truths of astronomy, extending their mental focus to even the present range of the Visible Universe, we should not read dreary and dismal jeremiads about the origin and end of life, nor in the social field witness such a folly as Anarchism raising its selfish and ridiculous banner under the stately march of the stars. Of all the fools' paradises ever built by man, the idlest and the meanest is that one of mere

material comfort and easy subsistence without work, which seems to satisfy certain base democratic ideals. If life be what some among our demagogues teach to their stupid but passionate listeners, a three score and ten years span, spent best if spent in meat and drink and voting, then Carlyle was justified when, gazing on the stars he cried, "Ah, sir! 'tis a sorry sight!" As I myself have written in "Lotus and Jewel":

"Either the Universe in Chaos, Chance,  
Or else the Universe is Order, Law :  
If that, die and let go the drunken dance ;  
If this, live and rejoice in love and awe !"

In vain has the star-bespangled Night, giver of sleep and rest, comforter of men, revealed under her dark mantle the splendid secret of worlds upon worlds and boundless Being, if not even this has sufficed to silence upon the lips of bitter and disbelieving man doubt as to the ultimate rightfulness of Nature, whose law of order, evolution, and harmonious issues is written in such large silver letters upon the skies.

Nothing, in truth, so much exalts our sense-perception, and, at the same time, admonishes and humiliates it, as the manifestations of Astronomy. With the tube of the Lick telescope directed into the thickest milky effulgence of the thronged galaxy, the eye seems to plunge into the actual glory of infinitude, and literally to see the illimitable. If there be immutable reasons why we should tem-



porarily live in what we call the "present," amid illusions of time and space—which must be false in the sense of the Hindoo Maya, but need not be non-existent—how could there be devised a nobler consolation, a loftier promise, than in such glimpses, which convince the mind of the infinity and immortality that it cannot in this life understand? On such a head there are two notable passages in the New Testament. One is where the great Teacher of Nazareth, perhaps with His divine eyes fixed at the time upon the shining firmament, said pityingly, "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you." And the other passage is a saying from the same tender and holy lips: "The kingdom of heaven is nigh unto you, yea, even at your very gates." Probably these last words, at once so simple and so mysterious, condense a prodigious physical fact. It may well be that the next great secret of existence is hidden from us by a veil so thin, that its very thinness makes it impenetrable. A touch, a turn, a change, as slight as when the light pebble lying on the thin ice feels it melt and falls to the bottom, may be all that is necessary to lift the curtain of another and utterly transformed Universe which is yet not really another, but only this same one that we see imperfectly with present eyes, and think of timidly with present thoughts. As Browning sings of his fair dream which came so near to realisation:

“Only to break a door of glass,  
Only a bridge of cloud to pass,  
Only one wicked Mage to stab,  
And, look you, we had kissed Queen Mab!”

So it may be with many, possibly with most, at that natural promotion and permutation called Death. Mathematicians talk, as about something more solid than a dream, in regard of what they call a higher space, that of Four Dimensions; and advanced photographers are hoping it may some day be feasible to take pictures with the ultra-red rays, which pass through opaque matter, and to which flesh is lately proved to be transparent.

Returning, however, to what is visible and known, the infinite vitality of the Universe must be borne in mind, as well as its boundless extent and variety. The late Mr. Richard A. Proctor has well written in his “Other Worlds than Ours” these eloquent words:

“Instead of millions of inert masses, we see the whole heavens instinct with energy—astir with busy life. The great masses of luminous vapour, though occupying countless millions of cubic miles of space, are moved by unknown forces like clouds before the summer breeze; star-mist is condensing into clusters; star-clusters are forming into suns; streams and clusters of minor orbs are swayed by unknown attractive energies; and primary suns, singly or in systems, are pursuing their stately path through space, rejoicing as giants to run their course, extending on all sides the mighty

arm of their attraction, gathering from ever new regions of space supplies of motive energy, to be transformed into the various forms of force—light and heat, and electricity—and distributed in lavish abundance to the worlds which circle round them.”

Perhaps the most deplorable survival of primitive human ignorance about the heavens is the doubt which orthodox astronomers still maintain upon the question, whether life exists amid all these fair and wonderful mansions of life. And here, indeed, is where there seems to come in the truest and most urgent necessity that religion should extend the boundaries of her doctrines in order to render them a little more adequate to the range of scientific acquisitions. Take, for instance, what is called the “Scheme of Salvation” as it is preached by ordinary interpreters. How lamentably it continues to be narrowed down into the limits of the old-fashioned notions of the “world !” Let me hasten to concede that no discovery, no generalisation, no new revelation of the vastness, variety, and vital fulness of the Cosmos could ever rob of its divine value the inner meanings of what is eternally true. The idea of redemption by love, for example, which has a thousand illustrations even in the little sphere of human experience, would probably only derive greater and greater magnificence of demonstration if we could see and know its operation in systems developed beyond our own, and amid that immense, and to-day inconceivable, march of evolution, of which

we get only shadows here. But is it not evident that we must think more largely than to imagine for ourselves, or to let those whom we teach imagine, that the Son of God was once absent from such an universe as we now perceive—from the splendid spaciousness of His dominions of light and life—wholly abstracted in the care and charge of “this little O, the earth?” The love of God, manifested in Him, was doubtless then and always present with us, as with all the Cosmos; but, to think becomingly and proportionately to facts, we must recognise that it was also, and simultaneously, present in every abode of planetary and stellar—perhaps of galactic and nebular—society. We meditate too meanly upon heavenly love, and divine government, and the life of man, and his lives which are to be, when our minds still thus wear the garments of old theologies, while our hands hold the telescope and the spectroscope. We have enlarged enormously our conceptions of the Universe, but apparently forgotten to magnify our beliefs. A school-girl of to-day knows that the specks of silver in the ocean of the night are sun-worlds; but her rector or teacher reads her still the legends of Joshua and Hezekiah, and permits her to think that for thirty years long, some eighteen hundred and ninety-four years ago, a million million orbs and systems—full of living beings—were without the second Person of the Trinity, absent on urgent duty upon an atom of a world invisible to the very nearest of them.

It is charming to observe with what simplicity the delicate and gentle genius of Mr. Ruskin, in his "*Frondes Agrestes*," has grappled with this incompatibility between old tenets and modern discoveries. He begins by deploring how little men care to know or think about the sky "in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking with him and teaching him—than in any other of her works." "And yet," writes Mr. Ruskin (Section 3, p. 35), "we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, except as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intentions of the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration."

Again, speaking of the infinitude of things to know, and of the much that never can be known, revealed in the starry firmament, he says:

"None but proud or weak men would mourn over this, for we may always know more, if we choose, by working on; but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people, in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible—watching the cloud still march before them with its summitless pillar

and being sure that, to the end of time, and to the length of eternity, the mysteries of its infinity will still open farther and farther, their dimness being the sign and necessary adjunct of their inexhaustibleness."

But, brought face to face with the largeness of the Cosmos and the littleness—at least as relates to verbal definition—of the pre-Galileo religions, Mr. Ruskin takes refuge in the provisional and, so to speak, personal character of the orthodox doctrines, and the "Scheme." "We must not," he argues, "define and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God inhabiting inconceivable places, and fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of Nature. All errors of this kind arise from the originally mistaken idea that man can, 'by searching, find out God—find out the Almighty to perfection'—whereas it is clearly necessary, from the beginning to the end of time, that God's way of revealing Himself to His creatures should be a *simple* way, which *all* those creatures may understand. Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has, not only in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human

*flesh*, but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts*, and permitted us, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a loving father and friend: a being to be walked with and reasoned with, to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labour; and finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation. This conception of God, which is the child's, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and, therefore, the only one which *for us* can be true."

This is all true, beautiful, and to the purpose of the eminent author's thought; but it is an explanation of the survival of old religious ideas, rather than a justification of them. The astronomer and the house-cat enjoy, of course, the sunshine equally, but the former understands, as the latter does not, some at least of the wonders of that golden warmth. My representation is, that the divine significations of those of the old doctrines which have eternal truth in them ought by their expounders to be henceforward immeasurably expanded and advanced, in the light of astronomical announcements. My object in these purely suggestive pages (for to exhaust the point would demand many such another paper) is to indicate how new, superb, and noble are the meanings which the ancient formulas might receive from current facts, if their professional interpreters could and would rise to the heights

whither "star-eyed science" to-day beckons them. "Life," "Love," "Redemption," "Creation," "Evil," "Good," and that most vast and vague name of "God" are words of ever unfolding might and majesty, which need to-day bolder and more hopeful re-translation into that glorious, albeit ever mystical, language of which the starry heavens display at least the silver cypher.



V

IN THE INDIAN WOODS

## IN THE INDIAN WOODS

COUNTRIES have faces, as individuals have. The countenance of one land differs from the countenance of another, by features and complexions strongly contrasted, to eyes which know how to discriminate and observe. This is not merely true of such marked distinctions as exist between arctic and temperate, or tropical and sub-tropical, zones. Anybody can, of course, perceive at a moment's glance whether he is in the treeless latitude of the Orkneys or wandering amid the lavish vegetation of Ceylon and Java. I imply much subtler peculiarities and far finer *differentiæ* by which the watchful traveller shall know, almost to a single degree of latitude, where he stands at the moment of observation. It depends upon three things—firstly, the general geological character of the country; secondly, its fauna and flora; thirdly, its peoples, towns, and villages; but the last may be altogether absent from view without diminishing the faculty to recognise what is quite justly styled the “face” of a country. For myself I retain the very clearest and plainest conception in my mind's eye of the face of any coast or land I ever visited, and if I were a painter of sufficient skill I feel that

it would be possible to set accurately and swiftly upon canvas the typical landscapes or seascapes of Provence, of North Africa, of Italy, of Greece, of Bulgaria, of Asia Minor, of Egypt, of India, of Ceylon, of China, of Japan, of Western and Eastern America, and, in fact, of any special region. Occasionally, just as you meet with visages in a crowd which exactly resemble others well known, so you will encounter striking and precise resemblances between distant and unconnected spots. Boston Common with Beacon Street, for example, are so exactly like Piccadilly and the Green Park, that even a Londoner, suddenly transported to New England, might be deceived; and I know a little green recess upon the banks of the Nile which reproduces to a tree, to a bush, to a crag, to the spread of shining sand and climbing flowers, another nook familiar to me on the shore of the river Moota-Moola, near Poona. But, generally speaking, countries differ even more notably than individuals, and the main reason is, not their geology, which gives outline and surface, but their zoology, and especially their botany. It does not need a scientific eye to notice and remember the specialisation which these two confer. The good observer, even if unable to name many of the living creatures and most of the plants and trees which he passes by, remarks them, remembers them, and will no more afterwards fail to recall the particular district by their means than he will forget the colour of the eyes of the woman that he has loved, or the way in which she wore her hair or her robe.

These thoughts arise in glancing at a volume which has just been published under the title of "The Flowering Plants of Western India," by the Rev. Alexander Kyd Nairne, late of the Bombay Civil Service. It is a small octavo, aiming at little more than to catalogue, with running semi-scientific notes, the various plants and trees met with on what was my side of India. But the modest work is, as far as it goes, performed so well, that by its previous study India might become another and a happier world to the intelligent "griffin," who should have this book always with him. I can truly say that in turning the pages of Mr. Nairne's laborious and faithful little compilation, I have revisited India in a way not possible under any ordinary literary guidance. It is pleasant to find how, in glancing through these pages, forest and jungle friends come back, under the old Mahratta and Hindu names, as vividly as if one turned the leaves of a vast album of the portraits of vanished companions. Without criticising Mr. Nairne's useful work from a scientific point of view, I am here proposing to hold on to his erudite botanical skirt, and as he himself wanders amidst those warm and beautiful wildernesses of Asia, to say briefly what I also remember of them, and how the loveliness of a blossom or the glory of a tree is linked in my own memory with this or that adventure, legend, or impression.

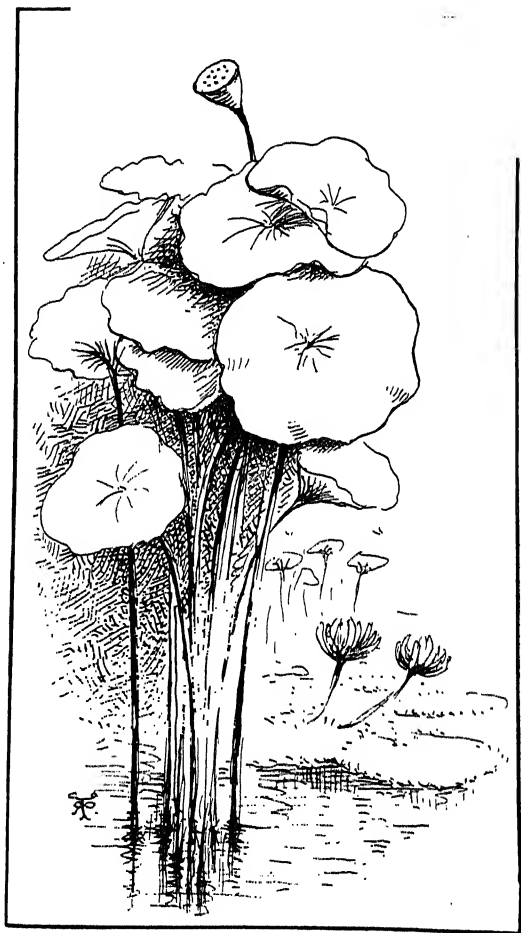
Quite irregularly, then, and with no regard to orders and classifications, let us plunge into these plant-catalogues as one used to pluck bridle and

turn away from the *dāk* road to take the forest paths. And, first, we are in a garden-ground. Remark this garden plant, one of the magnolias, *nichelia champaca*. It is good to begin with, for it smells of India. Shelley, however, had only heard of it when he wrote :

“The Champāk odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream,”

and he would not, perhaps, have greatly admired the little tree itself, which bears blooms at the end of naked and swollen stalks. But the pale white flowers with the yellow hearts possess truly the very fragrance of the East. The Hindoo women weave them into their hair and offer them in temples, and in Ceylon images of Buddha are carved from the thick trunk. Pluck one waxen star and pass on, holding it to the delighted nostril, for this is the odour of the *Veds* and of the *Upanishads*, the very perfume of classical India. That bush close by is the custard apple, Sita's fruit, *sitaphal*, and yonder twists and clings gulovel, the climber, *tinospora cordifolia*. The fruit of it is good for fever, and the plant is so full of vitality, that a yard or two of the small yellow-blossomed stem, twisted round a tree branch, will send down roots to the earth, and, in the soft, warm air, soon becomes a shrub for itself. Now we come to a pool, and could well stop at it all day for the wonderful things to be seen in any bit of Indian water. Those fair

floating blooms—red, white, or blue—are the *Kamal*, the starry water-lily, and the large red



SACRED LOTUS.

lilies are *Padmā*, the sacred lotus of India, from which, according to Sanskrit scriptures, Brahma

sprang, and of which the old Hindu literature is full. There are a hundred and thirty-five different names in the *Devanagari* for this sacred blossom. Notice how it springs, pure and perfect, from the black slime, and understand why it is the type of the human soul disengaging itself, under the light of Heaven, from the contaminations and illusions of the world. Over the pool is growing a mesua-tree, *nāg champa*, native to the Konkan, but cultivated elsewhere, of which Sir William Jones truly said, "It is one of the most beautiful on earth, with blooms like white roses and buds and shoots of the deepest crimson." They plant this in Ceylon near to every Buddhist temple. The little herb near it, also displaying rosy stems, is the *lal āmbāri*, the roselle, "red sorrel" of the West Indies, of which all Anglo-Indian housewives make jelly. And yonder, towering to the sky, its flowers blood-red, its trunk and branches covered with prickles, is the silk-cotton tree, *bombax malabaricum* (called in these parts *shewa*). Do not stop to do more than admire the flowers shooting like flames upon the bare branches, for any Anglo-Indian would weary you with a hundred stories about it. Near at hand is seen climbing a rudraksh, the *mādhavi*, the flower *par excellence* of Sanskrit lyrical poetry, with large pointed shining leaves and perfumed blooms, pure white, except for the fifth petal being dusted with pale gold. This is also the *atimukhta*, and you must add a blossom of it to our imaginary bouquet.

Any English eye will know that next flower! It is the common balsam, *tirda*; but we never had it in England till the Portuguese brought it hence in the sixteenth century. That tall, thorny tree, with round grey fruit like a golf-ball, is the wood-apple, and near it, closely akin, the Bil, *Ægle marmelos*, the fruit of which is good for dysentery, and belongs to the citrons and the oranges. But who would think that yonder small white flowers and glossy leaves, which smell so unpleasantly, on the little tree beside the Bil, belong to the satin-wood, which cuts into such lovely slabs—like watered ribbon—and furnishes panels for palaces?

Along the road are planted “Neems,” which look like acacias by their leaves, and lilacs by their lovely scented panicles of purple blossom. The little thorny tree there, with yellow cherry-shaped fruit, is more important than it appears, being *Zizyphus Jujuba*, the Bher, which some Mohammedans deem to be the *Sidra* of the Koran, the tree that the Prophet found growing at the boundary of the Seventh Heaven on the night when he went to visit Paradise. And another *Zizyphus*, rather like this, but with white fruit, to be found in the ghâts, is the accepted Lotos of the “Odyssey,” the food of the Lotophagi, of which the “Odyssey” says, to cite my translation :

“Whoso hath tasted the honey-sweet fruit from the stem of the  
lotus  
Never once wishes to leave it, and never once thinks to go  
homewards ;



There would he stay, if he could, content with the eaters of  
 Lotos,  
 Plucking and eating its magic, forgetting the thought of re-  
 turning."

We have seen many a mango-tree, *amba*, since starting, with dark, massive foliage, and, in the season, most delicious fruit which, but for a slight flavour of turpentine, would be so perfect. Nothing is more grateful than the scent of the white mango blossoms at night in the Indian spring. On the higher ground the wild indigo was growing, the jungly-níl, which is so important on the other side as a cultivated plant; and we forgot to remark in the garden hedge the climbing Gunj, *Abrus precatorius*, the pretty bright seeds of which, scarlet tipped with black, are used by goldsmiths as weights for gold and diamonds, and by Portuguese Catholics for rosaries. The "gram" in the fields, upon which Indian horses live—*channa*—is akin to this, and so is the Indian "Coral Tree," with its large scarlet flowers. We must not fail to notice the "gold-mohur," which makes the Bombay gardens splendid in the cold season, with its gilded blooms, which the French West Indians call "Flowers of Paradise." And here is the *Bawa*, with blooms like falling rain of gold and pods like swords, holding seeds that furnish the physic senna; and, ah! there is the *Asoka*, most famous of all trees in Sanskrit poetry, the name meaning "sorrowless"—or heart's-ease, as in that line of Damayanti's appeal, *Satyamāma Bharwa Asoka! Asoka Soka-nashanam*:

“Truly, Heart’s-ease, if, good Heart’s-ease !  
Thou could’st ease my heart of pain.”

This other common tree, seen everywhere on the dry maidans, is an acacia—the *babul*—very prickly, with yellow, fragrant flowers and flat woolly pods, among which the weaverbirds love to hang their nests, safe from the snakes. Akin to it are the Mimosas, one of which, like its lowly sister the sensitive plant *lājālu lājari*, is never cut down by the Mohammedans, because of its pretty way of bending down its branches towards the stranger who comes under its shadow. The sensitive plant is not much seen in Western India, but in Ceylon there are whole banks and meadows of it, through which, as you walk, it is as though the earth was alive with the delicate, shrinking leaflets of the grass, which shudder and close up in a pale and quick confusion. Note in the village tank the “water-chestnut” growing, “Shingari,” of which ancient Hindus thought so highly that they put it among the lunar constellations. You ask what is the spreading plant, everywhere lying along the hot plain, with bright, hairy leaves and round globes of green and yellow. That is the *jangli kakri*, sister to bitter colocynth, and wild cousin of the melon and cucumber. All this while, too, we have failed to notice the still more common *nāgphanna*, the “prickly pear,” sprawling with broad, fleshy, savagely-armed leaves upon every rocky eminence and around every garden and village. You cannot touch leaf or blood-red fruit

without filling your hand with microscopic darts. We used to cure our Deccan ponies of kicking by backing them into a clump of this "Barbary fig," and it is wonderful how the cobras manage to live among its pins and needles. Closely akin to it is the "night-blowing Cereus," the glorious white and gold blossom of which comes forth suddenly by night and only lasts for a few splendid hours.

It is interesting that we come now upon a *Kadamba* tree, for this too, with its large heart-shaped leaves, perfumed flowers of white and yellow, and fruit like a mandarin orange, was revered by ancient India. Its blossoms smell like new wine, and had irresistible power to recall an absent and forgetful lover. From its branches Krishna watched the *Gopis*, or milkmaids of Brindâban, and under its shade the god danced with them. Here on the Ghauts is also growing the ixora — *Kurât* — called the torch-tree because its green branches are used for flambeaux; and Indian people style this other little smooth shrub *pâpat*, and its berries "Matheran coffee." But, indeed, the real coffee belongs to the *Lorras*.

The pimpernel grows about Western India — our "shepherd's clock," but it is a tiny herb with blue flowers. A large, handsome tree is the "mowra" — *Bassia latifolia* — with a hard and lasting timber and flowers which smell like rats and mice, but produce, when dried, a spirit only too attractive to hard drinkers. Of the fruit they make bangles, and from the seeds oil and stearic

acid. On some of these trunks climb wild the various forms of Indian jasmine, "mogri," also largely cultivated for their delicate odour and to weave those garlands which Hindu hospitality loves to hang upon the neck and wrists of a guest. And there—nay, indeed, everywhere upon the sandy uplands—is the "Karanda" bush, with tinted white flowers guarded by long thorns, and purple, sticky fruit, under the tufted roots of which often lies the grey Mahratta hare. In the nullahs are Oleander plants, oftentimes with white and yellow, instead of the well-known red blossoms, which are so beautiful and so poisonous. And hardly a patch of forest-ground or fringe of jungle-shade but will show the greenish-white flowers and shining ovate leaves of the strychnine-tree, *Kájra*, which has death in its button-shaped seeds. By the large ovate leaves, rough underneath, you know the teak-tree—never so tall in Western India as in Burmah—and under it a straggling plant of the wild basil, whose cultivated variety is the *Kala tulsi*, the holy shrub of the wife of Mahadeo, planted near every temple and at the doors of Hindu houses.

This milk-bush, which is an Euphorbia, has come from Africa, but is now quite Indian. It is a cousin of the prickly-pear, though so different in aspect. Every broken twig bleeds a white and sticky juice. In our imaginary passage through jungle, garden, plain, and hill we shall have frequently passed two famous trees of India—the

Banyan and the Pipal. The first is unmistakable, by its habit of dropping down boughs from the air, which take root and become trunks, making, as is written in the "Light of Asia,"

"An ample shade,  
Cloistered with columned, dropping stems; and roofed  
With vaults of glittering green."

Some of these noble and wonderful trees spread



BANYAN TREE.

over space enough to encamp a regiment. The other is the *Ficus Religiosa*, the sacred tree of Buddha, whose long smooth leaves, for ever vibrating in the air, are said to whisper to the gods all that men do, or say, or think on earth below. Also the plantains encountered were too common to notice, though, indeed, nothing can be more beautiful than their fresh broad flags, before

the wind has broken the glossy green silk of them into ribbons.



For palms one must be near the sea-coast, albeit certain species of these lovely and stately

trees will be encountered almost anywhere. Many and many a notable plant and bush and flower has, meantime, escaped attention. The "Keori," for instance, or screw pine—which botanists call *Pandanus*, and the Sanskrit poets *Ketaka*—possesses in its tender white flowers the very sweetest fragrance of the whole range of perfumes—an odour such as might breathe from an angel's lips giving the kiss of welcome to a soul entering into heaven. Moreover, we did not speak of what was seen a hundred times, the *erandi*, or castor-oil bush; nor of the sandal-wood tree, *Chandan*, which has the fragrant wood, and furnishes the "oil of the thirteen virtues;" nor of the *Sampsàn* shrub, of which the mongoose is said to eat after being bitten by a cobra; and those two botanical miracles, the *chár bajé*, or "four o'clock," so styled because its flowers open every afternoon at that time, and the *Desmodium gyrans*, which twists and untwists twice in every twenty-four hours. Nor was mention made of the papaw tree, which will turn tough meat into tender if suspended among its branches; nor of a thousand other things of interest, curiosity, and beauty in those fields and groves of India, touched upon briefly, but with a loving and scientific patience and observation, in the pages of this book of Mr. Nairne, which has been the companion of our fanciful stroll in the Indian groves and gardens.

VI

LOVE THE PRESERVER



## VI

### LOVE THE PRESERVER

ON the 10th of October 1893 I delivered an address in the Town Hall of Birmingham, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. Its subject was "Aspects of Life," and in the course of it I spoke the following words:—

"I would be content to trust a defence of the cosmic scheme to that one profound and ever-present passion for futurity which is at its centre—the love, namely, of the mother for her offspring. Why, except for ultimate ends and personal rewards, should this exist, in all its strange gradations, from the fish, which feels the diluted rudiments of its mandate, to the fierce maternal devotion of the tigress and she-bear, and the unwearying and unselfish tenderness of the Christian mother? Why should the eider duck pluck the down from her breast to make her delicate nest, at one end of the scale, and the Princess Alice, at the other, die so divinely from the kisses of her sick child, if the Universe were not bound together in some sweet secret of a common life to come; in some far-off profits of a vast hidden partnership, as to which female parents are the semi-conscious trustees? I

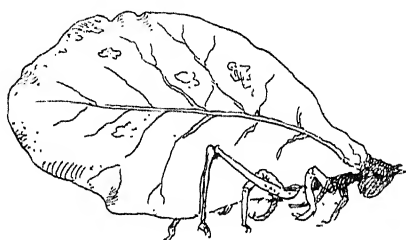
have always greatly admired an answer made to me by an American woman, when I was wondering at the patience of a nursing wife with her complaining child, and at the general marvels of maternal care throughout nature. 'Well!' she said, 'God Almighty can't be everywhere at once, and so, I guess, He invented mothers.'"

The more one thinks upon this universal parental instinct, the more wonderful and significant it must seem. Throughout the animated world of creation we see species preying upon species; each tribe reluctantly supplying the food of another; until the spectacle of widespread warfare culminates in man himself, his huge standing armies and sanguinary battles. The peace, beauty, and purpose of the Universe appear to be miserably gainsayed by such mutual hostilities. It seems as if nothing could live except at the price of life: "Each slays a slayer, and in turn is slain." Yet side by side with these mournful and mysterious facts there exists another set of facts not half sufficiently considered and admired—I mean the omnipresent instinct of parent-creatures to protect, preserve, and further the lives and development of their own kind, and specially of their own offspring. Although books of Natural History are full of instances of this ubiquitous phenomenon, it has never received adequate philosophic regard. We see it shining everywhere, like the sun among clouds, like starlight in darkness; a visible spirit of beneficence comprehending all, redeeming all, and revealing all.

It is the ever-active, vigilant, and practical verification of the divine declaration, "God is Love,"—and, as I said in my Presidential Address, I believe that nothing more is needed than a close study of the beautiful varieties of this parental passion to justify our highest hopes for the future of all living things, and to console us for a hundred unexplained mysteries of the Universe.

Let me, therefore, recall a few examples from various grades of animated creation of this strange and subtle altruism, which keeps the currents of life flowing in all their channels. It begins very low down; so low, that it would not be difficult to find glimpses and forecasts of it in the most humble orders of animalculæ. Nay, one may discover, even in the vegetable world, innumerable analogies to the parental propensity, shown principally by structure, or by elaborate provision for fertilisation and dissemination of seed, albeit of course destitute of intention and consciousness. But let us be content to begin with insects. Walking one day in the mountains of Japan near Atami, I observed, and touched with my stick, a small conical lump of clay on a rock. It fell to the ground, and then I saw with regret that I had broken into a nest of the ichneumon fly. Inside the tiny earthen hut built by the mother was its larva, a greyish grub; and by the side of this three or four fat spiders and another insect were stored up. The parent had stung each of these in the cephalo-thorax with a stupefying juice from

her own body, suspending life without extinguishing it, and they were laid up there to provide the larva with food at the time of its emergence. What forethought! what



LEAF BUTTERFLIES.

*Protective resemblances.*

devotion! what sagacity! How intense must be the spirit of providential affection in that wasp-like fly to build a house for its child, to fill it with provender scientifically conserved, and then to depart, never to be thanked or rewarded, never again so much as to see the object of all this solicitude!

The spider is extremely attached to the white silk bundle contain-

ing its eggs, and will endeavour to save this when the attempt must prove almost certainly destructive to herself. But a chief store-house for treasure-

facts on the subject is the book upon ants, bees, and wasps, written by my honoured and illustrious friend Sir John Lubbock. Every English and American boy and girl should peruse that volume, since it shows, better perhaps than anything ever written, how strong and imperative is the passion to nurture and preserve, even in these insignificant creatures. There are many things truly about ants which astonish and instruct. It is clear that they possess powers unknown to man. In a community of 500,000 every ant can, and does, recognise his fellow-citizen. They see ultra-violet colours invisible to our eyes; they have a sense of direction beyond what we can do even with compass and map; they keep herds of insect-cattle; capture and train slaves; form cities with tunnels, chambers, roads, and bridges; are aware beforehand of seasons, and store food; carry on wars, and maintain in perfect loyalty the monarchical system. But it is about their signal care of the young ants that I am here speaking; and a curious point presents itself that this "mothering" is done by workers who are neither male nor female. There is only one mother to a nest of ants, however large, and she is the queen, who marries once, and has an indefinite number of offspring. Many ants are of a very fierce and fearless disposition. In times of anger they fight and bite with such ferocity, that the Brazilian Indians take advantage of this to suture any flesh wounds. If they have a deep cut they take two or three black ants and make

them bite the lips of the gash, thus bringing them together, after which they snip off the ant heads, which so hold the wound united as though by stitches. But the tenderness of these little things towards the young of each community is amazing. The eggs of the queen hatch within about a fortnight into the *larva* or grub, which soon becomes the *pupa* or chrysalis, and finally the perfect insect or "*imago*." It is the special duty of the young workers to look after these in all stages; to carry them each day where they will get warmth and moisture; to arrange them before the queen in groups like the classes of a school; and when they emerge, to assist them into perfect life. But the eggs themselves need to be nursed into *larvæ* by having the surface licked, and the workers, old and young alike, stand for hours round them performing this service. The *larvæ* sometimes spin cocoons and so become *pupæ*, which must also be kept carefully warmed, moist, and clean. When they are to emerge, the workers help them out by biting the larval cases. The new-born ant wears, on appearance, a thin membrane over its body like a shirt, which is tenderly pulled off, and the tiny being is then washed, brushed, and fed. A good observer studying the genus *Atta* writes: "The attitude of the cleansed all this while was one of intense satisfaction, quite resembling that of a family dog when you are scratching the back of his neck. The insect stretches out her limbs and, as her friend takes them successively in hand, yields them limp and

supple to manipulation. She rolls gently over on her side, even quite over on her back, and, with all her limbs relaxed, presents a perfect picture of muscular surrender and ease. The pleasure which the tiny creatures take in being thus 'combed' and 'sponged' is really enjoyable to the observer. I have seen an ant kneel down before another and thrust forward its head droopingly, quite under the other's face, and lie there motionless, thus expressing as plainly as sign-language could her desire to be cleansed. I at once understood the gesture, and so did the supplicated ant, for she immediately went to work." The young ants are carefully educated, led about the city, taught civil and domestic duties, until their skins harden and they can go outside to fight and forage. They not only recognise every member of their own crowded communities, but they know at sight the "*pupæ*," the children of the city, although to our eyes these are just like those of another. And when there is danger to the little state, it is the children, in the form of those white grubs, whom they all hasten to save, and for whose sake they store up honey-dew and other food, feeding them like pigeons from mouth to mouth. This tenderness is, as I have said, the more remarkable because of the natural savageness of ants to strangers. If such an ant, even belonging to the same species, be placed among 100,000, she will be attacked and killed, or driven out of the nest. But they remember their friends and the city-children even after a year's separation. Along with an intense desire to pre-

serve and nurture their young, the ants have other striking social qualities which it is difficult to call by any name except that of "virtue." They are singularly kind to the blind wood-lice—*platyarthrus*—and the small white *beckia*, which habitually live as domestic pets in the nests. They succour each other in distress with great assiduity, and on finding food communicate the discovery to their fellows. Day after day they bring their ant-babies into the presence of the queen, as if for a royal nursery-parade. I myself once witnessed such a display when Sir John Lubbock drew off the glass lid from one of his ant-cities. I noticed also on that occasion that all the worker-ants and nurses stood facing Her Majesty; and Sir John told me they never if they could help it turn their backs upon her. The very sight of their sovereign, who is the Mother of their city, affords an evident delight to the minute citizens.

Sir John writes: "On one occasion, while moving some ants from one nest into another for exhibition at the Royal Institution, I unfortunately crushed the queen and killed her. The others, however, did not desert her, or draw her out as they do dead workers, but, on the contrary, carried her into the new nest, and subsequently into a larger one with which I supplied them, congregating round her for weeks just as if she had been alive. One could hardly help fancying that they were mourning her loss, or hoping anxiously for her recovery."

Day by day, as has been observed, the worker-ants bring the *larvæ* and *pupæ* to the queen for



inspection. More than stores of honey or dried food, these represent the treasure of the community. They are the first and last care of all the citizens, under whatever circumstances. Sir John mentions an ant which he kept in a bottle for observation, and left imprisoned by inadvertence during a whole week's absence. "On my return," he says, "I took her out of the bottle, placing her on a little heap of *larvæ*, about three feet from the nest. Under these circumstances I did not expect her to attend to duty; but though she had been six days in confinement, the brave little creature immediately picked up a larva, carried it off to the nest, and, after half-an-hour's rest, returned for another."

And yet they are so industrious after food, that Ford counted in one large nest twenty-eight dead insects brought in per minute, which gives about 100,000 accumulated in a day; and in the Hebrew *Mischna*, rules are even laid down about the proper ownership and distribution of grain taken from ant-hills. Still, all is subordinated to that ruling passion of the care of their young. I have often noticed in India a large level disk round an ant-entrance strewn very smoothly with fine débris. This is where the little harvesters bite off the radicle's of their gathered grass-seeds to keep them from sprouting inside. When the hunting-ants—the Drivers—of West Africa act in concert, nothing can resist them. Natives say the great python, before he dares to swallow his prey, searches around to see if any Driver-ants be near, lest they should kill and consume him

whilst he is gorged with food. We arrogantly call many creatures "little" whose world-work is nevertheless large. Beavers created many of the lakes and marshes of Canada by their dykes and lodges. The arable land of the globe is almost wholly due to earth-worms. The city of Paris is built mainly of infusoria, and all the peninsula of Florida consists of small shells and coral crust, the remnants of sea-lice.

But these fascinating creatures, the ants and their wisdom, must not divert us from our point, which is the universally pervading parental or nursing instinct. Among the bees, also, there exists that third sex—the workers or neuters—in which the egg-laying organ is often modified into a sting, though none the less they cherish the eggs of the hive. Who taught them when the bee-egg passes from *larva* to *pupa*, and infant-bee, to feed it on brood-paste or chyle, and after three days to give the workers the special food of honey? For a week the young bee sits at home secreting wax, which the others take from its pockets as fast as produced: then it turns nurse itself, afterwards for three weeks it gathers honey, and then helps build the comb; the central energy being here, as always, to keep up the succession of life by nourishing and guarding the young.

I might cite a thousand other examples from the insect world of parental love and guardianship manifested by wasps, bees, beetles, saw-flies, &c., but I must pass upwards on the great ladder of life.

The same divine, mysterious, commanding power dominates the reptile world. In obedience to it, the turtle climbs the sea-beach by moonlight and hides her eggs in the warm sand. The snake deposits her egg-string in the heap of dead fermenting leaves or the warm dunghill. There is a toad in Surinam (Pipa) which carries, and even hatches, its eggs in hollows formed upon the soft skin of its back. Poisonous serpents are never more dangerous than when basking near a brood of their young ones; though the Sanskrit proverb runs :

*“Hunger hears not, cares not, spares not. No boon from the starving beg,*

*“When the snake is pinched with famine, verily! she eats her egg.”*

These, like the fishes, produce many offspring, so that the sentiment of maternity, or of personal guardianship, cannot be strong. The number of ova in the herring is 250,000; in the lump-fish, 155,000; in the halibut, 3,500,000; and in the female cod-fish, 9,344,000! Yet although the mother and father fishes will never recognise their countless hatched spawn, what vast solicitude they show to give them a good start in life! The *Aspredo Batrachus*, somewhat after the fashion of the Surinam toad, presses her newly-deposited eggs into the soft integument of her belly, and so carries them about until mature. The *Solenostoma* has a ventral pouch, where the fish guards her young, like a marine kangaroo. The *Arius* nurses them in a hollow part of his pharynx. There is a group of

Siluroid fishes, haunting those rivers of tropical America which flow into the Atlantic, that are called by naturalists *Doradinae*. These have the curious faculty and habit of travelling during the hot season from any piece of water about to dry up to some other and larger pool. Those overland journeys are sometimes of such a length that the fish spend whole nights and days upon them, and the Indians who chance to meet a marching column can fill many baskets with the easy prey thus placed in their hands. Now, these *Doradinae* make regular and well-contrived nests for their eggs, which they place inside the nests, and watch with much care, male and female taking turns to guard, until the eggs are all hatched into small fry. The nest is constructed of leaves at the beginning of the rainy season, and is sometimes placed in a hole scooped out from the bank of the pool. Fish-nests are, indeed, common enough! The bull-heads and stickle-backs of English ponds are very clever architects in this line, and build subaqueous bowers out of grass, water-plants, and leaves, which they glue together with slime from their own bodies. Within these they play, the currents and ripples not being strong enough to destroy their pretty work. Some nest-bowers are shaped like tents, some like ladies' muffs, open at each end. The male fish is alone the builder; and when he has finished his labour to his liking, he finds a tiny mate, captivates her with finny caresses, and leads her into his nest, where she deposits her eggs. Then the male fish will fetch

another, and yet another small wife, with the same blandishments, until enough ova have been laid to stock his nursery; whereupon he sternly mounts guard over the precious treasures, not allowing any other fishes, even females, to approach the sacred spot until the young are hatched and sufficiently developed to take care of themselves.

The *Arius*, a species of Siluroid, already mentioned as carrying ova about in a pharyngeal pouch, is imitated in this by the *Chromida*, fishes of the Sea of Galilee. The sea-horses hippocampi carefully nurse their young in a sub-caudal bag, while the parent sits upright in the brine, its tail grasping a sea-weed. In this attitude they, and the pipe-fish which follow the same habit, so much resemble filmy stems and floating leaves of sea-grass, that the fishes that feed on their offspring are deceived, and take them for marine plants.

Next as to birds. There exists in America a cuckoo which builds its own nest, and lays eggs quite in proportion to its size. Our English cuckoo, on the contrary, as everybody knows, and as Shakespeare has mentioned, lays one small egg, and deposits it in a nest of some other bird. When hatched out, this interloper turns the legitimate nestlings forth, and enjoys the undivided attention of the poor little deceived foster-mother. The astuteness displayed by the female cuckoo in getting her egg into places too small to admit her is remarkable. In the island of Colonsay, young cuckoos have been found in holes of rock and wall, with such narrow openings

that none but very tiny birds could enter them. The eggs are first laid on the ground, and then carried by the cuckoo herself in her capacious bill and put through the narrow opening of the nest. The cuckoo, too, occasionally takes away one of the eggs from the nest in which she leaves her unusual present. Mr. Iloy, a Norfolk naturalist, writes: "I once observed a cuckoo enter a wagtail's nest, which I had noticed before to contain one egg. In a few minutes the cuckoo crept from the hole, and was flying away with something in its beak, which proved to be the egg of the wagtail, which it dropped on my firing my gun. On examining the nest I found that the cuckoo had only made an exchange, leaving its own egg for the one taken." Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, found that the old cuckoo by no means deserted their young, but stayed in the neighbourhood, and took up full care of the fledgeling when it could fly.

Why should the cuckoo alone among birds thus delegate the duties of motherhood to a bird of another species? Various theories have been advanced to explain the phenomenon. Richard Jefferies was of opinion that the cuckoo did not rear its own young because the task of feeding three or four young cuckoos was more than any single pair of birds could accomplish. The incredible voracity of the cuckoo, he says, cannot be computed. The two robins, or pair of hedge-sparrows, in whose nest the young cuckoo is bred, work all the day through and cannot satisfy him.

The cuckoo's difficulty, or one of its difficulties, seems to be in the providing sufficient food for its ravenous young. Three of them would wear out their mother completely, especially if—as may possibly be the case—the male cuckoo will not help in feeding.

How strange, again, is the grotesque devotion of the ostrich. Several hen birds unite and lay first a few eggs in one nest and then in another, and these are hatched by the males. This instinct may probably be accounted for by the fact of the hens laying a large number of eggs, but, like the cuckoo, at intervals of two or three days.

What, again, can exceed the self-abnegation and patience of a sitting hen? Where did she learn the art of warming her eggs into chicks from her own bodily heat, except from the universal and protean spirit of parental love, which is the secret of the continuity of life. “It is quite impossible,” says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, “that any animal can ever have kept its eggs warm with the intelligent purpose of hatching out their contents, so we can only suppose that the incubating instinct began by warm-blooded animals showing that kind of attention to their eggs which we find to be frequently manifested by lower and cold-blooded animals. Thus crabs and spiders carry their eggs about for the purpose of protecting them.” But how inexhaustible the sense of duty grows with the fond bird! A hen hatched a pea-fowl's egg. Now, a pea-chicken needs eighteen months of

mother's care, and it was found that this hen devoted herself for all that period to her task, and never flagged in watchfulness till the peacock left her. Such is the ardour of this passion that it will spend itself upon any objects rather than be wasted. A hen sitting on "dummies" was given at the end of several weeks three newly born ferrets. She took to these almost immediately, and remained with them for a fortnight, after which they were removed from her. During the whole of this time she had to sit on the nest; for, of course, the young ferrets were not able to follow her about as young chickens could. Two or three times a day she would fly off her nest, calling upon her brood to follow; but on hearing their cries of distress because of cold, she always returned immediately and sat with patience for six or seven hours more. She only needed one day to learn the meaning of these cries, and after that she would always run in an agitated manner to any place where the crying ferrets were concealed. Yet it could not be possible to conceive a greater contrast than that between the shrill piping notes of a young chicken and the hoarse, ugly noise of a young ferret. It is of importance to add that the hen very soon learnt to accommodate herself to the entirely novel mode of feeding which her young ones required; for, although at first she showed much uneasiness when the ferrets were taken from her to be fed, before long she used to cluck when she saw the milk



brought, and, finally, surveyed the feeding with high satisfaction. But she never became accustomed to the ferrets' attempts at sucking, and to the last used to fly off the nest with a cackle when nipped by the young mammals in their search for the teats.

Who has not noticed with wonder and interest the pretty cunning with which the hen partridge and other birds will counterfeit injury and helplessness to lure the invader of any sacred nursing ground from the vicinity of the nest. Albeit well aware of this habit I myself have been over and over again led away from a partridge's "clutch" by the absolutely perfect acting of the mother, who seemed to have a broken wing, until she had drawn me far enough to fly off safely, with pinions as strong as was her tender love. The Scoutie ailen, as the Richardson's skua is called in Shetland, carries the ordinary arts of deception to as great perfection as any bird. It can limp like a partridge, and drop as if shot from the sky, to lie on its side feebly flapping one wing. A writer says: "The bird is not content with such tame devices as these, but, as in Flaubert's '*Salamambo*,' when Hamilcar learns that a sacrifice of first-born to Moloch has been decreed, and hides the little Hannibal in the slaves' quarters, afterwards struggling with the priests, who tear from his arms a jewelled and scented slave boy; so, too, the Scoutie, when hard pressed, deliberately leads on to the nest of the gulls—whom it despises, and whose eggs it will suck—and at the side of

another mother's brood goes through the signs of maternal distress in order to save her own."

The woodcock constantly carries its young from place to place in its claws. Moor-hens will remove not only their young, but their eggs and nest if a sudden rise in the river or lake by which they build threatens either. Many ground building birds (as little allied as are sandpipers and meadow pipits) feign lameness to draw an enemy away from the brood; and—most signal proof of all that this parental pity knows no fear—birds will feed the young that have been taken from them through the bars of a cage—a horrible thing they will never knowingly approach at other times.

Passing onward to mammals, the whole world knows the fervent force of maternity and paternity in what are too lightly called the "brutes." A rabbit, which at other times never uses its teeth in defence, will bite the hand extended to seize her young. I have seen in India the mountain bear turn in mid flight, and, bleeding from more than one wound, fearlessly face the sportsmen to save or avenge her cubs. I have watched the hyæna dam playing at the mouth of a cave with her hideous young, as proudly and fondly as any human mother with her twins; and bringing to them, before she would eat anything herself, the tid-bits of the carrion. Sometimes this maternal tenderness among the forest creatures wears a grotesque air, as when you observe the elephant-mothers squirting water over their little ones, and keeping them to the

right path in the jungle with frequent banging of the trunk. Sometimes it is overwhelmingly comic, as when you see the baby monkey in the fields of Guzerat clinging to its mother's furry sides, while she goes off bounding over rocks and up the stems of trees, nowise apparently regarding her pendant burden. Sometimes it makes you think ferocity lovely, if ever you have watched a tigress licking her tigrettes bright and smooth in the cradle of the lemon-grass; and sometimes it has rendered weakness majestic, as when the cows stand round their calves in the Indian wilderness to keep the tigress at bay. But always, in carnivora and herbivora alike, you find it; and you find it an imperative, dominant, moral control, extinguishing selfishness, neutralising hunger and thirst—a sovereign passion in every breed and genus—the passion to nourish its young and preserve them alive. In this familiar and varied area of the mammalia everybody can observe for himself the strength of the parental principle:—can see how, over and over again, the feeblest as well as the fiercest creatures lay down their lives to save those of which they are the natural guardians.

So are we brought step by step up the golden stairway of Existence—finding this divine, commanding impulse so close an adjunct of animal being, at all its stages, lowest and highest alike, that, possibly to make its mystery less incomprehensible, people have called it “instinct.” In humanity, of course, it is crowned with reason,

and hallowed by religion—attaining utmost perfection as a propensity refined into a virtue and a Christian grace. All grades, however, of the maternal passion are visible in the history of man, from that of the savage mother who dies, like a she-wolf, of thirst, suckling her dusky babe, to the Princess Alice; from the Madonna's love, celestially rendered by the pencil of Raphael, to the child's motherly little cry, who will not go to sleep without her doll. The forethought and provision of the insect; the family habits of the fish and reptiles; the domestic solitudes of the birds; the household pride and passions of the beasts—all these find representations in the parental feelings of the human species, where especially is seen that proud humility of the mother towards her child which makes maternity a religion. I have nowhere met with it more exquisitely or lovingly expressed than in these lines of an old English poem:<sup>1</sup>

“Upon my lap my sovereign sits,  
And sucks upon my breast;  
Meantime his love maintains my life,  
And gives my sense its rest.  
Sing lullaby, my little boy;  
Sing lullaby, my only joy!

When thou hast taken thy repast  
Repose, my Babe, on me;  
So may thy mother and thy nurse  
Thy cradle also be.  
Sing lullaby, etc. etc.

---

<sup>1</sup> From Martin Peerson's "Private Music," A.D. 1620.

I grieve that duty doth not work  
 All which my wishing would,  
 Because I would not do to thee  
 But in the best I should.  
 Sing lullaby, etc. etc.

Yet, as I am, and as I may,  
 I must and will be thine,  
 Though all too little for thyself  
 Vouchsafing to be mine.  
 Sing lullaby, my little boy ;  
 Sing lullaby, my only joy !

In reading such verses one touches the highest eminence of that spirit into which the simply initiatory phenomena of reproduction have developed, and one understands the full meaning of that ancient Hebrew fancy, which made every bride of Israel secretly cherish the hope that she might possibly become mother of the Messiah. That illustrious American, my late most honoured friend, Emerson, wrote—with just such self-consecrated and Madonna-like mother-love in his mind, “We are all born princes!” born provided, he meant, with all this gentleness and devotion ready to receive our natal weakness.

What, then, is the origin, and what the purpose of this parental impulse—which the Greeks called *storgē*—running as it does through the whole animate world? This is the problem which I desire to set on foot, and about which I have myself certain new and daring ideas which cannot be developed without much greater space, and far deeper investigations

than the present opportunity permits to my pen. The question is not in any sense answered by styling such an altruistic passion "instinct," which, rising by development to a virtue, is providentially intended to provide for the preservation of all the forms of life that would otherwise be extinguished by mutual destruction and natural decay. Such is really a Vedic view; it is the Hindu conception of Shiva the Destroyer, and Vishnu the Conservator as two forms of one Deity. Instincts oftentimes go wrong. Flies frequently lay eggs in the flowers of the *stapelia hirsuta*, and other ill-smelling blossoms, taking them to be meat in a state of putrefaction; but though their young perish, the parental intention and knowledge are there. Instinct acts automatically, yet the calculated thought of ants in peril is first to save the children of the colony. Some, indeed, in the long list of creation appear indifferent: the English "meadowbrown" butterfly drops its eggs at absolute random in the grass, and knows no more about them. But in many the passion is strong, though they will never behold its fruit. My son Mr. Lester Arnold, an accomplished naturalist, and author of the well-known work "Phra, the Phœnician"—tells me that certain summer wasps never see their offspring; indeed, none of a certain kind can have done so for ages, since the young are hatched long after the previous generation has passed away. And, nevertheless, the females of these wasps, to whom the form and fashion of their children must be absolutely unknown, spend their lives in making admirable

arrangements for the future broods! This is, to my own mind, no more to be put down scornfully as "mere instinct," than the conduct of the human mother who, in her last mortal illness, teaches her little girl to read and sew, or of the human father who insures his life for his family, sacrificing his own present advantage for their future profit. We find the feeling purest and most self-denying in the most enlightened men and women; but if we could know the lives of those deep-sea fishes which swim in the dark abysses of ocean lighted only by the electric lanterns of their own bodies, we should witness germs at least of the same spirit of self-sacrifice, initiatory signs of interest in a generation which will not be theirs to see. Mr. T. E. Fuller in the *Westminster Review* lately published the following admirable words:—

"If the old doctrine of a moral sense as a distinct propension should prove untenable, where shall we find "good" in the "Kosmos" as we find sunlight on the hills or colour in the rainbow? Surely, if anywhere, in the love of offspring—of mother and child—which is a vital force in the whole animal kingdom, and as real a fact of Nature as birth or death.

"It has its vagaries, as all natural emotions have. Like the polar force, it has its local and deflecting attractions disturbing, if not destroying, the main current; but it is as strong as the richest æsthetic emotion, and has far-reaching issues wherever life is. It broadens into love of family and

race, and is at the root of the disciplined patriotism by which nations are made great; and why not of all the altruistic instincts?

"It involves protection to weakness, service to the feeble and the suffering, and a passionate unselfishness which no self-interested action can utterly destroy. In fact, each new life born into the world in the entire animal kingdom is nurtured by a sacrificial love.

"From the history of that love we might frame a moral code as orderly and beautiful as the laws which interpret the motion of sun and stars!

"It is not a mere product of civilisation, but, like all other natural instincts, it has developed and become more complex as it has built itself into the generations."

I agree with these eloquent paragraphs, but am inclined to launch my thought far beyond them upon this great and neglected subject; and I invite the thinkers upon Natural History to meditate its marvellous and profound physical and metaphysical ranges. All other "instincts" have the benefit of the agent for one of their issues. Why not this also? Who knows but that, from the devoted female spider to the American woman now nursing at her breast the future President of the United States, every mother insect, fish, bird, or mammal has indeed some far-off real personal interest in lives beyond her life? How notable that as the standard of existence rises offspring grow fewer, but the sentiment more intense and prolonged! How strange that the law



of mutual slaughter in creation should be balanced by so universal and compassionate a law of parental conservation out of which grows the family, the tribe, patriotism, and, lastly, philanthropy! Behind this commanding and preserving passion—in itself the essence of faith, and by its nature the enemy of selfishness—shines, to my eyes, visibly and brilliantly, that which has been called “The Love of God.” The more I muse on it, the more I myself am convinced that doctrines deeper than Darwinism, and possibly the grandest assurances of immortality, and the strongest demonstrations of the identity and continuity of all Life, hide behind this Mystery of Maternity and this Majesty of Paternity.

VII

A REAL THIRST

## VII

### A REAL THIRST

It is remarkable how few of us have ever been really thirsty throughout life. I am not speaking of the very ordinary feeling which arises after hearty exercise, or a long walk, or a vigorous game of cricket or football, which people call being thirsty, and which makes a draught of whatever proper beverage is taken so agreeable as well as so necessary. Everybody at such times has realised the justice of that sententious phrase of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "Twere as good a deed as to drink when one's dry;" and, indeed, under favourable circumstances, the appetite for refreshment on such occasions may rise to the sublime heights of what the Chicago men call a "ten-dollar thirst." But all this lies within the ordinary experience of existence, and gives little or no idea of what are the pangs of a true drought when the body has gone without liquid of any sort or kind for an extended period under hot skies or along with strong exertion. The sensation on these occasions passes completely beyond the pleasurable connection between the need and the satisfaction. The want of something to moisten the parched throat and fill the dried and burning veins tran-

scends all limit of wish or desire, and becomes an agony probably far keener than any arising from hunger. It happened once, and once only, to myself to experience the beginning of this real anguish of thirst, and the mere fact of it has stamped for ever on my memory a long night ride in India, a lost road, and the ineffable relief of the hospitable cup which put an end to my distress.

India is nowadays so intersected with railways, that you may go almost anywhere by what the natives call the "fire-carriage." But in 1860 this was not at all the case. Railway-lines then were few and far between, and when one had a considerable distance to traverse, it was usually accomplished by what we called "laying a dâk." This might be either a carriage dâk or horse dâk, the carriage being usually a rattle-trap vehicle known sarcastically as a "shigram," because that word means "swift." If you intended to do the journey in the saddle, you sent word a week before to the Parsee mail contractor in the Bazaar, with orders to place horses all along the road by which you were to pass, at intervals of six koss, that is to say, twelve miles. These animals would be nothing much in the way of breed or good looks, and full of every kind of vice; but they could do their twelve miles, with a break or two, at an easy canter, and it was astonishing how quickly one might get along, wasting no more time at the stages than was necessary to shift the saddle and bridle. I had to ride from Poona up to the hill-sanitarium of Mahabuleshwar—a distance,

if I rightly remember, considerably over 100 miles by the Sattara route; and very pleasant the beginning of my ride was. Lightly equipped, and carrying nothing in the way of provisions except a bottle of soda-water, I rode upon my own little Arab horse through the Potters' quarter of the Deccan capital, where the incessant beating of hammers upon brass and copper filled all the air; and so out into the fair country under the famous hill of Parvati. My Indian horse-boy was to meet me at the first stage to take "Mr. Brown" back to his stable. After hard work at the College it was good to be out upon the open plain in the soft afternoon air. The Indian rural districts are always picturesque and interesting, interspersed as they are with villages, and full of animal life. In almost every bush the jungle dove, with its jewelled neck, cooed; the white egrets stalked about in every pool; the bee-eater, bright green and bronze, chased the butterflies; the "seven brown sisters," little birds that always keep together in bands of seven or nine, chattered in the thicket; green paroquets flashed past in screaming coveys, and the kites and vultures circled in the air. There was a spot I knew, near a temple, where, under a great stone, a cobra had his residence; he was lying out basking in the sun as we passed. Nobody thereabouts would have dreamed of injuring the old grey snake, which I had often seen before, and passed by that afternoon as usual, not interfering with his harmless solitude.

At the end of the first stage a wall-eyed, flat-sided

Deccan pony was waiting, and, the saddle and bridle being shifted, we started for stage number two at a gallop. No whip or spur would elicit from such cattle any satisfactory pace, but that they know their fodder and shelter would be at the end of the twelve miles, and they go vivaciously to get them over. Night was settling down upon the plain as the foothills of the Ghauts came into sight—that lovely Indian night which is so soothing after the burning Eastern day; and near the villages you heard the yell of the jackals, and saw some of them stealing like shadows across the fields. All through the night I rode in the same manner, always finding at each station the Mahratta postboy standing in the road with the new “mount,” which kicked and bit during the process of saddling, and sometimes tried hard to get a piece out of the leg of his rider while mounting. Once off, however, we went along mechanically, but at midnight the road became steeper, winding among the hills, and, there being no moon, nothing better than a foot-pace could be achieved. I had not sufficiently calculated for this, and was not nearly so far advanced on my journey at the break of day as I had hoped to be. The slow pace and the long ride had made me sleepy, and twice or thrice in the brief interval of changing horses I fell into slumber on the ground, and had to be awakened by the *ghorawallahs* to get into the saddle. But the coming of dawn over the Indian landscape woke me up thoroughly again. I have always thought sunrise the most beautiful spectacle

in Nature ; and in India particularly, the daybreak effects are miracles of loveliness. First there comes into the sky what the Easterns call the “wolf-tail” —a long grey brush of something which is neither light nor darkness, sweeping across the east, well above the horizon. Then there passes over the sleeping world the *Dam-i-subh*, the “breath of the morning,” which arises quite suddenly and sweeps over the grass and among the leaves, for all the world like the sigh of the great earth turning and waking. And then the sky-horizon, which has changed from grey to pale blue, catches sudden fire ; the lower rims of the light clouds are touched with rose-colour and gold, and the sun leaps up, flooding the face of Nature with life and glory. There never was any answer more apposite than a Parsee lady once made to the Bishop of London, when the right reverend prelate was asking her in a tone of horror whether it could possibly be true that her people in India worshipped the sun. “Yes, indeed, my lord,” she said, “and so would your lordship, too, if you had ever seen him.”

By this time, fairly hungry and thirsty, I could see in the distance the gleam of the river Krishna, and the pinnacles of the temples in the town of Wace. Here, no doubt, I should get milk, eggs, at the worst, water to drink, for the night’s riding had made me thirsty. It was perhaps nine o’clock when I rode down to the river and into the main street of this very sacred place. But alas ! it was a season when cholera had been very prevalent, and the

disease was positively raging in this holy but extremely dirty town. The Hindoos as a race live happily and die placidly, but the spectacle presented by that plague-stricken centre was none the less very painful. All along the river banks, hastily erected funeral pyres were flaming and smoking. At many a door bamboos were being lashed together



HINDOO FUNERAL.

- to bear the newly dead to the burning. In the temples priests were praying, and citizens and peasants bringing their small pathetic offerings of propitiation. I was asked by a dozen voices if I was a *hakim*, a *vaidya*, a doctor; but I had neither skill nor medicines, and rode sorrowfully through this scene of death and suffering across the river-ford to the travellers' bungalow on the slope of the opposite



hill. Here, in dismounting, my Deccan pony jibbed and drove me against a post, which, unluckily, broke the bottle of soda-water which I had thus far carried. The attendant at the bungalow had died of cholera. Nobody was in his place. There was nothing to be got, and nobody to get it. I did not dare to touch water from the river, every ripple of which must have been full of cholera-germ, and there was nothing, therefore, for it but to lie down on the cane charpoy and try to sleep away the hot hours of the day, with the hope in the early afternoon of riding quickly up the hills and into the station, where friends and comforts were awaiting me. It is a curious fact that, as I lay half asleep that day in Wace, hearing at intervals the funeral cry of the poor townsfolk, "Ram bholo, bhao, Ram!" (Call upon Rama, oh, my brothers!), what with the great heat of the day and the dampness of my clothing from a light rain, the figures of my watch-dial as I lay upon my face were melted off and nearly obliterated. It may be judged by this that the season was warm as well as sickly. I remember how the sight of the river, sparkling under the steps and porticoes of the marble temples, made me long to go down among the dead and dying, and plunge into it. But I was not yet quite thirsty enough for this rashness, and, at starting again, set my fresh steed at the quickest pace he could command along the slope of the hills leading to the station. I quite expected, in the uplands and glens in front of me, to come across some stream or pool, the water of which would be

safe to drink ; for it was now getting on for twenty-four hours since I had taken any liquid whatever, and I was beginning to feel that second phase of thirst, when to drink is no longer a desire but a passion and a pain. The horse I was riding was the last of the *dadk*, and the best, his duty being to carry me the eighteen or twenty miles remaining. Although already suffering, I thought little of this distance, since, being in good health, nothing was yet the matter with me except a parched throat ; but in the confidence that I should soon be safe at the station, I asked a Mahratta peasant whom I met if he knew where there was any water or milk, and when he answered in the negative, I inquired which of the two turnings before me in the forest-road led to Mahabuleshwar. That question, too carelessly put, cost me dear. Mahabuleshwar, which means "the place of the great Lord of Strength," is really the name merely of a temple and of a sacred peak deep in the hills. The station, although known generally by that appellation, is locally called Malcolm-Peth, and it was this for which I ought to have inquired. The peasant, ignorant of my plight, and thinking I wanted to visit the shrine, pointed me along the steep way to the right, which I rashly followed for more than two hours and a half, until the sun was near setting, and then the utter absence of any signs of a large station told me too plainly that I had lost my way, and was deep in the wilds of the Ghauts, thirty hours by this time without any liquid, and perhaps eighteen or twenty miles away from my home.

Twilight is brief in India, and before long the road became invisible. My horse was tired, and proceeding now at only a foot pace. The night-cries began to rise from the jungle, and I heard much too plainly for my comfort upon the left the sharp quick cough that a tiger gives when he is calling to his mate. I had, of course, no weapon with me, but my chief thought was for water, and I listened intently amid the forest noises for any sound of a running or falling rivulet, towards which I would have gone at any hazard. But until the rains come in earnest these Western Ghauts are very dry, and there was no such welcome sign. On the side of the path, however, I could just make out a native hut, to the entrance of which I guided my horse. I pushed open the door, which was unfastened, and, the interior being quite dark, I struck a light. In the gleam of the lucifer-match I saw something very unpleasant—the naked body of a man lying upon a charpoy, evidently dead. I am not very nervous about such things; but with cholera in the district, and every token that this poor fellow had been suddenly overtaken by it, it was better to be in the open air, though I was by this time so bitterly thirsty that I looked into the chatties by the wall of his hut to see if there was anything to drink. Luckily, perhaps, for me they were empty. The water-pot, its contents spilt, lay upon its side by the bed; and I was glad to get into the forest again. But by this time, though the night fell cool, I was really beginning to feel the true pangs of a mortal

drought. Had there been a moon, I might, perhaps, have searched for some jungle fruit; but all was gloom. You could just descry the opening in the trees where the road passed, but it seemed out of the question to retrace my steps. When thirst reaches this point you begin to get fever and sharp headache. The lips are dry and crack, and the back of your throat becomes like blistered parchment. I really at that juncture had a wild idea of opening a vein in my horse's neck and sucking it. But he had been a good little beast, and a better inspiration took me. I caressed him, pulled a handful of grass and gave it him to eat, and then, mounting again, laid the bridle on his neck and let him take his own way. He turned round and went down the path by which we had come, now and then quickening his pace. In this way we perhaps traversed five or six miles, till I was beginning to feel too sick to keep the saddle. Just at that moment, in an open place where a little light entered, my horse stopped and pricked up his ears. For a time I could not guess the reason, but presently I heard, in a hollow below our road, the noise of something rustling through the thicket, and suddenly there emerged into the path a couple of hill-men with their axes and sticks. If they had been angels from Heaven I should have been less glad to meet them. I had not much voice left, but soon managed to explain my situation, and, well assured of a reward, they undertook to guide me to Malcolm-Peth, which by a short cut was not very distant. The faithful fellows

plunged into the jungle with me—one leading the horse, the other with his arm round me, supporting me in the saddle. Renewed confidence is in itself, meanwhile, a cordial, and I began to allow myself to think of drinking, which before had been a fancy that only increased the fever and the headache. Presently one cried, “Dekho, dekho—Sahib! butti hai.” (Look, sir, look! There is a lamp!) And through the dark leaves I did really see a light gleaming. I rode straight up to it. It was a moderator lamp, placed upon a table in the veranda of a bungalow, and two officers were sitting at the table with glasses and beer-bottles before them. I should be ashamed to say what the sight of that beer was to me at that moment. I did not speak to them nor salute them, but sliding from my saddle pointed to my mouth and throat, and to the unopened bottle. One of the good fellows, grasping the situation, drew the cork and poured out a foaming glass of that to me then absolutely divine beverage. I hope he forgave me for clutching the glass from him before he had half filled it, and though to this day I do not know his name, he lives in memory as one of my dearest and truest friends. Do not ask me to describe the passage of that reviving draught into my grateful frame. Every drop seemed a veritable elixir of life, and the odd thing was that I was not so far gone but that the drink brought me round as if by magic. I almost think it must have hissed in my throat as it went down, but I blessed the name of Bass as I shook hands

with my unknown benefactors and turned into the well-lighted lane, where I soon found my quarters and the pleasant welcome of anxious friends. Once in a lifetime to be as thirsty as that is quite enough for anybody !

# VIII

## THE INDIAN UPANISHADS

## VIII

### THE INDIAN UPANISHADS

MEGASTHENES, ambassador of Seleucus Nicator, relates in his 45th Fragment, how that King Alexander heard of the Sage Dandamis, dwelling in the forest; and, being desirous of seeing him, how the king sent Onesicrates with this message: "Hail, thou teacher of the Bragmanes! The son of the mighty god Zeus, Alexander, sovereign lord of all men, bids you repair to him. If you comply, he will reward you with splendid gifts; if you refuse, he will cut off your head."

Dandamis, without raising his eyes from the ground, made a placid reply to the Greek envoy, in these words: "The Supreme God is nowise author of insolent wrong, but the creator of peace, of light, of life, of water, of the bodies of men and of their souls, which He receives at death. He abhors slaughter, and instigates no wars. Alexander cannot be a god, since he must die, nor master of the world, since he has not yet reached even the Ganges, where there are nations which have never heard his name. The gifts he offers me are useless; what things I prize are all here at hand—the leaves which make me a green and

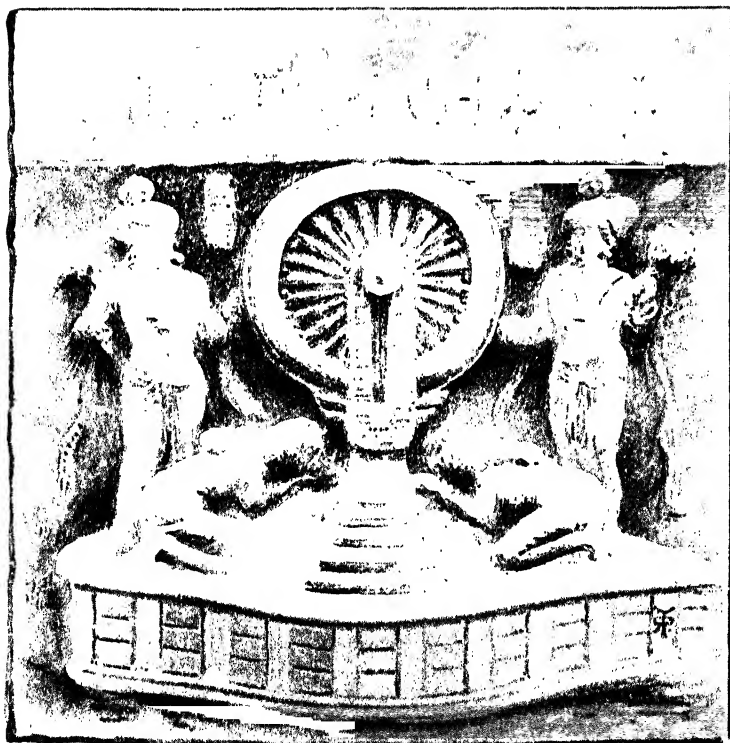


pleasant house, the blossoming plants which gives delicious food, and the fair water which I drink. Any other possessions appear vain to me, nor will I go to Alexander for his gold and jewels. If he shall cut off my head, he cannot touch my true life. My body will lie where it belongs, upon the earth; my soul will go its way. Let your king seek to terrify with death those who dread it. A Brahman has no fear of that which ends life only that it may begin again."

This passage is full of deep and ancient interest. When the Hero of Macedon crossed the Indus, and overcame the kings and peoples of the Panjab, he did indeed find there certain sages invincible by his arms, and utterly indifferent to his glory. Summoned to his presence they did, in such a manner, bid the conqueror of the world rather repair to them if he wished to indulge in holy converse. In more than one case Alexander complied, and held respectful interviews with these Hindu Rishis, whom he discovered sitting under their jungle-trees, scantily clad, eating fruits and roots, but nevertheless immensely influential among the population by reason of their virtues and austerities, and absolutely free alike from the passions of life and from the fear of death; the greatest and profoundest metaphysicians, perhaps, that humanity has ever produced.

In speaking of their philosophies I would not wish that the word "jungle," used above, should mislead any of my readers. The Indian wilderness,

rugged and desolate in many regions, is yet also full of lovely and salubrious retreats, where solitude is rendered charming by graceful combinations of wood, water, and flowery thickets. I myself, when



GRÆCO-BUDDHIST SCULPTURE ON SANCHI TOPE.

shooting or riding in India, have often come upon spots where art could add nothing to the natural beauty of the place—the scented grass was so level, the foliage so various and finely grouped, the air so delicate and caressing, the views all around so calm

and fair. Acacias and neem-trees, with their blossoms of gold and lilac, shaded the warm ground; fantastic and richly coloured parasites swung from the trunks of the great sals and peepals; butterflies like winged jewellery flitted among the large dark leaves of the teak and tamarind, chased in their flight by the green and bronze bee-eaters. Gaily painted paroquets and gorgeously plumaged pea-fowl darted through the foliage, or played in the open spaces; while the voices of a hundred forms of smaller woodland life forbade the loneliness of the scene to appear oppressive. The cloudless vault overhead was speckled with the ever-circling "Kites of Govinda," and echoed with their shrill cry; while the black and white kingfisher, the fish-hawk, and the silvery egret haunted each pool and stream. The days are of gold, and the nights are of ivory, in these natural temples of the Asiatic waste, where the "gymnosophists" of Alexander and Arrian—the *Maharishis* and *Mahatmas* of Indian philosophy—meditated, to depths of abstraction profounder perhaps than Plàto or Descartes, than Kant or Hegel, have ever reached, upon those problems which cannot be solved by mortal man while he lives here below, but which he must nevertheless strive constantly to solve, if he would give due growth and training to his soul.

These equable and passionless sages, musing so tranquilly in the sylvan solitudes of northern India, entertained disciples who, after long periods of patient devotion, were eventually permitted more or less to profit by the garnered wisdom of their Guru.

Twelve years, however, or even sometimes a longer period, must elapse, before the youthful learner would venture on so much as the indiscretion of a question. Had not the Gods themselves sate patiently round Indra for ten thousand years, before asking him as to the Great Mystery; and had they not received at length for their only answer the mystic word "OM"? At the close of his novitiate, the young Acharya was perhaps rewarded with some approximate knowledge of the text and significance of the Aranyakas—"the Upanishads of the Wood"—those subtle and mystic treatises in which the Recluses of the Vedanta had enshrined some of the speculations of their intensely concentrated minds.

The word "Upanishads" is perhaps best translated "Sessions." The idea involved in the name is certainly that of scholars listening—"seated"—at the feet of teachers. It came, however, also to imply secret or occult doctrines. Though these old Sanskrit treatises sprang from the ancient Veds, they were framed to lead the mind and heart of a philosophic student on another and higher road than that indicated by primitive hymns and Mantras. For kings and warriors, for the town and village people generally, it was still considered good enough to worship personified forces of Nature, and to perform traditional rites and moral duties. That was the *Karma Kanda*, the very excellent law of action; but the *Jnana Kanda*, or Way of Knowledge—the *Vidya para*, or perfect wisdom—stood infinitely superior; and this mysterious wisdom was taught by

hints and aphorisms in the Upanishads. They are thus the basis of the esoteric and most occult ideas of India, as well as the constantly active influence controlling her external life—furnishing a guide to her inmost feelings and beliefs, and supplying the keys to her real mind and heart. The Upanishads are very numerous—149 have been catalogued,—and none but a life-long votary can possibly know them all; yet some ten or a dozen—such as the Chandogya, Brihadaranyaka, Isa, Kena, Katha, Prasna, Mundaka, Mandukya, and Swetasvatara—are especially renowned and canonical, being as such universally studied by Hindu theologians, and universally revered. These brief treatises are in form partly poetical, partly condensed into abrupt, disjointed prose-passages, where a small vein of precious doctrine is shut into a massive rock of rugged exposition. Sometimes, indeed, the terse incoherence and purposed obscurity of the Sanskrit defies comprehension, like Merlin's Book, of which Lord Tennyson sings, that

“One or two at most may read the text,  
But none can read the comment.”

The leading ideas, however, developed in the silence of those Indian forests from the antique root of the Vedas, thus growing to leaf and blossom in the inner sunshine of thought, are plain enough. They were first enshrined in the Aranyakas, and then fixed and finished in the greater Upanishads. The solitude of the jungle produced three vast con-

ceptions or conclusions which have governed Hindu life, as the elementary powers govern and qualify our common human existence. Meditating perpetually in that soft Asiatic quietude, and amid its countless forms of life, these silent and unscientific observers had reached—two thousand five hundred years before our English Poet gave it eloquent expression—

“A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of Man ;  
A motion and a spirit which impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought ;  
And is through all things.”

Sublime and supreme pantheists, they rejected plurality of existence as an appearance only, denominating it *Maya*—“Illusion”—a phenomenal duality of subject and object which are really in an actual but disguised unity. They affirmed that the only true existence was that of the *Atman*—the Self—the All-pervading Soul—the “Para-Brahm” who is *Sat-Chit-Ananda*, which means “All-present Being, Thought and Joy.” While all forms come, and pass, and go, that (“*Tad*”) alone endures, permeating all things. Thus my “Secret of Death” has :

“To reach to Being  
Beyond all seeming Being ; to know true life,  
This is not gained by many ; seeing that few  
So much as hear of it, and of those few  
The more part understand not.    Brahma's Truth

Is wonderful to tell, splendid to see,  
 Delightful, being perceived ; when the Wise teach."  
 "(Teach me a little, here, what Brahma is !)"

### PUNDIT.

"I tell thee from the Swetaswatara !  
 HE WHO, Alone, Undifferenced, unites  
 With NATURE, making endless difference,  
 Producing, and receiving all which seems,  
 Is Brahma ! May he give us light to know !"  
 "He is the Unseen Spirit which informs  
 All subtle essences ! He flames in fire,  
 He shines in Sun and Moon, Planets and Stars !  
 He bloweth with the winds, rolls with the waves,  
 He is Prajâpati, that fills the worlds !"  
 "He is the Man and Woman, Youth and Maid !  
 The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped  
 Upon his staff ! He is whatever is—  
 The black bee, and the tiger, and the fish,  
 The green bird with red eyes, the tree, the grass,  
 The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb,  
 The seasons, and the seas ! By HIM they are,  
 In HIM begin and end."

All things live upon portions of the Central Life and Joy. Here I invite my readers not too easily to believe in what writers of great learning but limited insight have said about the pessimism of Hindu theology. "Who could breathe, who could exist," exclaims the Kena Upanishad, "if there were not the bliss of Brahm within the ether of his heart ?" Inconceivable to the mind this all-comprehensive Being is still a necessity of true thought, and veritable beyond every other conception of reality. "It is thought by him who thinks it not ; he that thinks it grasps it not ; it is unknown to those who

fancy that they know, and known to those who know they know it not." The highest Gods of the Vedas are themselves temporary and insignificant manifestations of this all-comprehending Deity; the meanest creature, the very blade of kusha grass, immortally exists by his immanence, as surely as Indra or Siva.

The next great generalisation of our Wood Philosophers was the doctrine of transmigration. The principle of Reality had been from everlasting linked with a reflection, an embodiment, in the Unreality or Maya. Portions of the Self—though partition of it is inexplicable—become incarnated in fleeting forms, and this divided essence goes off, wrapped in several intermediate robes, of which the visible body is the outermost and grossest. There is, first, the now visible Frame; secondly, the vesture of vital airs; thirdly, the sensorial Body; fourthly, the mental or cognitional Body; and fifthly, the Beatific Investiture. The Self, thus exiled, forgets its nature and identifies itself with its *upadhi*—its outer and lower disguise. Hence the march of all animated life, and its countless metamorphoses. Maya, the apparent life, is not, be it understood, non-existent, but rather fallacious, non-comprehended, and misleading. "Things are not what they seem." All the stir of daily life, all the pleasures and pains of each existence following after existence, are the imagery of a dream—shadows of the true and eternal—from which we shall wake when due experience is complete, and from which we may awake



by the touch of Knowledge, whenever we please. In dreamless sleep we sink back into the *Anandamaya Kosha*, the beatific garb of the migrating soul. For all souls migrate, under a law of inherent equation, implicitly governing the Universe towards and for virtue, use and beauty; so that weal and woe follow implicitly upon good and evil; and "beauty is the splendour of fitness." There are traces only of the doctrines of transmigration in the Vedas; but in the Upanishads it becomes prominent. Thus in the Chandogya we read—"He whose life has been good will quickly obtain a new embodiment as a Brahman, a Kshatriya, or a Vaisya. Those whose lives have been evil will quickly pass into an evil embodiment, as a dog, as a hog, or as a Chandâla." How did this tenet arise? We find it everywhere among even primitive peoples. The totem-worship of Red Indians seems founded on it. The Tuscalans of Mexico held that the spirits of their chiefs migrated at death into beautiful singing birds, and those of bad people into beetles, weasels, and rats. Zulus, Dyaks, and Indian Sonthals have ever cherished similar beliefs, which, moreover, governed the whole social life and customs of the Egyptians, and finds so memorable an expression in the PHAEDON of Plato. Let us recall a portion of that passage.

"Are we to suppose, says Socrates, that the soul, an invisible thing, is going to a place like itself, invisible, pure, and noble, the true Hades, into the presence of the good and wise God, whither, if God

will, my soul is also soon to go—or that the soul, I say, if this be her nature and origin, is blown away and perishes immediately on quitting the body, as the many say! It is far otherwise, my dear Simmias and Cebes. The truth is much more this, that if the soul is pure at its departure, it drags after it nothing bodily, in that it has never of its own will had connection with the body in its life, but has always shunned it, and gathered itself unto itself; for this avoidance of the body has been its constant practice. And this is nothing else than that it philosophises truly, and practises how to die with ease. And is not philosophy the practice of death?"

"Certainly."

"That soul, I say, itself invisible, departs to a world invisible like itself—to the divine and immortal, and rational. Arriving there, its lot is to be happy; released from human error and unwisdom, from fears, and wild passions, and all other human ills, and it dwells for all future time, as they say of the initiated, in the society of the Gods. Shall we say this, Cebes, or say otherwise!"

"It is so," said Cebes, "beyond a doubt."

If, then, the ancient Rishis of the Indian forest evolved so great an idea for themselves, we can imagine some of the reasons which suggested it. They would note amid the living creatures round them the marvels of what we call instinct, which looks like a pre-natal memory—the jungle-chicken pecking its food, distinguishing wholesome from unfit seeds, on the very day of its emergence from the

egg; the new-born cobra striking with an untaught poison-fang; the butterfly just sprung from the chrysalis, unaware of its natural enemies, but sporting in the honey-cups of the flowers with immediate intelligence. If we will see it, we have in this doctrine of transmigration an anticipatory Asiatic Darwinism, connoting evolution. The descent of man implies the ascent of man. Whence did these living things so suddenly learn how to live except by experience garnered and gathered from previous lives? In the inequalities of fortune, moreover; in the imperfection of all careers, in the unpunished injustices, the unrewarded merits, the unfinished though unextinguished efforts, the unsatisfied aspirations of the human careers around them, these old sages would perceive arguments for transmigration. They would be fortified by such facts as that, although we have all lived as babes, we all forget our first year of infancy; but that the memory once established, carries on during our present lives the consciousness of an immutable "ego" through all the physical alterations of the frame.

Yet, there would be no escape except in prodigious ages of slow time for this progress of the exiled "Atman" through forms; and, accordingly, the third great and dominant conception of the Wood Philosophers was that it is good to withdraw from this constant whirl of successive lives, and that deliverance is possible by insight, by illumination, by reunion with the Real and Self-Existing. It was intolerable to them to think that the never-ceasing

circle of existence must for ever turn—with its painful pleasures and recurring pains. The splendid elevation of their conception of God demanded as exalted a destiny for Man, and to true insight this recurring round of lives and passions was not worthy. That alone is real which neither comes nor goes; neither begins nor ceases. And such was surely the Self—the Atman detached from the Para-Atman, which (as that to Maya) fictitiously limits itself to this or that individual form, and passes through spheres of transmigratory experience, like a sleeper through dream after dream. It is necessary to awake from dreaming, to escape from transmigration, to draw back the wandering personality into the one and only Self, as the air in a sealed jar is reunited with the circumambient air when the jar is broken. To the soul awakened the dream-lives become nullities; the higher light is veiled no more; the only Being that is, or ever has truly been, becomes recognised. And even while still living in the body, the once illuminated spirit may grow superior to sense, and rise to become untouched by merits or demerits. How the separated soul may thus recover union with the universal soul is taught in the Chahandogya Upanishad by Sandilya, who says—“The soul is made of thought; as its thought has been in this life, so shall its nature be when it departs: let, therefore, the wise man think this! The universal soul is within my heart, smaller than the growing spot in a grain of millet; this is my soul within my heart, greater than the earth, the air,

and the sky—greater than all the worlds. My soul within the heart is Brahman, and as soon as I depart out of this life I shall win reunion with the Self.” Again, the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad says—  
“Invisible is the path—far-going, trodden from of old—which I have discovered: the sages who know the Atman travel along that path to Heaven. If a man know himself to be also in this universal spirit, what more can he need? Being here, we know this; and if we did not know it, it would be a great grief. They that know the real breathing of the breath, the real seeing of the eye, the real hearing of the ear, the real thinking of the thought, they truly have seen the Self. He goes from death to death who looks on the soul as manifold. It is to be seen in one way only.”

To explain fully that lofty way—the method of “Moksha” or Release—would pass beyond the limits of this article. It is, however, fairly described as the Brahmanic antecedent of the Buddhistic Nirvana. Its best exposition will perhaps be found in the Bhagavad-Gita as translated in my “Song Celestial.” It is moral, let me specially add—and not merely metaphysical. Moksha is liberation from sin as well as from ignorance. The Chahandogya Upanishad sings: “I shake off my sin, as a horse shakes the dust from his mane; relinquishing my body, and finishing my duties, I am at last born indeed.” The Katha Upanishad says: “He that hath not ceased from wickedness, and is uncontrolled, shall not find HIM—Brahman

—by keenness of understanding.” The attainment of Moksha depends first on the performance of good works without the desire of rewards. Krishna says to Arjuna exactly what Socrates declared before the judges: “*Na hi kalyanakrit kaschit duryatin tata gachhati*” (No evil can befall any one that does what is good):—*ἀνδρὶ γὰρ ἀγαθῷ οὐδὲν κακὸν γίγνεται*. Moksha is not, however, be it well understood, the recompense of virtue—a sort of season-ticket to Heaven, which by-and-by expires. It is a mental and moral state attained. The individual attaining it is said to enter into all things—to be the world, to become all life, to grow identified with good in the common good. It is attainable, as has been remarked, in this existence; death or life makes no difference: the soul by Moksha does not become anything it was not before, but knows itself, and lives as if already bodiless. The Panchadasi says: “Partaking of the pleasures of sense as well as of bliss in Brahma, the true knower is as one who in his city knows two languages—that of the world, and that of the sacred books.”

Consequently, though the pathways to Deliverance lie through good deeds, through useful lives, and all which we call “Morality,” it is right knowledge which must illuminate them; and so far Moksha is intellectual and metaphysical. The greatest of all the texts of the Upanishads is the 6th Prapathaka of the Chandogya, called the Mahârâkya or Supreme Announcement. It occurs in the dialogue of the Sage Aruni with his son Sweta Ketu, and is the

famous formula *tad twam asi*, "That art Thou." Just as to understand the word OM is to know Hindu ontology, so to comprehend *tad twam asi* is to grasp the Way, the Truth, and the Life of Hindu theology. I can now but point to the prodigious abyss of human thought into which this golden plummet sinks, until it truly seems to touch bottom. *Tad*, "That," say the commentators, denotes both the totality of things made up of the Universal soul and of Maya its shadow, called together the Universe, and also the Arch-Self itself, apart from all inter-blending with phenomena. *Twam*, "Thou," denotes both the totality of things in the parts—I, each of my readers, and every individually migrating life or mind, indwelling in each corner of the phenomenal along with the pure characterless Self in each which underlies every semblance of the Universe, and animates every wandered fragment of the Arch-Self. Thus the famous phrase implies, "Each soul is one with the Universal soul." "Thou art That," and to know this and realise this is the beginning and the end of Moksha, leading to a region where "good" and "evil"—and therefore morality, are words just as obsolete as lungs would be beyond this atmosphere—a region where Love and Joy and Good are one in the light of a divine Truth and consummated Knowledge.

Sadly I feel how little the willing boldness of my pen succeeds in conveying within these few pages the outcome of those placid centuries when India

sate apart from the nations—meditating. I have not touched upon twenty great questions pertaining to the Upanishads, and I cannot here touch. Something, perhaps, of the spirit of those wonderful treatises may be finally apparent in this last extract from my “Secret of Death,” where the old Brahman priest is made to say :

“If he that slayeth thinks ‘I slay’; if he  
Whom he doth slay thinks ‘I am slain,’ then both  
Know not aright! That which was life in each  
Cannot be slain, nor slay!”

“The Untouched Soul,  
Greater than all the worlds (because the worlds  
By it subsist); smaller than subtleties  
Of things minutest; last of ultimates;  
Sits in the hollow heart of all that lives!  
Whoso hath laid aside desire and fear,  
His senses mastered, and his spirit still,  
Sees in the quiet light of verity,  
Eternal, safe, majestic—His SOUL!”

“Resting, it ranges everywhere! asleep,  
It roams the world, unsleeping! Who is Wise  
Knows that divinest spirit, as it is,  
Glad beyond joy, existing outside life.”

“Beholding it in bodies bodiless,  
Amid impermanency permanent,  
Embracing all things, yet i’ the midst of all,  
The mind, enlightened, casts its griefs away!”

“It is not to be seen by Knowledge! Man  
Wotteth it not by wisdom! Learning vast  
Halts short of it! Only by Soul itself  
Is Soul perceived—when the Soul wills it so.  
There shines no light save its own light to show  
Itself unto itself.”



# IX

## THE TWO BRIDGES

## IX

### THE TWO BRIDGES

ONE ought never to grudge a little help and patient sympathy to slow-minded people trudging along the road of life. It does not cost much, and oftentimes it results in far more abundant returns than mere material gifts can bring. Most gifts, indeed, demoralise, and it often seems to close observers that more harm than good is wrought by money bestowed upon people never seen, through agencies never overlooked, without that element of human contact which redeems the idle and frigid business. But if you can help anybody to help himself, that very frequently turns out satisfactory to both. A pleasant instance of it comes to my recollection connected with some early days in my life.

After leaving Oxford, and before receiving the appointment of Principal of the Government Deccan College in India, I was chosen by the Governors of King Edward's School in Birmingham as a master of the English division of that great educational institution ; and passed a brief period there. The schoolhouse, designed and erected by Barry, who built the Houses of Parliament, is of noble aspect and elevation, as everybody knows who is familiar with

Birmingham. I have never, until recently, been in that city since the year 1856, and can therefore speak only from distant memory of the edifice, its massive structure, stained-glass windows, spacious class-rooms, and the noise of busy life for ever echoing along its front, which looks, I believe, on New Street. But very pleasant days—albeit, no doubt, a little laborious—were those which were passed by me in that stately building, teaching the young mechanicians and embryo manufacturers of the city, in company with fifteen or twenty other University men from Oxford and Cambridge, under the kindly sway of our amiable and learned headmaster, Archdeacon Gifford. I became immensely attached to my two classes, and was, if I may venture to say so, somewhat popular in the whole school, chiefly, perhaps, because I tried to identify myself with the feelings of the boys, and to render their lessons pleasant and attractive, instead of cramming them artificially with verbs and facts and axioms, as prize poultry are fed. I used to arrange and superintend their fights when the quarrel was a just one; to get them out of scrapes with the authorities whenever it was feasible; and on a certain rather notable occasion we in concert solemnly abolished the stick as an instrument of education. That detestable implement used to be duly placed on all the desks of the masters, along with the inkstand and class-list, always to my profound disgust; for he who cannot teach without the stick had better get to some other business. But the thing always lay there; and one sultry

afternoon, when Birmingham outside was blazing like one of its own blast-furnaces, and my young brassfounders were all languid with the heat, and with the involved rhetoric of Cicero—I myself being possibly at the time a little dyspeptic—there was a disturbance of order near my chair. “The sight of means to do ill deeds Makes ill deeds done,” as Shakespeare truly writes: thus it was that I caught up my cane and gave a hasty cut upon the too-tempting back of one youth who seemed the offender.

“If you please, sir,” said the boy, squirming, “I did nothing! It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk!”

Now, it is obviously difficult to pursue the study of “*De Amicitia*” quietly and satisfactorily if you be interrupted in such a manner; and inquiry revealed that the statement was indeed true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbour, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and not being attended to, had taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Meantime, the most guilty party appeared to be myself, and having called the class up, I said to the doubly-wronged boy, who was still “rubbing the place”:

“It is I who am most to blame, for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me, as hard as you got it.”

“Ah, no, sir,” the lad answered, “I can’t do that.”

The whole great schoolroom was now listening, masters and all, and the scene had become a little

dramatic and important. It was necessary, therefore, to go through with the matter, and I insisted.

"Jones, you must do as I tell you. I insist. It is the only way in which we can all get right again."

"I really can't hit you, sir! It didn't hurt me so very much, sir! If you please, I don't want to do it," said Jones.

"Well," I replied, "but you must obey me; and if you disobey, I am sorry to say that I shall make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying in to do it."

Whether it was desperation at this dreaded alternative (for it was cricket time), or whether it was that the sparkling eyes of his class-fellows around him, all evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master, suddenly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hand, took the cane, and dealt me no sham stroke, but the severest and most telling cut over my shoulders. I had no idea that the ridiculous implement could sting, as it did, like a scorpion. I had never once been caned or flogged at school, nor had ever in my life received a blow of any sort which I did not promptly return. Consequently the sensation was something of a revelation, and I could well understand at last how mortally boys must hate for ever and ever the "glories which were Greece, and the grandeurs which were Rome," when they are recommended to their unwilling intellects by these cowardly and clumsy methods.

"Rubbing the place" in my own turn, I managed

to thank Jones for his obliging compliance, and then said to him :

“Break that detestable weapon across your knee, and throw it out of the window. Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here.”

But it is time some reason were furnished for entitling these my present recollections “The Two Bridges.” In truth, the thought of Birmingham reminded me of one afternoon, when there came to the gate of my garden in Edgbaston the boy I considered the most stupid and hopeless in all my classes. He was tall and ungainly, although good-looking ; very shy and silent ; docile and respectful enough, but always behind-hand with some among his tasks, and, consequently, for ever at the bottom of his form ; the sort of lad no master troubles himself about. I must confess I had given up all idea of making anything out of him, at any rate as regarded certain important lessons—a helpless, dull, unwilling, profitless dunce—so I imagined ; and thus I had reluctantly come to treat him. With him came into my garden a pretty girl a year younger, who explained that “Trotter” wanted badly to see me, but did not dare to venture alone, and so, being his friend, and living with his mother, she had accompanied him. Possibly that made me more indulgent to the hulking, stupid, silent youth ; for there were great, bright tears in the girl’s blue eyes, and she held the big nervous fellow by the edge of his coat, as if she feared he would run away, from shame or fright. And then she softly related how good a boy he was to

his mother, and how hard he worked to learn his school tasks, and how miserable he became at his repeated failures, and his perpetual ignominy at the bottom of the form; and how all-important it was that he should pass a forthcoming examination, on which his future bread and meat would depend; and that she had accordingly persuaded him to come straight to me, and now desired very ardently to make me understand that "Trotter" was burning with desire to win my good opinions, and that she and his mother thought he could not be really stupid, because there were other lessons, outside geometry and what not, which he always did well; and he had, moreover, invented two or three remarkable improvements for a steel-rolling factory. So I made the poor lad speak for himself, and when he ruefully explained how he had never, for one fleeting moment, understood any atom of Euclid, nor why it was ever written and taught at all, with other special difficulties in his course; certain subjects being all the time, as I myself well knew, easy enough to him. The truth was, he was no more stupid than the other average "Brummagem" boys. He was a proud, silent, well-meaning lad, who had been vilely taught at the beginning; for teaching is a fine art, and very few really understand it. His humility and earnestness melted me, as well as the tears in the blue eyes of his little friend. I sent her home and made him stop to tea, and that afternoon we tore up Euclid by the roots; we divested ourselves of all the false

terror inspired in young minds by that ancient name; we went behind the old Alexandrian geometer, and found him out in his plan, his purposes, his beginnings, his fallacies, and his merits. I told "Trotter" not to be ashamed at any little personal difficulties, since King Ptolemy had boggled like himself at the foot of the "Asses' Bridge," and had asked Euclid, one day, in Alexandria, if he could not make it all a bit easier, to which the ancient mathematician replied that "there is no royal road to learning." "But there is, Trotter!" I said. "A very broad and good king's highway exists, by means of which no thing is difficult, nothing abstruse. It is just as easy to learn the binomial theorem, or Persian, or Sanskrit, or Euclid, or navigation, or chemistry, as it is to mow grass or shear a sheep. The secret is to be rightly taught, or to teach yourself rightly from the beginning, making sure of every step taken, and bearing in mind that most learning is very simple, and that most school-books do their very best to render it obscure and senseless." Well, with that we built up Euclid for ourselves. Trotter came to me privately, day by day, and we attacked that fatal Fifth Proposition of the First Book as Napoleon his enemies at the Bridge of Arcola. We surveyed it, we made coloured sections of it, so that he ended by knowing all its intricate triangles; we mapped out and marked its angles and lines, so that we came to be able to prove the theorem by colours, or numbers, just as well as letters; we worked out deductions and corollaries from it, until, like a



kind of geometrical Clapham Junction, or the big railway bridges one over the other at Birmingham, we had all sorts of supplementary propositions built over and under it. And as he grasped the *raison d'être* of Euclid his terrors changed to pleasure. The lad became the finest demonstrator in the class, always at top for geometry. His diagrams, charmingly drawn for him by the girl with the blue eyes, were the envy and wonder of the form, and, from the despondent victim of conventional and foolish instruction, he developed, by getting use of his free senses, into what he was meant for, a sharp-witted inventor, with an eye every bit as keen as Euclid's for proportion, relation, and the subtle feeling of form. "A fine thing," I used to say to him, "if a bald old Greek gentleman of Ptolemy's time is to set puzzles in squares and circles and triangles that an English boy in Birmingham can't understand! Go to the heart of it! don't grant him anything! don't be quite sure that the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right angles; and don't at all allow, until you are yourself fairly convinced, that parallel straight lines produced will never meet. Euclid could not have made a steel pen, or electro-plated a brass cup; and you must forget the miserable learning by rote forced upon you by impostors who call themselves 'teachers,' and begin where Euclid began." As I have said, the lad became confident, joyous, successful. He passed with elastic step over the "Bridge of Asses," took prize after prize, and when

I left Birmingham was on the fair road to be head of his division in the school.

Well, that was one Bridge! As I was crossing Canada many and many a year afterwards, in the new and wonderful region which extends between Vancouver and Winnipeg, we came upon a "junction." If all Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen comprehended what a magnificent imperial estate they own in that splendid country on both sides of the Rockies, I think some would not stay at home so doggedly to grow wheat at the value of its cleaned straw, and to poke about for a miserable living in the moors of the North and the bogs of Clare and Donegal. If Capital has its great resource in suspension of work, Labour has its best defence in emigration, and it is mainly the foolish blind clinging to one spot of the globe, together with the apathy of governments and colonial administrations, which has created the Irish Home Rule difficulty, and which chokes the labour market to an unprofitable point. However, all this is politics and economics, with which these pages have nothing to do. What I would say is, that we came through the superb scenery of the Rocky Mountains, past the glories of the Glacier Station, and Banff, and down the foothills to Regina and the prairies, right upon a very important ceremony which was impending at a large prairie town. It was to celebrate the opening of a most remarkable bridge, built over a most impetuous and unrestrainable river, and connecting in a most momentous manner for commerce and intercourse

the sister States of a great province. We had to stay overnight at the station, and decided to be present at the inauguration of the new bridge.

Thus it was that, having received a very polite invitation to attend, I repaired to the residence of the superintending engineer of the district in order to obtain some particulars of time and place. The house was one of those commodious, wholesome, clean-looking abodes of wood which they raise so quickly and paint so prettily in that land of lumber, with all the prairie for its back garden, and a long post and rail in front to which to tie up "any man's horses." Inquiring at the door, I was told that the superintending engineer was for the moment out, but his wife, whose name I did not catch, would see me. Looking round the walls of matchboard in a casual manner, I spied, to my astonishment, among pictures of various kinds, a photographic view of King Edward's School, Birmingham, and close beside it the Fifth Proposition of the First Book of Euclid, with the angles and triangles done in diverse colours, and underneath it written, "My First Bridge." Near at hand was a truly superb picture of the new Canadian bridge, in all its glory of iron and timber, with the rushing forest-born river innocuously whirling ice-slabs and slags beneath its wide arches; while in the corner I read the words, very neatly inscribed, "His Second Bridge." Just then the door opened, and in there came the nicest, brightest, most open-faced matron that can be imagined, leading a handsome boy of ten or twelve

years by the hand. In an instant, after all these years, we had recognised each other. She was the very same girl with the blue eyes who had brought Trotter up to me in his deep woe about Euclid—and Trotter, none other than the melancholy Trotter, was the great and glad mechanical hero of the occasion, the triumphant engineer who had spanned the Red River with his world-admired bridge. “His Second Bridge!” She had proudly written it herself upon the plan, to go beside that diagram of the “Bridge of Asses”; although, indeed, my old pupil had done plenty of other wonderful engineering work before erecting that *Pons Asinorum* over the great Canadian stream. He had made a fortune, in fact; was one of the biggest men in his province; and we did not part before we had renewed old Birmingham memories in some very good Californian wine, and had pledged a cup of kindness to the good luck and firm foundations of the second of the “Two Bridges.”

X

INDIAN VICEROYS

## INDIAN VICEROYS

UPON an amiable Scotch nobleman has lately devolved what Lord Rosebery justly once called the 'sublime' office of the viceroyalty of India. Mr. Gladstone's range of choice for a successor to Lord Lansdowne was necessarily limited, and the recommendation of the Earl of Elgin to Her Majesty for that post—following as it did upon the unfortunate nomination and abdication of Sir Henry Norman—no doubt somewhat surprised those who take an interest in the affairs of India. But it sometimes happens that such hasty and almost desperate appointments turn out well, nor could anything be of better promise than the modest and self-distrustful yet earnest words used by Lord Elgin at the Imperial Institute on the 16th of November. In the speech by which he responded to that of Lord Rosebery, who had proposed his health. There are three types of Indian viceroys which are all good in their way. One is that of the man who, like Sir John Lawrence, knows the vast country by previous long service, and is therefore the least likely to commit administrative mistakes. The second is the practised statesman, the assured master of state

affairs, like Lord Dufferin, who carries to his splendid office the habits of command and the knowledge of men. And the third may be very well represented by Lord Elgin himself, the intelligent and high-bred ruler, who is sure of nothing except of his good heart to serve faithfully India and her Empress, and who goes out willing and ready to learn from those who understand them the hundred problems of the Peninsula. Its history is not deficient in examples of governors-general of such a kind who have borne authority excellently well in the land; and it must be remembered in recommendation of Lord Elgin that he is the son of a viceroy whose record in China and in India was in every way noble and becoming, and who died in the Queen's high service.

It is not too extravagant to call the office of an Indian viceroy "sublime." No position in the world, not actually royal, approaches it for influence and for splendour; and probably no extant monarch keeps up so much visible state as the representative of Her Majesty at Calcutta. The residence which he inhabits there is stately and striking, without any great architectural pretensions. There is a mansion almost exactly like it in England—that called Keddestone Hall, in Derbyshire—which consists of a central building with four wings connected to the centre by galleries, in the same fashion as seen at Government House. By a wise custom, the precincts of this viceregal palace are always guarded by picked native soldiers—Sikhs, Bengalis, Choorkas, or what not—and their picturesque uniforms marshal

you fittingly into the suite of superb apartments. The banquet-room, all in white *chunam*, with floor of white marble, contains six fine marble busts of the Caesars, taken from a French ship in the wars, along with a magnificent chandelier, captured at the same time, which is suspended in the ball-room. From the banquet-room you pass to the throne-room, so named from the golden chair of Tippoo, which is there; and thence to the council-room, which contains a whole gallery of the governors-general of India. Over the second door, on the right, in the great company of Minto, and Coote and Cornwallis, Warren Hastings, Wellesley, Clive, Auckland, and Adam, the new viceroy will constantly see the picture of his illustrious father. Above the banquet and the council rooms is the magnificent hall for dancing, with floor of polished teak and panelled ceiling. As you descend the sweep of steps leading from the veranda to the beautiful gardens, trophies of bygone wars meet the eye. A long brass 32-pounder, taken at Aliwal, fronts the entrance, and on either hand are tiger-guns in bronze obtained from Tippo Sahib, with others marked by the names of "Miani" and "Hyderabad," and an especially strange-looking piece having a carriage in the shape of a dragon. When last I had the pleasure and distinction of strolling in those sunny grounds that surround Government House, brilliant with such beautiful flowers and variegated plants as one only dreams of in our climate, Lord Dufferin was walking there in the early morning.



characteristically engaged in reading "Robinson Crusoe" in Persian, with his *Munshi* at his side. That was his clever and highly practical way of mastering the court language of Mohammedan India, at which he afterwards became adept enough to make a fluent and graceful speech in the tongue of Ilâfiz during his interview with the Ameer of Afghanistan at Rawul Pindi. Among all our recent viceroys, Lord Dufferin was perhaps the one most admired and regarded by the native population at large. They quickly take their own measure of their rulers; and in the perfect grace and geniality which veiled the strong will and resolute policy of this most accomplished of public servants, they saw their ideal of the *Pukka Lat Bahadur*. His never-failing brightness of manner fascinated all alike, while, if the political crisis had come in his time which is "ever impending," no abler statesman could have held and defended our Eastern Empire. I recall an instance of his pleasant seriousness. I was seated in his sanctum at Government House, bidding the Viceroy farewell, when he playfully asked me what he could do for me "unto the half of my kingdom." I replied that I had two boons to ask of him; and the first was that, having regard to the dangerous state of things on the frontier, he would not again expose himself to the sun as he had lately done at Delhi, and elsewhere; contracting, in consequence, a slight fever. Laughingly Lord Dufferin answered, "Well, you see, they have been sending me recently always to the Arctic regions. They packed me off

St. Petersburg as ambassador, and then afterwards to Canada to be governor-general there, so that when I received the honour of appointment as viceroy of India, I said in my own mind, 'Now I will hang myself up to dry!' and possibly I have been overdoing it. What is the second boon?" "Oh," I replied, "I want a railway to Kandahar." "Ah!" he said, slightly smiling, "I will show you something at least towards it," and unlocking his escritoire, produced the first draft of the railway now opened to Quetta and beyond.

But were I viceroy, I should like much better than my palace at Calcutta the charming country-house which he possesses eight or nine koss up the river at Barrackpur. Calcutta at the best of times is hot and flat, but under the splendid trees of that river-palace you get glorious shade and the cool airs always wafted from the water. Beneath a great tamarind tree to the south of the residence is the white marble monument of Lady Canning, who died in India while her husband was viceroy, a gentle and illustrious type of those countless Englishwomen who have shared with husbands and brothers the burden of empire in the East. In the same gardens is to be seen a splendid avenue of bamboos, making such a corridor of laced silver and green leaves and golden stems as one might go a hundred leagues to admire, with near at hand a wonderful banyan tree dropping its aërial branches from aloft into the soil and so producing a number of column-like stems, under the canopies of which a whole regiment might

encamp. By the side of that touching memorial to a viceroy's wife, I remember that I had the honour of a conversation upon the mysteries of such a pathetic fate with Lady Dufferin, whose presence and work in India the natives have had such lasting cause to bless. I pointed to the Temple of Mahadev on the other side of the stream, and cited to her the Sanskrit lines in the *Bhagavad Gita*, which begin, "*Hantâ Chenmanyatê Hantâm*," and which mean,

"If one that dieth thinks, 'I die!' If one  
When he doth slay thinks, 'I have slain!' then both  
Know not aright! That which was life in each  
Cannot be slain, or die."

To every viceroy there is pretty sure to come some vast task in the course of his administration. India is an ocean the surface of which is never always and at all places tranquil. Lord Lawrence, after stormy duties, which included the events of the great Mutiny, during which I was myself in India, enjoyed a comparatively quiet spell. But for Lord Northbrook suddenly sprang up the terrible problem of the famine, with which dire enemy he contended sagaciously, and on the whole successfully. It was my singular privilege to be the first in this country to acquaint Lord—then Sir John—Lawrence with his approaching nomination as viceroy, which had come to my knowledge as imminent before it reached the ears most interested. I called on him to ask, in confidence, if he would accept it if offered, as the *Daily Telegraph* desired to sustain

his claims to the high office. Sir John had done me the kindness, in previous days, to go over the sheets of my work upon the Administration of Lord Dalhousie, and very interesting it is now to remember how I heard him, with his briarwood pipe in hand, discussing time after time Moolraj and the second Punjab war, the fields of Chillianwallah and Guzerat, the frontier problems and those that concern the huge populations of India. How beneficent our government of them is, was well shown in those dark days of the famine. No other administration could have grappled with Fate itself for the sake of the helpless natives as Lord Northbrook's did; and to a great extent we gained a victory over Death and Destiny. I prize among the few papers that I care to preserve a telegram from that able and conscientious viceroy, in which he told me that the rains had come, and the worst of the dreadful dearth was at an end. Under Lord Lytton's government perhaps the most important event was the proclamation in great state at Delhi of Her Majesty the Queen as Empress of India—*Kaisar-i-Hind*; while Lord Dufferin had upon his hands the conquest and annexation of Upper Burmah, and the temporary adjustment of Afghan affairs. Something new and surprising is sure to devolve upon Lord Elgin, and there is no need to doubt that when it comes he will sustain, by prudence, wisdom, and devotion to his lofty duty, the grand traditions of his predecessors.

Wandering in Culcutta either in those delicious gardens of Government House, or under the sacred

fig trees of Barrackpur, or haply among the peaks and precipices of the official highland capital at Simla, the thought of an Englishman must often go back to the small and humble beginnings of all this splendour and power. If we will trace the special river of history to its source, it may be demonstrated that the grandeur which Lord Elgin goes out to assume derives itself entirely from a doctor's prescription. In 1636 A.D. the daughter-in-law of Shah Jehan, and favourite wife of Sultan Shuja, Nawab of Bengal, who was the second son of the Great Mogul, lay sick of a malady beyond the skill of the Mohammedan *hakims*. Distressed at the danger of one so fair and precious, the Nawab called to his aid the surgeon of the East-India Company's ship *Hopewell*, by name Gabriel Boughton, a clever young doctor, who, although not allowed to see the beautiful face of his royal patient, all the same effected a perfect cure. The grateful prince asked him to name his own fee; whereupon Boughton begged for and obtained a *firmân*, granting permission to the East-India Company to trade throughout the dominions of the Great Moguls, and giving them land to build a factory, which factory has since grown up to become the stately city of Calcutta. Those who best know the intervening incidents of that brilliant story of growing empire will be the last to assert, as some ignorant persons do, that our Eastern Empire has been founded on fraud and wrong. Its story, properly told, is full of the high enterprise, and mainly honourable efforts, which belong to the

general history of England; and there is little or nothing for an honest Briton to be ashamed of in all that wonderful record which stretches from Gabriel Boughton's prescription to the approaching entry of Lord Elgin into his capital. The time has now come when India must be regarded as an inseparable and indispensable portion of the British Empire. The task committed by Providence to the English race of repaying the debt of the West to the East by giving good government and profound peace to three hundred millions of Indian people, and thereby protecting the modern up-rise of Asia, is a task not nearly completed, but rather demanding a century of quiet continuance. It is therefore before all things necessary that the British people should comprehend the Imperial importance of India, and be very resolute amid all political changes, not to suffer for one moment that the strong hand of the Queen's viceroy in Calcutta shall be weakened by ignorant theorists, and the breathless benevolence of globe-trotting politicians.

# XI

UNDER THE SUNSHINE

## XI

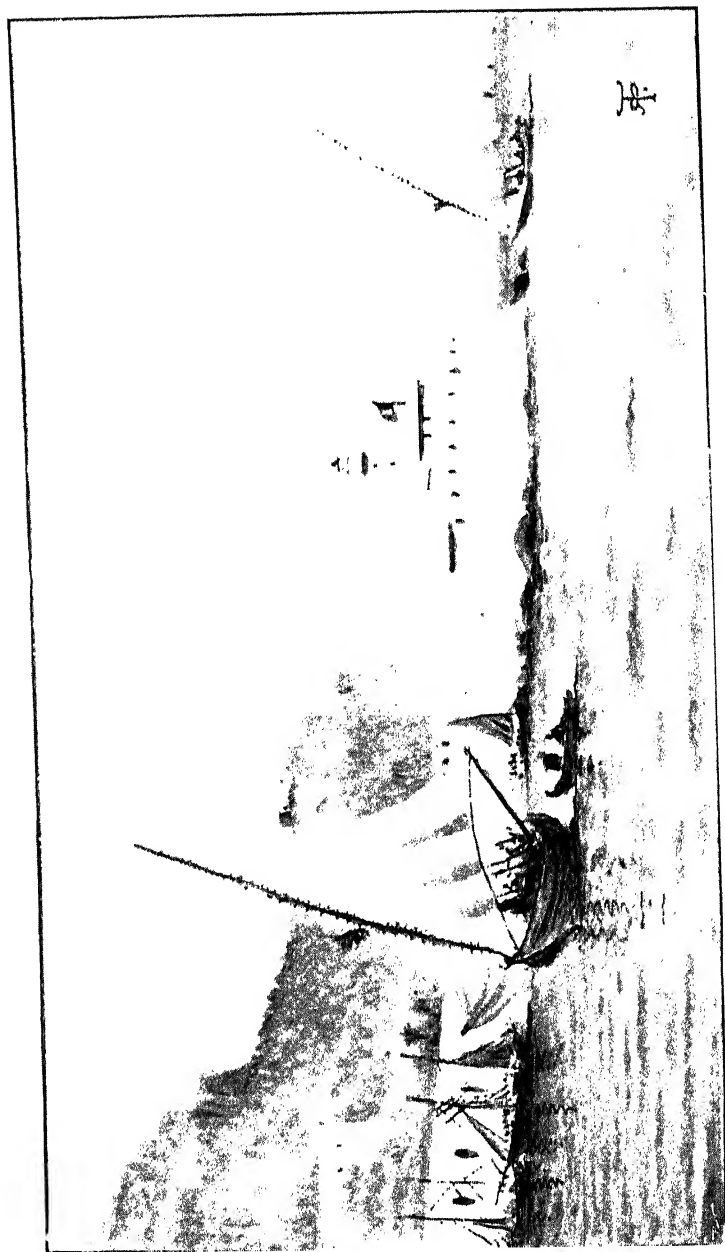
### UNDER THE SUNSHINE

IN the dark December weather of these islands, when the days are so short, and influenza stalks unchecked, the thought naturally turns to those happier countries that have no winter. Which is the nearest of them? I think the answer to that would not be the Riviera, where the mistral often blows, and the shaded side of a street will be as cold as Clapham Common; nor Italy, nor Spain, except in its most southern regions. The shortest road to the sunshine is to go to Algiers, where, although the climate is not so good as that of Egypt, the wanderer may be fairly certain of fine weather. Among my memories is that of a journey suddenly taken from London to the capital of French Africa. The snow was lying thick in the streets of our beloved but dingy metropolis. The doors of houses and shops were blocked with great drifts of it. Cabs and omnibuses toiled along in the deep blackened slush, and an eager and nipping north wind broke off the long icicles and chilled the stoutest wayfarer in spite of wraps and fur coat. The mail steamer across the Channel had snow upon its deck and paddle-boxes, and the snow whitened all France north of Paris; nay, even to the south of



that city snow-drifts covered the Forest of Fontainebleau and the plane trees down to Lyons with fairy frost-work. When the guard opened the door of the *coupé-lit* to ask for tickets, the breath of passengers in the warm interior, suddenly condensing, fell in flakes of snow, and the grim winter hung about us till the olive trees of Provence were reached. We caught the Friday night boat at Marseilles, where already the sun was shining upon a sparkling sea, and it was warm enough for the Zouave soldiers whom we carried with us to sleep upon the deck. The boat was a slow one, but in about thirty hours we saw Algiers rising against the Atlas Mountains, a steep white city, presenting an appearance from the sea as of some vast merchant ship with all her canvas set; and entering the harbour we found the winter entirely left behind us. A glowing blue sky bent over the bright landscape near and far, and that same afternoon we were plucking ripe oranges in a garden of the suburb of Mustapha Superieur, though the slush of London was hardly yet dried upon our walking-boots. Nowadays, with improved train and steamboat accommodation, and good "connections," one might, I suppose, pass from London to Algiers in about fifty hours. It is, on the whole, the shortest road to the sunshine.

All this was, however, a long time ago; so long ago that Marshal MacMahon, who has lately died, was at the time Governor-General of Algeria, and I had the honour to make his acquaintance in connection with an earthquake which had shaken and devastated



ALGIER'S HARBOUR.

the district round about the city on the very day of our arrival. One of the first sounds, indeed, which met our ears on landing was the cry of the newspaper boys calling out "*Demandez le Moniteur d'Algerie.* Gran, tremblement de terre. Nouvelles très intéressantes." Algiers itself had not seriously suffered, although some of its buildings were shaken; but the country in the vicinity exhibited many marks of the recent shock, and the town of Blidah especially lay almost entirely in ruins. We went out to see them, in company with his Excellency and staff, and a most curious spectacle did the place present. Half the houses were cracked from top to bottom. The steeple of a church had been twisted round and out of the perpendicular, so that the stone angel on the top of it was very much in the attitude of Mr. Gilbert's aluminium effigy surmounting the Piccadilly Fountain. Whole streets of houses of the colonists, built, as they were, of round stones from the river-bed, had crumbled into the roadway, and the greater part of the population was encamped under canvas, up and down the thoroughfares, or in the plain. The soldierly presence of MacMahon, with his brilliant staff, seemed to bring new spirits to the unfortunate people; and I could not but admire his cheery and gallant manner among them. Little did we dream at the time that he would be a central figure in such a terrible catastrophe as Sedan, and rise to hold the destinies of France in his hand as President of the Republic. But to this hour I well remember the singular grace and courtesy of his

bearing. We had to return from the scenes of disaster by an omnibus running to the station, which was half full of French washerwomen when we entered it. The pretty deferential style in which MacMahon lifted his gold-embroidered *kepi* to those *blanchisseuses*, and meekly took a crowded corner seat among his female subjects, stamped itself on my mind as an example of high manners. In wandering about this desolate town I entered a schoolhouse where a French professor was still busily engaged in lecturing to a class of advanced French students, with the sunlight shining through the cracked walls and open roof of his little *lycée*. I asked permission to listen for a while to the lecture, which was upon the Odes of Horace, and a copy of the Latin poet was lying on the professor's desk. When he said to me that, notwithstanding the earthquake, he was still trying to do his duty, I opened the volume, with a bow to the professor, at Ode iii. of Book III., and pointed the attention of the pupils to those lines about the "upright and resolute man," "*si fractus illabatur orbis, Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*"

"If the world were shattered to fragments,  
Its ruins would strike him unmoved."

It was delightful to see how pleased the brave schoolmaster was with the little classic compliment.

Even in Algeria, however, during December it was easy enough to find the winter again, if you

went up into the Kabyle Mountains. I think I was never colder in all my life than on a little excursion made to Fort Napoleon, as it was then called. In descending from the highlands, a bitter blizzard was abroad, and I and the driver of my *calèche* were caked with the driving sleet from head to foot. We got some hot coffee at the cottage of a colonist just in time to prevent us from freezing solid. The poor people were suffering from fever, and spoke of their little house as a *maison de misère*; and in those days, indeed, Algeria was far from prosperous as a dependency. I had with me an Arab of the country, named Ahmad, who gave a very signal proof of the fidelity of even the humblest Mohammedans to the tenets of their religion. It was the time of Ramadan, the great fast, during which none of the Faithful may taste food, or even smoke, between sunrise and sunset. It had been a day of hard and wearying travel, alternately very cold and very hot, and Ahmad was much fatigued, like his master, plus the fact that he had taken no coffee at the stopping-place. When we got into the plain, near a place called Tizi-ouzu, I bought some oranges, and as there were still several leagues to traverse, I offered some to Ahmad, who was green with fatigue and hunger. When he declined, I rather maliciously pressed them upon him, wanting to see how sincere he would prove.

"Eat, Ahmad," I said, "the sunset-gun will soon go, and there is nobody hereabouts to blame you."

"No, sir, no," he replied; "Allah will know

and blame me. We may not eat till the sun is down."

There was no touch of pride or exclusiveness in the poor fellow, for when we got into the inn, and I was consuming rice and boiled chicken in bed, to keep warm, Ahmad sat on the floor at my side and ate the bones of the chickens, as well as what was upon them, like a house-dog at the foot of the couch.

That same spot, Tizi-ouzu, has two recollections for me. Perhaps to-day it is a big town: at that time it was a desolate little hamlet on the skirt of the Desert, and I think I never felt more lonely than during my first night there, with no society but that of Ahmad. On the second day matters brightened, for I made the acquaintance of some officers of the small French garrison, and we not only dined well at mess, having among other dishes some wild asparagus, but attended an Arab wedding in the evening, where, after music and dancing, the bride walked round the circle of guests, each of whom wetted a small coin of silver or gold in his mouth and stuck it upon her forehead. And the next day I saw in the little Court of Justice, what for its picturesque *dénouement* might be called a *cause célèbre*, if Tizi-ouzu had any legal chronicles.

A young and handsome Turco soldier was up before the mixed tribunal, charged by an infuriated native with having violated the sanctity of his house and made love to the man's wife. Everybody in the small court was very excited, and it seemed to be

indeed the case that the young soldier, who had for some time back been a friend of the family, had pushed the privileges of this friendship much too far. The rules of enlistment were different then from what they are now, and many of the native peasants were glad to get the French pay and food, under a temporary engagement of local service. Something like the following dialogue took place in this little Court :

Plaintiff: "The justice of my lords is praised in all the world ; but see how this dog despises it. He comes by night-time to the house of a friend, in his absence, having designs upon his wife."

Female Defendant: "By your life, my lords, my husband is a fool, and this thing is not so."

Plaintiff: "I have given him *kibab* and millet cakes every other day, and this woman lies. But for the majesty of the Court I would beat her on the mouth with my slipper."

The Court to the Young Soldier: "What have you to say to this charge?"

Soldier: "By Allah! it is a false charge. This man is foolish, as the woman sayeth, and has a wife too good for him. It is true that I owe him gratitude, and am not of those who would forget it."

Plaintiff: "Tell the honourable Court, then, if you can, and if you dare, why you were behind my wife's curtain when I came suddenly home. Was not this so?"

Soldier: "Yea, it was so! But there was no sin."

Plaintiff: "No sin! Oh! By Al-Hakk, the Truth! will the Court still listen to the tongue of this dog? Let them question that wicked woman."

The Court to the Wife: "What do you say to this?"

The Wife: "May the heads of my lords be protected, the soldier speaks the truth. There was no sin at all, and my husband is but a braying jackass."

The Court: "Nevertheless, a man alone with you, not your husband—this surely must be explained."

The Wife: "It cannot be explained; yet was there no sin."

The Court: "If there was no blame, make that good to us and to this man."

Plaintiff: "They cannot make it good, I say. Give justice, my lords."

Upon this there ensued much hubbub in the crowd, everybody apparently being of the opinion that the silence of the two incriminated parties was not only very suspicious, but impudent and insulting to the Court, the judgment of which, probably a very severe one, was now on the point of being delivered. The plaintiff had already been foiled in two attempts to get near the soldier, and they had taken away the knife from his girdle, fearing extremities. The female, a good-looking peasant-girl, was standing, sullen and troubled, but



had quietly sidled up within reach of the young soldier.

Order was with difficulty restored in the little hall of justice, and the native assessor had nearly got through the decree of imprisonment which he was going to give to the injured husband, while a French officer was reading the sentence of suspension and other penalties against the silent defendant, whose face was yet curiously placid amid all the confusion.

Suddenly everything was altered by the action of the woman, who broke from her attitude of reserve, and volubly addressed the Court.

“May my lords allow speech to their slave. This, my husband, who hath brought shame and calamity on us, is an ass, and the son of an ass. I will make his face black with the truth, since the truth must be told. This soldier here did, indeed, come, and hath ofttimes come, into my chamber. The mother of him is a poor woman who had no means to live, and the friend in past days of my own mother. For her sake he hath taken the French money, and put upon him the French soldier-clothes, that he might have wages of service to give to her who gave him birth. But all this was a secret between us, because”—and here she stepped up closer to the prisoner—“because it is not lawful that one should serve under a false name, nor call himself a man when he hath nothing of man except a brave heart. See, now, my lords, and thou, too, that dost slander thy true

wife, whether there was sin between me and my mother's friend's child when he came by night asking a drink of milk." Abruptly at these words she laid her hand on the upper buttons of the tunic of the young 'Turco, and with a violent gesture tore the garment off. Then in the midst of deep silence the truth was revealed—the 'Turco was a woman; and after a moment's silent amazement, the case broke up in such laughter, and cries, and pleasant amazement for everybody but the husband, as could rarely be witnessed in a place of justice. 'Tizi-ouzu, under the sunshine of the Atlas, is always coupled in my mind with that strange ending to a village divorce case.

# XII

## JUNGLE KINGDOMS

## XII

# JUNGLE KINGDOMS

## PART I

### *THE WAR BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST*

WE say to each other, with good reason, that "Man is lord of the creation." If this be a boast, it is a true one, and the rest of the animated world, had they reason and speech, would, each in their separate tribes, wild or domesticated, perceive and allow it. Yet few of us realise by what small steps and chance advantages we came to planetary sovereignty.

Do you reflect, as you take up the leaf of this volume between your finger and thumb, to do me the honour of reading about Indian wild beasts and serpents, that you have just exercised the one great physical act of our organism which made us "man," and placed in the human hand the sceptre of our little star? The hand! All the secret of the advancement of the race lies in that opposable finger and thumb by which you have just turned this page.

The arts, the sciences, the machinery and manufactures of ancient and modern times; the subjugation

tion of nature by "genus homo," and the submission of the kindred but hopelessly outstripped "peoples of the wing and hoof," mainly depend, if Darwinism be true, on this fact that man alone can properly *pinch*.

True it is that certain of the anthropoid apes possess in some degree the same faculty. But the index finger and the face of the thumb are not brought together in quite the same exact and instinctive way, as anybody may see who watches monkeys hunting each other for fleas. As often as not, they will prefer to catch the object with their lips, and if they use the paw, they pinch with the second joint of the forefinger.

The tree-climbing apes, *ateles* in America, *colobus* in Africa, *hylobates* in Asia, are either thumbless, or their toes partially cohere, so that their so-called hands and feet are mere grasping-hooks. These poor relations of man have spoiled their early chances by walking on their outside palms or knuckles, as the orang and chimpanzee do, or crooking them perpetually round the branches of trees. Mr. Hornaday's "Mias" always slept with its fists clenched.

"Some ancient member of the great order of Primates," writes Darwin, "owing to a change in his manner of procuring subsistence, or some alteration in surrounding conditions, modified his habitual style of progression, and thus was rendered bipedal." In other words, our primeval ancestor one day stood erect, and stayed there; by that act rescuing the wonderful plan and mechanism of his hands from

the ruinous toil of walking and climbing, and commencing the development of them in the direction of the craftsman, the hunter, and the artist.

The relatively stupendous inventions of flint weapons, of the spear, and of the bow followed, with that immense achievement of fire; and man, with a lighted stick and a hand to carry it in place of a paw, became the veritable king of the earth. Speech and social combinations, slowly ensuing upon these, completed his coronation.

Yet how different might have proved the outcome of natural selection! The peoples of the sea, particularly the amphibians, who command two elements, might well have won the prize. If the whales, which are mammals, had only banded together, who could have dared, against their will, to dwell on the seashore or to launch boats?

If the birds which, by transforming reptilian fins into wings, gained dominion of the sky, had learned to talk, and perhaps to turn the double-spur, which we see upon *Palamedea cornuta*, into a sort of extra hand, what could have prevented the roc and dinornis, the moa, the ostrich, and the condor, from possessing the globe?

Man has prevailed, thanks largely to that marvellous hand which Sir Charles Bell has called "all instruments in one," and the planet has become his real estate; but not without dispute and rebellion, even yet!

The victory is won, but the battle of nature still sullenly goes on in certain quarters of the globe

to an extent not easily realised by those who dwell in the populous cities of England or of the American Republic. In the latter, indeed, men have almost too severely pushed to its issues the triumph of man.

Men have well-nigh exterminated not only the rivals, but the wild neighbours and companions of our earthly existence. That grand creature, the buffalo, is gone from the vast plains of the West, more to be regretted than the red man, who is apparently on the road to disappear with it ; and to anybody accustomed to other countries, with their teeming life of forest and field, it is sad to see how empty the American landscape has become of furred and feathered beings.

In a journey taken lately through nine thousand miles of the United States, I did not notice from the windows of the train more than a score or two of wild birds ; and although, no doubt, it was winter-time, and the migrants were away, it was too painfully plain that wood and meadow in America have been nearly depopulated. In England one would observe more wild life in one day's journey than there in a month's travelling.

In India, as in many parts of Africa, animal life swarms. The reasons are different, but the result, in the enriching of the interest and variety of nature, is the same, and lends an extraordinary enhancement to every retired landscape.

There are hundreds of miles of railway journeying in India where you may watch from your car the monkey-people, dwelling in safety and pleasure by the

side of the track. All along the line, for instance, in Guzerat and parts of the North-west, the "four-handed folk" sit in the wayside trees or trot about the millet-fields, or gather in sententious groups near the well, amusing, harmless, respected.

Herds of the graceful black antelope gallop over the yellow plains within view, stopping still now and then in their lightsome procession to gaze with little show of fear on the passing express.

Throughout Rajpootana there will be seen, almost in every patch of garden, bevvies of the lovely wild pea-fowl, the male bird shining like a jewelled Rajah in his panoply of purple, gold, and green, and the peahens pacing meekly along with their splendid lord. The thickets are full of pretty gem-necked doves and bright-winged birds; and, with no enemies except the kites and hawks for ever wheeling in the sky, a whole separate world of innocent beauty and happiness goes on, in fact, at the side of the prolific humanity everywhere visible.

Even in the crowded cities of India, among their thickest and busiest bustle, the jungle creatures make part of the population. You will see the monkeys sitting observantly on the ridge-tiles of the shops, up and down the door-posts of which the lively, striped palm-squirrels scour. From end to end of the street clouds of green paroquets fly backward and forward, screaming loudly; and on the trees by the temple hundreds of "flying foxes"—the large bat called *Pteropus Edwardsi*—hang by their feet and hooked wings, like large black fruit.



But these are the friendly creatures of wood and wild, which the peculiar customs of the Hindoos have rendered safe and fearless. A Hindoo does not kill for food or for sport ; and, as the amicable animal world has found this out, you witness in most parts of Hindostan the charming spectacle of peace firmly established between man and the lower creation. Birds, beasts, and fishes are secure from slaughter, and after their invariable fashion, repay this with a glad attachment to man, who is as a god to them.

In many a city or village you may observe seed-boxes set up for the birds, and citizens going daily forth to feed the monkeys. But for the most part the Hindoo just lets things alone, and lives side by side with the birds and beasts, having a particular reverence for some among them, such as the peacock, the Hanuman monkey, and in certain places the snake.

Only where the Mussulman and the European come is this "peace of God" broken. The Mohammedan has little regard for animals, and the English sahib is usually an eager sportsman ; so that bitter are the feelings often engendered in a native village when the young officer or the soldier-recruit, out of ignorance of the Hindoo's reverence for them rather than a bad heart, kills the sacred peacock or the local monkeys.

Sometimes mischievous little Muslim boys will go along a row of shops in an Indian city with a cage of small birds, offering them at an easy price to the Hindoo "Setts," as they sit among their rice and

grain, and, in case of refusal, wringing the necks of the small prisoners. I have often seen a tradesman, who would not lose a cowrie-shell if he could help it, give a whole handful of pice to buy the birds and set them all free.

This brings me to my subject, the war still waged between man and the wild beasts in India. Partly in consequence of the abstinence from flesh-food which Buddhism has taught to Brahmanism, partly because of the natural and physical features of the Indian Peninsula, and partly from the fact that to carry firearms without a license is forbidden by government, the number of wild animals is always very large there.

In the United States, if a farmer or pioneer loses his life by a grizzly bear, a catamount, or a rattlesnake, all the newspapers would be full of it. But listen to the death-roll of one year in India, due to this same unfinished war between man and his carnivorous competitors !

The official returns of the deaths due to wild beasts among the inhabitants of India show that in 1891 the total of natives, men, women, and children, who perished from *feræ naturæ*, including venomous snakes, amounted to twenty-three thousand eight hundred and seventy-two !

Here is a whole army of mankind destroyed by what we must call "the enemy," and albeit the conflict can have but one end, and these unreconciled and irreconcilable foes of our race must finally disappear, still it arrests the imagination most forcibly

to find what a costly warfare yet goes on between civilisation and the jungle kingdoms. Nor let it be supposed that the year 1890 or 1891 was exceptional.

That tremendous destruction of twenty-three or twenty-four thousand lives is about the average of late years for all India, and has increased rather than diminished during the bygone ten or fifteen years. For comparison on this point I will take the official reports of the year 1877-78, which give us twenty thousand two hundred and fifty-six human lives destroyed by wild beasts and serpents during those twelve months.

Allowing for deaths which never come to official knowledge, for especially bad years when tigers and wolves and the like lose their natural food and prey more boldly than usual upon man, and for other reasons which make these returns always understatements, we may roughly conclude that two millions and a half of India's people have perished by the teeth and claws and fangs of the warriors of the jungle in the last century.

If tigers and leopards and serpents wrote history, with such figures as these before them, we could hardly expect the savage chroniclers to allow that the war was as good as concluded between man and his forest rivals for the lordship of the earth.

Of course the issue is not doubtful. These astonishing records of slaughter are really but the dropping fire of a finished conflict. The great carnivora live everywhere doomed to extinction, and

must pass at last from the catalogue of nature, unless they can change their habits and become herbivorous. But if to these returns of loss of human life in India we could add the death-roll of the scores of thousands of African, of Asiatic, of South American natives, who year after year meet their doom in rencontre with the denizens of the wilderness and the wood, the fact that these jungle kingdoms exist, and do seriously dispute the sovereignty of the earth with its real lords, would be still more emphatically brought home to the minds of my readers.

There are islands of the sea, as is well understood, so entirely occupied by oceanic birds that man is unknown there, and the boobies and penguins do not even move at his approach; and there are many tracts in India which belong so exclusively to wild elephants, leopards, wild boars, and jungle creatures generally, that most of the beast-people have never even set eyes upon a man or woman.

I have known in India villages to be seized and occupied by tigers, and a post-road was more than once so grimly guarded and patrolled by a couple of hungry man-eaters, that nobody dared to pass that way for a week or two.

In the next portion of this article I will analyse these strange and terrible death returns, and try to explain, from a close and considerable, though by-gone acquaintance with Indian wild creatures, how it is that all these human victims perish.

## PART II

### *CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CONFLICT*

It hardly matters which year's record we take for an analysis of the great and deadly warfare being perpetually waged between mankind and the wild beasts in India. There is, in truth, a curious regularity about the annual returns as regards the number of casualties attributed to each destructive animal. Of course in every year by far the largest number of deaths are set down to venomous serpents.

For example, in the year just elapsed, out of the nearly twenty-four thousand deaths put down for the total, more than twenty-one thousand were ascribed to poisonous snakes! So, too, in the year 1877, which I have recalled for comparison, nearly seventeen thousand deaths, out of the total number of twenty thousand, were registered to those deadly reptiles which abound in the peninsula, and constitute, as of old, the curse and peril of many an Indian paradise.

I shall talk about snakes at the close of these remarks, and will deal now with the much smaller, but still very considerable, number of human lives destroyed by the carnivora of Hindostan.

These, in the year 1877, amounted to thirty-four

hundred and forty-four, and were distributed among our jungle enemies in the following proportions:—Wild elephants slew thirty-three; tigers killed eight hundred and sixteen, most of them in Bengal and Assam; leopards, panthers, and cheetahs made victims of three hundred, and bears disposed of ninety-four. Wolves are set down for the large total of eight hundred and forty-five, and hyænas for thirty-three. Other animals, including all not mentioned in the above categories, figure for the serious score of thirteen hundred and twenty-three.

Here are the thirty-four hundred and forty-four deaths, duly distributed, and we will proceed to examine them a little from the point of view of jungle life.

The wild elephants are entered upon the battle-list for the same number as the hyænas, but these majestic brutes suffer a certain wrong in being placed at all upon the catalogue of man's enemies. Herbivorous, placid, pacific, the herds of wild elephants which still roam the thick forests of the Anamullees, the Assam hills, and the Terai, live now protected by law, and are from time to time driven by official hunters into *keddahs*, to be captured and trained for government service. In such work, occasionally of necessity dangerous, or by the unexpected onset of a "rogue" elephant in close jungle, or by the sudden bad temper of a tame elephant in time of "must," these three dozen lives must have been lost.

In the wild and tame state alike elephants are subject to moods of fierce gloom and savage moroseness, during which they need to be chained up, if domesticated; and if free, they will separate themselves from the herd and retire to some forest sanctuary, where it is death to disturb their massive melancholy.

Sometimes, again, a herd will break at night-time into a little village of the woods, and for love of sheer mischief crash and smash through everything, ruining huts, gardens, and fences, and trampling into a jelly one or two miserable villagers.

This tale of thirty-three casualties is made up in some such ways; but when one sees the thousands of trained elephants employed everywhere in India, and knows that almost all the wild ones will come, sooner or later, under the iron hook of the mahout, it is hardly just to reckon this sagacious beast among those which war against mankind. It is rather like ranking accidents on railways with the deplorable and guilty returns of murders and man-slaughters.

Next on the roll of woodland warfare comes the tiger, who must, indeed, be called and considered man's declared enemy. Between that royal tyrant of the jungle, wearing his splendid and terrible robe of black and gold, and the feeble, intellectual biped in thin muslin, whose existence he can terminate with one blow of his mighty paw, there is no peace, and can never be. So savage, so irreconcilable, so

bloodthirsty, so strong is he, that one exclaims with Blake :

“Tiger ! tiger ! burning bright,

Did He, who made thee, make the lamb ?”

Cruelty and cunning are personified and embodied in that lithe and powerful form of deadly grace and vigour ; and a royal tiger in his native thickets is one of the most glorious and dreadful sights in nature.

If I were a painter I would try to put into colours a sight I once saw in the Indian forest—from a safe position, of course—where a tigress lay at ease in an open patch of reeds, while her two cubs tore to pieces a big peacock which their grim mother had killed, playing wantonly with the broken jewellery and ruined loveliness of their prey. The shining coats of that wild family group, the yellow reeds with strong bars of shadow imitating and reproducing the gold and stripes of the tiger’s regal dress, the scattered and shattered purples and blues of the beautiful bird, made up a picture of such wonderful tints and such horrible charm and awful grace, that I have never forgotten its effects.

To understand the eight hundred and sixteen deaths registered against tigers, it must be known that there are three classes of the grand beast in India. There is what may be styled the respectable and orderly tiger, who gets his living in an orthodox manner, feeding upon deer, wild pig, small animals, and occasionally upon chance carrion, if better food



be lacking. These are generally the strongest and best-looking animals.

Ranging a district well-stocked with sambur, buck, ravine-deer, the spotted axis and boar, they exercise all the slyness and stupendous force and speed which they possess to surprise and seize their prey; and get lusty and sleek. They help rather than injure the agricultural people, by keeping down the antelope and other cervine plunderers, who break into and damage the crops, as well as the wild pigs, who do so much harm rooting and grubbing. They carefully shun man and his abodes, lying very close in their sylvan dens by day, and coming forth into desolate regions at night, like the nocturnal cats that they really are.

Like cats, too, they have delicate feet, and hate to be obliged to tread the ground, baked hard and burning by the summer sun; so that in the hot weather sportsmen will never get even these strong brutes to travel far away from shade and water.

The next description of tiger is the cattle-lifter. He and his ill-tempered but splendid wife and cubs are beasts which have discovered how much easier it is to strike down a cow from the villager's grazing herd than to stalk and seize the quick-bounding antelope, or tough and pugnacious boar. Where such tigers range there is never any safety for the kine.

The Hindoo lad—clad in nothing but his loin-cloth and turban—has taken out the cattle to some open pasture skirted with a forest of bamboo-patches, or intersected by a nullah lined with long grass and

korinda bushes. The hot day has gone by quickly; the cows are finishing their evening bite; they spread out less timidly than in the morning along the edge of the thicket, or where the grass tastes sweetest by the rim of the water-course. The boy is completing the basket of twigs which he was weaving, and thinking that the sun is low enough for the drive homeward.

Suddenly, from some unsuspected bush or clump to leeward, there is a flash as of yellow lightning, a short, ferocious roar, and the tiger, who has been watching his prey for hours, springs upon the neck of the nearest cow, drags it backward with such prodigious strength as oftentimes to break the vertebræ, or else with a tremendous blow of his forelimb—all sinew and muscle—tears open the arteries of the throat and grips the windpipe between his dagger-like fangs.

The herd and the herdsman fly; the robber-beast, when his victim is dead, drags it a little way inside the jungle, and sucks some of the warm blood, leaving the carcass then for a more leisurely meal, which he and his striped household will make, if all is quiet, when the night has fallen.

Here is where the tigers wage very successful warfare indeed upon man. It will seem incredible, indeed, to safe and careless ranchmen in the Western States to hear of the devastation caused in India by cattle-lifting tigers. Leopards, hyænas, and wolves kill a good many among the herds, especially calves; but the tigers are the arch

raiders, and in the past year, 1891, they slaughtered in the mode described the larger part of sixty-four thousand five hundred cattle. In the year 1877, to which reference for comparison of different periods has been made, the total number of cattle killed by wild beasts was fifty-three thousand one hundred and ninety-seven.

In the long conflict waged on man by the jungle kingdoms, this is some of the booty carried off by the enemy.

The third class of tiger is the dreaded man-eater, to whom must be assigned most of the recorded human deaths. Sometimes this destructive species develops out of the cattle-lifter. Watching the grazing cattle, and being, perhaps, balked of his prey by the courage of the herd-boy, who, particularly with buffaloes to help him, will now and then shout at the tiger and frighten him, the brute has learned how simple a thing it is to crush the naked, soft, brown body of this youthful lord of creation.

After that it learns to prefer the flesh of man, and will invade the village at night to pick up some hapless sleeper lying on his "charpoy" for coolness outside the hut; or will take up a station on the country road where the postman passes with his letter-bag and jingling staff, or the peasant slowly drives along his bullock-cart.

There have been times and places when and where a pair of these strong tigers, with cubs to feed, have driven all the people out of a village, to devour at leisure the old and sick in it; or have

taken possession of a temple, after eating up the priest.

But the professional man-eater is usually an old and worn-out tiger, whose limbs are no longer equal to the swift rush which must be made upon the black buck, or bara-singh; whose teeth cannot easily grip and tear the tough hide of the wild boar; whose claws are worn down, and his once brilliantly painted coat turned dull and mangy. Yet he has the old, fierce appetite, which cannot be stayed upon frogs and lizards, rats and young monkeys, or such meat as the jackals and hyenas leave.

Some evil afternoon, blinking in the sunlight near the well, famished and sick, he sees the slender, graceful Hindoo girl come for water with the brass lota balanced on her head. The wind brings the scent of her warm flesh; the wicked brute crouches flatter and flatter in the long grass. The early, instinctive dread and reverence of mankind are strong upon the spirit of that striped old assassin, but the craving for food is stronger. As she stoops to lower the rope there is a hoarse cry, between a cough and growl; she knows herself lost before the heavy pad with the blunt claws falls upon her soft neck; she is dead in the very moment of her agonised cry, "O Shiva! Shiva!"

The cruel brute drags her gentle body into the bushes, and his feast upon it converts him into a man-eater. Henceforward he will be the pest of the district, waylaying women and children and solitary men; until the shikarry of the region, or a passing

Englishman, puts a bullet into his brain or heart, and sets the people free of their scourge.

Leopards are down on the list of destructiveness for three hundred human lives, and bears for ninety-four. The Indian leopard is as dangerous, if cornered or suddenly come upon, as it is beautiful in its shape and markings; but will scarcely ever venture to attack a man, except in self defence. It will run great risks to secure a kid or a dog, and it will pounce upon children, so that probably most of the murders put to its account in this red schedule are of native boys and girls who have strayed near some tree on a limb of which the big spotted cat was watching.

It kills also herdsmen protecting their flocks, and women walking alone through the jungle, but wages no aggressive war, like the tiger, upon man. Sometimes it will let him alone in a curiously respectful way.

My eldest son, the author of "Phra, the Phoenician," while coffee-planting in the Wynaad Hills, was cutting some initials on a tree trunk in the forest. A strange shadow, swinging back and forth, intercepted his light; and looking up to find the cause he saw a large panther lying on the branch over his head, whose long tail, slowly and sullenly oscillating, cast the shadow which had interrupted his task. My son had only a white umbrella as a weapon, and quietly retreated, keeping his eyes fixed on the yellow orbs of the beast, which snarled and spat like a cat, but suffered him to depart in peace.

As for the "butchers' bill" set down to the bears, that must have been incurred almost wholly in hunting them. An Indian bear, entirely frugivorous, asks nothing except to be let alone, albeit in defence of cubs, or when wounded, it becomes a very dangerous enemy. In the year under notice nearly thirteen hundred of these animals were killed, against ninety-four human lives; but for the nearly fifteen hundred tigers shot or trapped, eight hundred and sixteen men, women, and children were slain by the great striped cat, so that the outcome of the combat was not very unequal.

Wolves and hyænas are credited with eight hundred and forty-five and thirty-three slaughters, respectively. The first item appears large—it would be found to consist almost wholly of native children, caught up and carried away. The Indian wolf is very dangerous in this respect, prowling about villages and wells, and pouncing, if occasion offers, on the unprotected baby or the tiny, toddling, naked child playing in the dust.

It is a gaunt, grey, hungry-looking brute, smaller than the European variety, and would never have the courage to attack a man.

I retain a singular recollection from my hunting days in India, of an occasion when two wolves joined in the chase with me, and made themselves very serviceable. I had wounded a black buck, and was following it on horseback, when the two wolves took up the pursuit, and for three or four miles we went along in this way, the wolves chasing the antelope

for me like hounds, and eventually pulling it down. Then they retired snarling as I rode up, and sat at a distance on their haunches ; nor did I think it fair to empty my rifle at them, since they had been so useful.

The deaths set down to hyænas are naturally few, and these again would consist of cases of sick people and little children. The Indian hyæna is a mean, foul prowler after dead meat and carrion, of no courage, and heavy in movement ; savage, and commonly styled “untamable.” But this last epithet is inaccurate.

When in India, during 1859, I shot a she hyæna, and took her two new-born cubs home to rear. They grew up famously, and became as docile as puppies, so that when half or three parts grown I could take them out safely for a walk, unchained. Both came to a melancholy and violent end, having developed with their molar teeth a taste for native babies. But my jungle pets proved that no animal is really “untamable,” if it be treated with constant and consistent kindness.

Under the head of “other animals” we find thirteen hundred and twenty-three deaths entered for the year which I am noticing. This would appear large if one did not remember the immense population of India, her vast regions, and the long catalogue of wild creatures which are embraced under this category.

The rhinoceros, the bison, the jungle buffalo, the crocodile and the alligator, lynxes and cheetahs,

Guzerat lions and wild boars, have contributed to the heavy score which runs up the total of human lives destroyed to the serious amount already stated. To this we must add the destruction of useful and valuable cattle, in order to perceive what India loses in one year by the jungle kingdoms.

I will close this section with a *per contra* statement of the dangerous animals destroyed in India during 1878. The returns differ a little each twelve months, but not in a marked degree. There are in ordinary seasons about sixty thousand licensed native hunters, carrying firearms. These, with the sport-loving Englishmen and the wild people—Bheels, Todas, Mhars, and the like—who kill many *feræ naturæ* with arrows, spears, and traps—furnish the following list of reprisals:

The number of tigers destroyed in British India during 1878 was 1496; of leopards, 3237; of bears, 1283; of wolves, 5067; of hyænas, 1202; and 1 elephant; of other animals, 10,501. Total animals, 22,487. Snakes, 117,928.



## PART III

### SNAKES

It has been noticed already that the proportion of deaths caused by all the other denizens of the jungle put together is small compared with the deadly mischief done by venomous serpents. Last year in India, while twenty-four hundred and sixty natives lost their lives by wild beasts, the men, women, and children of the land killed by snakes reached the prodigious total of twenty-one thousand one hundred and forty-two. And if we glance back to the year selected for comparison, 1878, it will be seen that the casualties by snake-bite were nearly seventeen thousand.

Rewards are regularly given by the Indian Government for the heads of poisonous snakes when brought in; and reference to the statistics will show that in this way, during the year recalled, there was paid about one hundred thousand rupees. In 1890 the native "shikarries" got payment for fourteen thousand six hundred and four wild beasts destroyed, and for more than half a million snakes, the upshot of all which is to show that this jungle war goes on from year to year, with very little real victory on one side or the other; the wild side, if anything, having rather the best of it.

Even with that enormous population of British India of which I have spoken, it is a terrible return of deaths by venomous serpents only—more than twenty-one thousand! What would be thought in the United States if, taking the same ratio, more than four thousand citizens annually perished in the same fashion by rattle-snakes, copperheads, moccasins, and the like?

You would try to exterminate the plague, and in comparatively open country like the States this might be effected; but India is full of jungle, waste, and thorny thickets, a paradise and nursery for reptiles in almost every district. Moreover, there are difficulties of custom and religion to encounter.

The ancient worship of the Nag, the serpent, is still a very strong tradition in many parts of the peninsula. Millions of Hindoos would rather kill a relative than a snake; and I have known villagers to raise up, and reverently to bury or burn, the body of a cobra-de-capello found dead, as if it were one of themselves.

The objection to take away life, too, among the chief castes of the Hindoos, applies to poisonous reptiles as much as to the gentlest of domesticated creatures; so that you may see a cobra regularly domiciled in an Indian hut, inhabiting either the roof or the foundation, quite undisturbed by the family. In such cases it is remarkable how familiar and harmless the gruesome lodger becomes; he appears and disappears, doing no injury except to the rats;

and the people will set a daily bowl of milk for him, and call him "Uncle."

All the same, some dark night, if he is gliding over the floor when one of the bare-footed inmates is about, and the hapless boy or girl or man or woman should tread upon him, the terrible fangs snap and prick, and that Hindoo will be a corpse within an hour or two. The bite of a fresh cobra is certain death.

A sepoy soldier of my acquaintance put his hand into a hole of the thatch over his hut door to take out the key. A cobra had hidden up there during the poor fellow's absence, and bit his hand. In an hour and forty minutes I saw that strong man lie cold and pallid, the mark upon his hand no bigger than a pin-point might have made!

The cobra-de-capello—the hooded snake—is the most common of poisonous serpents in India, and causes most of these deaths. It haunts gardens, compounds, and the neighbourhood of houses, being found even in the suburbs of great cities like Bombay and Calcutta. Water and rats are its probable attractions, both of which it finds near human abodes; and you must expect, if you live in India, to see more than once a cobra coiled up in your bath-room, or perhaps have even to shake one out of your boot.

Everybody there goes through some sort of adventure with snakes before he has sojourned long; but being well shod, as Europeans always are, they seldom or never get bitten. It is the bare-footed, bare-legged native who suffers, unintentionally tread-

ing upon the coiled-up serpent, or laying hold of a branch or tuft of grass where one is concealed.

The cobra, however, terrible as he knows himself to be, never really wants to attack. He will evade light and fighting if he can; it costs him weakness and perhaps pain to expel the poison, and when not alarmed or angry, he will put up his hood and pretend to strike a dozen times at the serpent-charmer's hand without ever elevating his poison-fang.

Many of these jugglers and "somp-wallahs," who carry cobras about, know this, and play with those which have fangs and poison just as carelessly as with fangless snakes. I have satisfied myself over and over again as to that fact, having seen a cobra from a basket kill a goat with one stroke, after having delivered many pretended attacks upon the back of his master's hand.

Any one who desires to know about the venomous reptiles of India will find full information in the "Thanatophidia" of Sir J. Fayrer. There are worse snakes than even the cobra-de-capello haunting the jungle. One of them is called by the western Hindoos "foorsa," and is of the deadliest nature. Its scientific name is *Echis carinata*, because it has along its sides rows of peculiar ridged scales, which grate when they are rubbed together, producing a low, evil, ominous sound, something between a rattle and a hiss. It is the whisper of death for him who fails to heed it!

One passing nip from those needle-like fangs of the "foorsa" is enough! The victim succumbs

after sharp agony, passing to stupor, during which, it is said, the serum of the blood oozes out from the eyelids, the finger-nails, and any old wound. I have never seen that, but I remember well the excited ejaculation of my Mahratta attendant one day when, hunting antelope in the plains, I passed close by a small snake coiled in the sun. He saw it, and cried out, "*Khurbardar, saheb! Us ka chaya marenga!*" (Take care, sir! The shadow of that snake can kill you!)

Stooping down on one occasion to gather, what I thought, a beautifully-shaped and marked little stick lying in the hill-path, it suddenly curled and wriggled away out of my reach. It was a foorsa, and had I touched its tail, the chances are I should not have lived to take any lunch that day.

Snakes are far more intellectual and gifted than those know who have never lived with and studied them. They have strong affections, and the male serpent, who may generally be known by his smaller size and brighter colours from the female, will lie for hours, nay for days, by the side of his dead wife if nobody disturbs his mourning.

They learn in captivity to distinguish persons, and are capable of real attachments, especially toward some individuals, who appear to possess a strange and subtle affinity for them, like Elsie Venner's. They must possess, as Darwin argues, some sense of beauty, otherwise how were developed those wonderful and lovely colours which we see upon certain serpents, notably the coral snakes of South America,

which are a rich red, with black and yellow transverse bands ; and the bright green and bronze of the Indian *tragops dispar*?

In the eternal conflict between these subtle enemies and man, he has some odd allies. Pigs, wild and tame, kill snakes of all kinds ; so do pea-fowl, which are kept in gardens for this purpose all over Rajpootana. And there is a specially constructed little creature, the mongoose, which rambles over nearly every region of Hindostan, and hates snakes as cordially as if he knew all about the garden of Eden and the mischief done to the whole world there. This is an ichneumon, with bristly fur of pepper and salt colour—*Herpestes griseus* is his scientific name, if I remember ; and whenever the little animal comes across a snake, he leaves it dead if he possibly can.

The natives pretend that, when bitten, the mongoose knows where to find a certain grass which is an antidote to the poison, but this is a fable. He trusts to his extreme agility in assailing a cobra, and perhaps also to the hard and bristly coat which he wears, through which it would be difficult for the snake to drive his fang.

Such, then, is a cursory statement of this long-continued and not yet concluded conflict which in many countries, and most notably, perhaps, of all in India, is waged year after year with changeable fortunes.

# XIII

## A FISHERMAN'S WIFE

## A FISHERMAN'S WIFE

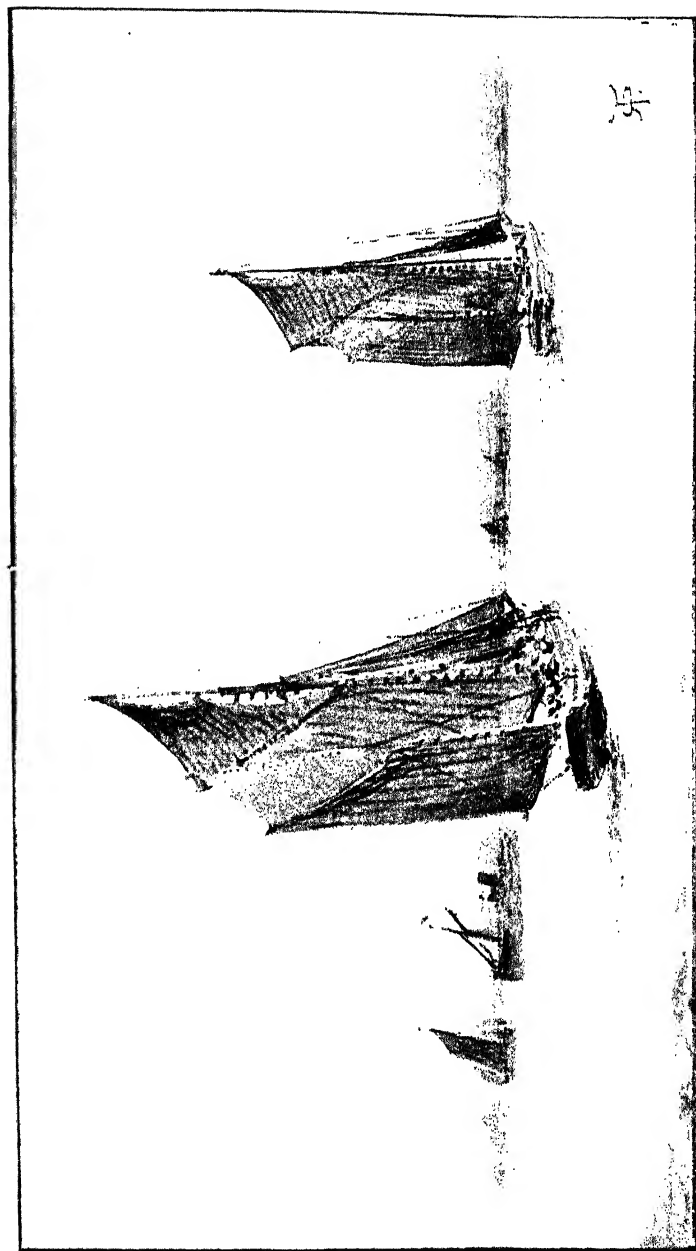
It was a curious old golden signet which she was wearing, as a kind of keeper to her wedding-ring—my fisherman's wife—sitting at the window of her cottage, which looked over the grey and green waters of the German Ocean. If I had not asked how she ~~came~~ by it, I should never have known a great many new points about those two grand industries of our seas—long-lining and beam-trawling; for the question led to talk about the ways and fortunes of fisher folk, and to one or two very interesting cruises in the smack, on board of which the husband of my pleasant landlady sailed as mate. His port was a well-known naval and maritime station on the eastern coast, where two inland rivers flow forth together into a common estuary, forming a commodious harbour, next to Grimsby, one of the greatest places for landing cod along our shores. Her fresh young face was tanned like a red barge-sail by the east wind, and alight with health; and her well-made, though not unsoiled, fingers, were twinkling among the hooks—she was helping the business of her “man” by laying the “snoods” or loops for a “string” while the little boy at her knee was getting whelks out of the shell



for bait. But, perhaps, it ought to be explained what "long-lining" is, and, should the description of the splendid fishing which it sometimes furnishes make shore-keeping anglers jealous, let them remember what the North Sea is often like in winter.

For it must be winter when you catch the cod upon what is variously styled round the British shores, the long-line, spiller, spilliard, bulter, or trot. The season, at least the best season, runs from November to March and April, and thus for the most part the lines are now being coiled away at the fishing port I speak of, and in others besides. Anybody can follow this business with fair success who has a stout craft, a good crew, and a full ~~know-~~ledge of the tides and sea-grounds, as well as an acquaintance with the habits and swimming-times of the fish, particularly cod. To these must be added a hardy indifference to the dangers and furies of the winter sea; but the cost of outfit or of reparation is nothing like as heavy as that of trawling, so that one need not be a wealthy owner, or a company, to go "long-lining."

A first-class "string," or set, may consist of fifteen dozen lines, each forty fathoms long, or 240 feet, so that the entire string may measure as much as eight miles in length. Fancy preparing, coiling, and baiting such a line, compared with the Thames angler's tiny thread of gut or horsehair! On each of these 180 portions are suspended by short lines or "snoods" twenty-six hooks, which make a total of more than 4500. It takes so long to get so many



NORTH SEA TRAWLERS.

hooks baited that some of the work is oftentimes done, as in the case mentioned, by the women and boys at home, and the rest is finished while the boat is being sailed out to the fishing waters. Mussel makes possibly the most attractive bait, and is the easiest to procure, but it will not stay upon the hooks like the tough whelks, which are, therefore, taken for this purpose in great quantities by means of hoop nets. The prepared lines are very carefully coiled away, and the armed hooks laid regularly in trays, for it would be very bad if they fouled when the "string" was being paid out at sea. You must have daylight for the work, both in veering the long line and hauling it in, so that the usual custom is to "shoot" about daybreak, in order to keep enough of the brief winter sunshine to take off your captures. The tide and wind serving, and the "string" being ready, the smack is put under easy canvas, with the breeze on her beam, so as to be able to keep a straight course; and as she goes quietly but merrily along, tray after tray of the lines is reeled away overboard, until three or four miles of string—perhaps more—lies along the waves. Every now and then a little anchor and cord is dropped over to hold the string steady, and each mile of it with the two extremities are marked by buoys carrying a staff on which flutters a flag. It is best to "shoot" at half tide, and so to let the hooks take all the chance there is until flood, when the hauling on board commences. Ah! then, sometimes, truly amazing is the sport which these hard-working smacksmen obtain—interesting even to them, to the

land-fisherman exciting beyond all his river-bank experiences. The foresail is lowered ; the smack comes to the wind, and makes short boards back again, along the miles of submerged "string," hauling it in "hand over hand" as the little ship beats to windward. There will be a length or two with nothing but dangling hooks—which must all be carefully laid away as the line comes in—then a codling or two and many untouched baits ; then stripped hooks again, then, perhaps, a big fish ; and afterwards, possibly, a whole file of the big green and grey cod, fighting like small whales, as the stress on the line lifts them into the foam of the sea, with great, astonished goggle eyes and shiny tails threshing among the snoods. It wants a quick eye and a strong grip to unhook the great fellows when they thus come in thickly together, and a smart hand is needed to pass them adroitly down into the well of the ship. But before putting them there a sharp "pricker" must be run into the air-bladders of the poor finny captives, for their sounds become inflated by their struggles upon the hook, and they would otherwise flounder helplessly upon the top of the water. Sometimes the dog-fishes, which are the chief enemies and rivals of the fisher-folk, find out the take, seeing or hearing the great cod flopping upon the snoods ; and then too often there will only be left the head and bones of a fine twelve or twenty pound fish upon the hook. Times have been, when the water was clear and the dog-fish plentiful and on the rampage, that almost every

cod, ling, tusk, and haddock has been eaten away from the lines in this piratical manner. The fish which have died, or are likely soon to succumb, if not otherwise unfit for the market, will be flung into the ice-hold. But if the shoot has proved lucky, and the cod and haddock come in well, and pretty numerous—say seven, eight, or ten score of sizeable ones—it is fishing with a real meaning! fishing lordly, magnificent, and stirring! to watch the “string” tauten like a harp cord with the weight of each big, shining, suspended prisoner, glittering under the waves like a bar of silver before he comes “golumphing” out of the crest of the roller, spattering it into sea-cream with the last desperate flap of his tail.

Such is “long-lining,” and thus is the major portion of the cod-fish captured which come to London tables, to figure there as “cod’s head and shoulders,” or “fried cutlets.” The fisherman’s wife knew, what is not by any means of universal knowledge, that you can manufacture out of cod’s head a soup almost, if not quite, as good as the best calipash. Chefs and connoisseurs are beginning to find this out, and to place it on fashionable menus as “Yorkshire turtle.” After the live cod are brought into port, they are generally stored in large wooden chests, made with open sides, and holes in the top and bottom, to let the water flow in and out. This keeps the fish in good condition, sometimes for as long as a fortnight. It is rather a disturbing scene for one of pitiful nature to observe what happens when a chest

of fish, holding perhaps fifty or sixty, is wanted for market. It is hauled up alongside a vessel till the water drains away; and then a fisherman goes in among the struggling creatures, throwing them out one by one upon the deck. Another man seizes the fish behind the gills with his left hand, and with the right deals it a sharp and heavy blow with a short oak stick on the nose, killing it directly, after which the whole lot passes as "live cod" into the truck for Billingsgate.

The gold ring which the fisherman's wife wore upon her marriage finger had upon it a St. Andrew's Cross and a foreign inscription—"SO DNYA NAH DEN'N"—which, I think, is Russian for *From one day to another*. Nothing would induce her to part with it, nor was this to be wondered at when you heard the odd story of how she came by it. It was in the days of her early married life, and things were not going very well with the honest mariner—her husband—who had just been appointed mate of a smack. But their luck turned from a single fortnight of fine weather in the winter of 1864, when the fish were particularly plentiful, and news had come in from the "long-line" grounds causing every skipper to want to put immediately to sea. The *Good Intent* was unluckily short-handed, even after every man and boy that could be got at had been mustered; and, consequently, brought up from her girlhood to the water, my landlady, Mrs. Bates, forthwith volunteered to sail with her husband to tie the "snoods" and help arm the hooks. On the

second day out they had a wonderful stroke of luck, with only three miles of long-line down. Almost every hook for half the length had upon it some sort of fish, and besides eleven score of cod, the boat came back full of many extra sorts, and made a splendid market. The skipper picked out a fine fish as a present to the brave petticoated hand that had done the ship and the voyage such good service; and, strange to say, in cleaning that cod she found inside it something like the remains of a finger wearing an outlandish-looking gold ring. It may very likely have been that the voracious fish had nibbled it away from the floating body of some poor Muscovite mariner; but there it was, she said, come to her as a sea-present in this unheard-of manner on the day of the best luck and the best ship's wages they had ever taken. And so she wore, and always meant to wear, that Russian ring, with its significant inscription, "From One Day to Another," which does not by any means fit in badly with the fisherman's life and the vicissitudes that he and his must encounter in reaping the harvest of the sea.

XIV

AN ENGINE OF FATE



## XIV

### AN ENGINE OF FATE

It is written in the Koran that among the things known only to Allah are the place, the time, and the way in which every one will die. Nor is there any decree more benignant in all the laws of human life than that this useful and merciful veil should be for ever suspended between our weak eyes and the stern outlines of the inevitable. But an incident occurred at the time of my Indian service, wherein, if it was not exactly known that any particular person was fated, it was known only too well and bitterly that cruel death was impending over many persons absolutely unconscious of their peril. I am willing all the more to recall the melancholy event in order that honour may be done to the memory of a most eminent and remarkable man, Mr. Edward Howard, the Director of Public Instruction in the Presidency of Bombay under the government of Lord Elphinstone, and immediate Chief of the Educational Department, he being therefore my official superior and directing genius of the Bombay University and of the Deccan College, of which I was then president. Few abler public men than my accomplished friend had ever served the Indian

Government in that important department. I had the honour to assist him in sweeping away the old perfunctory and absurd system of half-and-half education, and in substituting for it in the Indian colleges the better and sincerer methods of Western teaching. Bright, erudite, and resolute of will, he animated all our work during the years of the Mutiny, and afterwards received, deservedly, the larger portion of the praise which was bestowed upon our labours by the Governor in Council. Alas! then, in the moment of his success and high appreciation, an evil destiny condemned him to die suddenly, by the most trivial oversight, and in a manner tragic enough to deserve commemoration.

In bygone travelling from Bombay to Poona we used to ascend and descend the Ghâts, the mountain-range dividing the Concan from the Deccan, either on foot or by *gharries*, while the coolie women toiled up and down the steep road, carrying boxes and portmanteaux on their shapely heads. But during my time that railway line was built which now carries the traveller by daring gradients up the black slopes of those beautiful hills, twisting and turning backwards and forwards among the groves of bamboo, teak, and banyan. At the top of the highlands was a great rest-station, near Khandala, where the ponderous engines were cleaned and recoaled for the inland journey to Poona or through Kampoollee to the coast. Very picturesque are the Indian railways, with the names of the stations painted in three different characters; the long hedges of aloe,

prickly pear, and milk-bush ; the green parrots and long-tailed shrikes perching on the telegraph wires ; the villages and village people seen upon the way, and the chattering crowd of passengers taken up and put down at every station. It was an astonishing social phenomenon to note how quickly and gladly the Hindoos took to the "fire-carriage." Even the Brahman priests decided—fortunately for the companies and the government, which had guaranteed interest—that pilgrimages might be performed by means of third and fourth class carriages, so that the population joyfully used the line, and many natives sought employment upon it, quickly acquiring the knowledge and habits of Western working men.

Now, to understand the hard fate of my respected chief, something ought to be known about the ways of railway people with their engines. Little do most folk think, when they dismount from a train and go about their business, what a deal of labour has to be gone through "to groom and to stable" that iron steed which has brought them so swiftly and safely. The engine exteriorly appears little affected by the journey ; but when the driver has finished his trip he must take her to the coaling-stage, and will not leave her there, if a good man, without thoroughly inspecting all her machinery. He enters her in the repair book, and if anything has to be done, such as washing out the boiler, he must write that down. Next, the washing-out men must blow the steam off, and let all the water out from the iron stomach of the "Fire Horse," and then she

ought to stand for six hours to cool, before new coal and coke are put upon the tender and fresh water into the boiler. Also the "bar-boy" must creep through the fire-hole door with torch-lamp and scraper, to put the fire-bars in their proper places, and to clear the fire-box and the arch of "clinkers," and ashes. Then the "cleaner," with cotton waste, oil, and tallow, must rough-wipe the "motion," clean the wheels and the bottom of the boiler as well as the fire-box, both back and front, the chimney smoke-box and door; and afterwards the framing. Lastly, the bright work must be burnished with bath-brick and water, and rubbed with a dry cloth till the brass is like gold and the copper like sunshine. It takes eight to ten hours to clean and "fettle" an engine properly, and then the "turner" examines, coals, and puts "her" away, each engine standing in its stall, like a harnessed horse, ready for the driver when he comes again to take charge of the monster. At that time the engine will be in steam for him, the fire having been lighted two hours before his arrival; and these men get to know their engines and the ways of them better than a carman knows his cart-horse, or a skipper his smack. Engines differ in their behaviour quite as much as horses or ships, and the custom was, and to a great extent is still, to entrust an Indian locomotive only to the white man's hands. It needs, indeed, a courage as iron as the metallic *Leviathan* itself—although that courage becomes at last mechanical—to grapple with the fierce strength and



fiery moods of these creations of man's ingenuity. But subordinate posts, of course, are and were filled by natives, especially in the cleaning-sheds; and a slight oversight on the part of a Mahratta "bar-boy" cost the lives of my old chief and of many others beside.

He was to travel down by the night express from Poona on important official business, and had with him, indeed, our last reports on the Condition of Education in the Deccan. Full of life, full of honour, full of high and useful plans for the intellectual good of the country, which was then rapidly recovering from the tumult of the Great Mutiny, he took his seat in the comfortable first-class carriage, protected by a double roof against the heat of the sun in the daytime, and luxuriously fitted for sleeping accommodation by night. To provide something less business-like than the Reports, he had taken with him a French novel and the last number of *The Quarterly Review*. But perhaps—who knows—he had some presentiment that this was to be his last journey. We had been conversing not very long before about Indian astrology, which is, of course, entirely believed in by the people of Hindostan, and indeed reduced to an exact science. In my own college there were no such things as certificates of birth. Every student brought with him upon admission a *janma patra*, or "natal paper," in which was represented the aspect of the stars when he commenced existence, with various calculations of "houses," "planets," "ascensions," and "trines,"

displaying the days which would be lucky and unlucky for him, and when it would be well to commence studies, to marry, to travel, and to buy or sell. Idle as it appears to a Western mind, the respect paid to these papers of the "Joshi" is very deep in India, and over and over again astonishing instances have occurred of correct predictions and timely warnings resulting from them. Edward Howard had been going into the subject a little, and had caused his own horoscope to be drawn, not altogether to his satisfaction, as he laughingly said, since the old "Joshi" had told him to be careful about a certain train and locality, with other particulars which escape my memory. Truly a "glassy essence" is human life, when to such a man, on such important business, in possession of such a plenitude of physical and intellectual power, the casual mistake of a careless native could be the touch of the finger of *Yama*, God of Death.

What happened was this. A certain heavy engine had been brought into the rest-station on the top of the Ghâts, where she had been cleaned, and coaled, and oiled, and put into steam, to go on the up-line to Poona. One of the last things to do is to see that the regulator works in good order, without any indications of leaking, for, if there be, the engine will show it when at rest, with the cylinder-cocks open. The hapless native who gave the last polishing touch on the foot-plate must have set the regulator open, after the boiler had been filled up. The tender-brake had been taken off in order to move her to the

coal stage, and not put on again ; and the locomotive was in, instead of out of, gear. So, charged to be the instrument of Fate, that night she moved quietly out by herself from the shed, and took the open points on to the main line. The pointsman saw an engine go slowly by his box, and supposed it was being trotted out for a run to fill the boiler, as is often done when the line is clear. He was wondering why she did not return, when the driver, coming for his engine, found her gone. The full horror of the situation swiftly broke upon their minds. Here was a ponderous locomotive, with fires newly lighted, boiler full, furnace in quick draught, and regulator open, going away faster and faster upon a down grade towards the express train coming up on the same metals westward. It was inevitable that she would tear along, gathering fresh speed at every mile, until she dashed into the utterly unwarned engine of the passenger train from Poona. Telegraphic communication was not perfect in those days, but there were means of conveying signals, and the affrighted officials made use of them to send a message eastward to an intermediate station in some such words as these : "Loose engine running away, main line, no driver ; throw her off the line if possible with sleepers, trucks, or anything." And the answer came back : "Too late. Engine just passed, fifty miles an hour. Must run into the express." And there, in the Indian night, the people at Lanowlie waited in horror and dismay, knowing as plainly as if they stood at the spot how the fugitive engine was thundering and flar-



ing down the long incline, racing under the unseen fingers of Fate as no human driver would have dared to send her along; while impelled by this same resistless hand of Destiny the crowded Indian train, loaded with precious and innocent lives, and among them that of my unfortunate chief, was swiftly labouring onwards to meet the runaway. No more awful interval of terror could well be imagined than thus to know how infallibly the catastrophe was preparing, and how utterly helpless on this side and on that everybody was to make the slightest effort to avert the deadly crash.

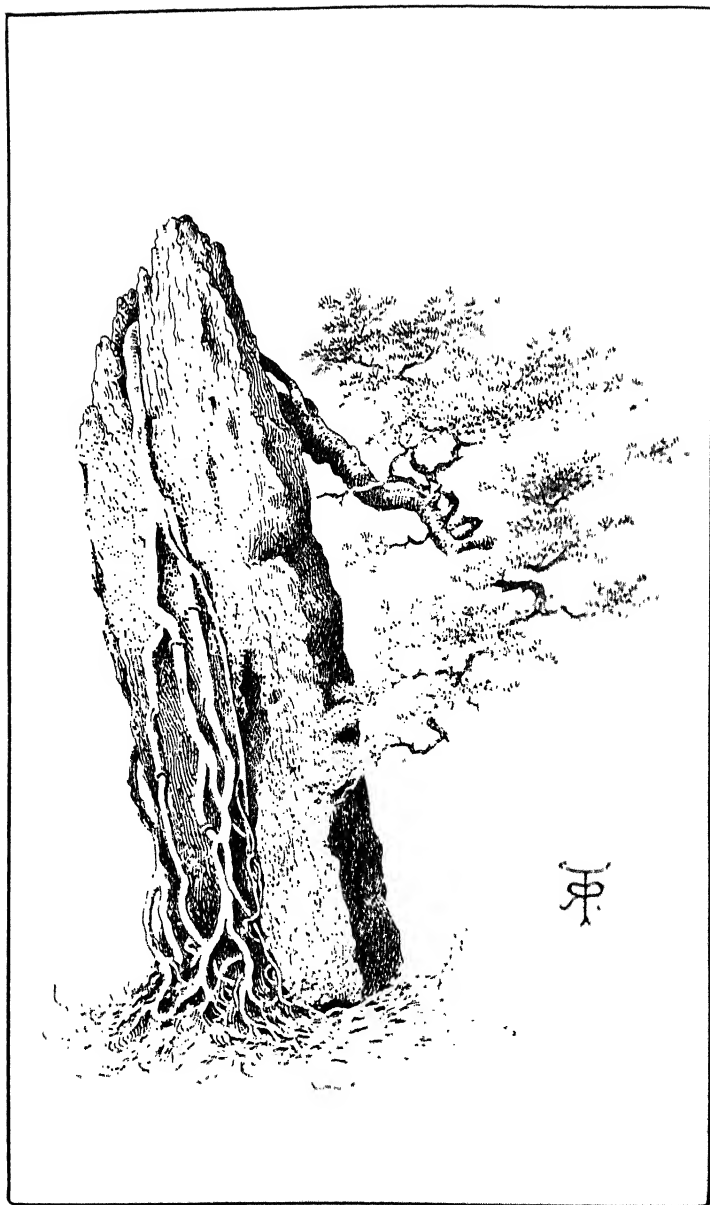
It came at the point that had been calculated. Flying round a curve, the driver of the express suddenly saw in front of him the furious run-away engine, and almost before he could touch the brakes—which were afterwards found reversed—and shut off his steam, the mad truant smashed into the train, killing its driver—who did not leap, like the fireman—shattering both locomotives into a chaos of ruin, and hurling off the line carriage after carriage of the Poona train in a frightful confusion of twisted metal-work, splintered wood, and bleeding men and women. Under the fragments of the first-class coach my hapless friend was found, his head crushed almost out of recognition, and *The Quarterly Review* in his hand, half severed by the flange of a wheel. They talk still along that line of the fatal night when the God of Death rode the runaway engine, and killed so many people with the “fire horse” of the “Feringhee.”

XV

IN THE STONE TRADE

## IN THE STONE TRADE

A HUNDRED times over, when I was living in Japan, I used to wish that Mr. Ruskin could have sojourned in that country. If there be any passage in his works touching upon the arts and customs of the gifted and industrious people of the Empire of the Rising Sun it has escaped my memory. I do not know what his judgment has been or would be upon the wonderful impressionist sketches of its painters; the delicate, faultless *netsukes* of its ivory carvers; and the fanciful patterns of its dyers and weavers. But certainly nobody would ever have sympathised more with some of the common popular tastes of that nation. For example, there is no race on the globe that has such a liking for stones. By stones, I mean nothing dressed, sculptured, or squared by architect or mason, but the rough, rugged fragments of cliff and mountain, in working out which to their outlines and inscriptions the elements have been the only craftsman. The captious may say, "How can you like mere stones?" and before talking of my friend the Japanese rock-dealer, I will let Mr. Ruskin answer such a question. Here is a passage from "Modern Painters": "There are no



MINIATURE ROCK AND TREE.  
Actual height of rock, 13 inches.

natural objects out of which more can be learned than out of stones. They seem to have been created especially to reward a patient observer. Nearly all other objects in Nature can be seen, to some extent, without patience, and are pleasant even in being half seen. Trees, clouds, rivers are enjoyable, even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has for the careless person nothing in it but stumbling; no pleasure is languidly to be had out of it, nor food, nor good of any kind; nothing but symbolism of the hard heart and the unfatherly gift. And yet, do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is breadth of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape. For a stone, when it is examined, will be found a mountain in miniature. The fineness of Nature's work is so great that into a single block, a foot or two in diameter, she can compress as many changes of form and structure on a small scale as she needs for her mountains on a large one; and, taking moss for forests and grains of crystal for crags, the surface of a stone, in by far the plurality of instances, is more interesting than the surface of an ordinary hill, more fantastic in shape, and incomparably richer in colour."

With the spirit of this passage every Japanese would agree, though he would express his appreciation differently. There must be many among ourselves who have often admired the attractive effect of crags or slabs of rock breaking up through the green turf or heather on the side of a Welsh or Scotch hill. Somebody has called it the "bones of the earth"

showing through the skin; but the effect is rather one of living beauty and rich, healthy contrast: the grey crag has so many colours upon it; the turf and flowery plants nestle round its base so closely, and the lights and shadows upon the little world which it represents have such various suggestions. That is what the Japanese also admire, rejoice in, and reproduce in their gardens. They have too fine a taste, too cultured a sense of Nature, to put there what we call "rockeries"—hideous agglomerations of slag or broken bricks, or specimens of ore impossibly approximated. What they take pleasure in is to imitate the way in which Nature herself breaks a carpet of mountain green with a boulder harmoniously slanted, providing on it all sorts of nooks and shelters for small creatures to live in and for the sunlight to play upon. Ten times better it will be if, instead of a naked stone, the fragment of mountain which they borrow for their little garden is not only natural in its roughness and colour, but covered still with those native growths of mosses and lichen which only the pure open air produces. And if you want to know how Nature can play jeweller with a piece of hillside, and why the Japanese will sit and look at it for hours amid the azaleas and irises of a small city garden, read once more what Mr. Ruskin says about these mosses and weather-stains: "They will not conceal the form of the rock, but will gather over it in little brown bosses, like small cushions of velvet made of mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued

films of white and grey, with lightly-crisped and curled edges, like hoarfrost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright orange stalks with pointed caps and fibres of deep green and gold, and faint purple passing into black, all woven together, and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth the undulation of the stone they cherish, until it is charged with colour, so that it can receive no more, and, instead of looking rugged or cold or stern, as anything that a rock is held to be at heart, it seems to be clothed with a soft, dark leopard skin, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver."

This, again, is exactly what a Japanese householder thinks and feels—albeit he cannot put it as eloquently as the author of "Modern Painters"—and because he has such artistic imagination, every tiny back garden in Tokyo contains among its floral and artificial ornaments slabs of natural rock, judiciously placed. Marvellous are the illusions produced by them with the aid of those dwarf trees that the Japanese gardener knows how to grow and train. It is absolutely magical to see what lovely landscape effects the *uykeya* can obtain out of an ox-cartload of big stones and a few of these stunted plants. He will create for you, with his dwarf pines and microscopic bamboos, upon a few square yards of soil, what looks like leagues of wild or cultivated country, if, like himself, you will "make believe" while you smoke, and sip the fragrant *sake*. There shall be a stream and water meadows and rice fields, perfect, though each no bigger than a chess-board; a moun-

tain tarn, with carp in it and gold fishes and tortoise, shall appear; a flying bridge, a glittering waterfall, and a range of Liliputian but lovely mountains. Accordingly, rocks are an article in much demand, and Tokyo, being an alluvial plain, without anything of the sort at hand, numerous dealers exist in the city whose business it is to bring in from the mountains and to supply to their customers these indispensable



TOBAKO-BON, PIPES, AND SAKI BOTTLES.

adjuncts of Japanese horticulture. Great round stones from the bed of the river, and square or oblong slabs, of moderate size, can be had cheap enough. But if you will go into something imposing for dimensions, or remarkable in colour and material, there are rocks in the *Ishiya's* yard that will cost you from one to two hundred *yen*—say, ten or twenty pounds. Learned treatises exist



which teach how these rocks should be planted in the gardens, and what plants should be disposed near them; how you should build the *ishi-bashi*, or bridge of stone; how should stand the *ishi-bûmi* or tablet bearing an inscription; where should be placed the *ishi-doro*, or stone lamp-stand. Rocks that have a hollow in them are much valued for *ame-no-ishi*, or natural basins; and stones with a vein in them, *ishime*, may be of high value if the marks lend themselves to any fancy, religious or poetical, of the stone-cutter.

How I came to know anything about this trade in Japan was by attending one day at the Court of Criminal Justice in the Japanese capital. A batch of prisoners—eleven in number—were to be brought up for sentence, and the two presiding judges, with the usual courtesy of their class to a foreigner, made me sit between them upon the bench. Ten of the prisoners were men guilty of various offences against the peace of his Imperial Majesty the Mikado, one or two among them, the most voluble in their protestations of innocence, being ruffians who had broken into houses at night, in the usual style of Japanese burglars, with a naked sword, and arms and legs greased to render themselves difficult of capture. Six or seven of the group had already come before the majesty of the law, and received judgment, varying from six months to as many years of imprisonment, when the only woman of this “gaol-delivery” was summoned, and stood before us with downcast face. I noticed with pleasure that

while the men's hands were all tied with a cord held by the policeman in attendance, the woman was not thus humiliated, although I should remark that even in the case of the male prisoners nothing could exceed the courtesy between them and the police officers. They bowed to each other on every possible occasion, and it was amusing, as the constables re-roped their villains, to have them say, "I beg the honourable pardon," and hear the criminal respond, "What is this, sir! that I should mention it?" The woman's delinquency was recited from a written paper lying before the judge. She had come from the country to Tokyo hoping to get employment there, because the people with whom she lived had been unkind to her. Finding no work, and becoming moneyless, she had at last reached such a point of hunger that she had abstracted some *mochi*, little cakes made of bean-flour, from a bakery, and was taken in the act of eating them in the neighbouring temple-court. The senior judge awarded her imprisonment for a month, with six months' police supervision to follow, and also a money-fine, not very heavy, but quite beyond any hope on her part to defray. She had been asked if she had any plea to offer, and her answer, given in a humble whisper, was, "My hunger had become great. I did not know what I was doing. What the honourable Personage says is all true. I have nothing to speak." The Bench nodded its head, and a policeman with blue spectacles and a steel sword made her a little bow and marched her off to gaol.

I had been touched by the demeanour of the woman, and asked permission from the judge to pay her fine. After consultation with his colleague, who said it was unusual, but in nowise unpermitted, leave was given me to discharge the small sum ; and while Justice retired to its lunch, the prisoner was again sent for that I might speak with her. She returned, still in charge of the polite constable, expecting, no doubt, to get something worse than before, and was astonished to find the foreigner alone on the Bench. Then ensued this brief conversation :

"Have you ever stolen *mochis* before, O Haru San?"

"Never, Danna Sama ; but I was so hungry."

"Shall you steal them again when you come out of prison?"

"Next time I would rather die ; but I shall have no chance, for I cannot pay the fine, and so I must stay always in gaol."

"Have you any friends in Tokyo to speak to your character?"

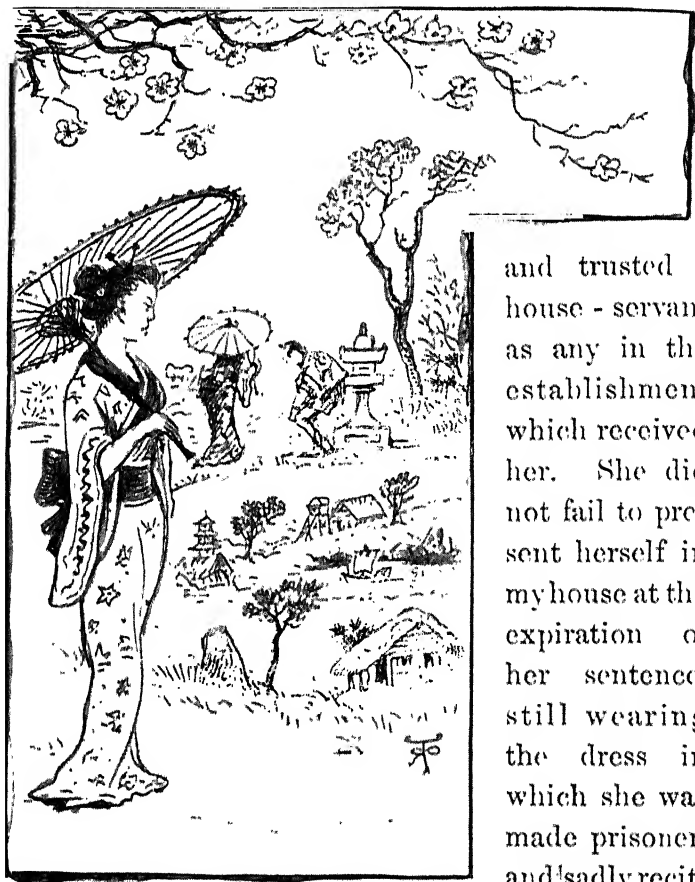
"There is only one, my uncle, who works for a rock-dealer, at No. 101 Imaicho, Azabu."

"Would he pay your fine?"

"Ah! He is too poor! He is only a *ninsoku*, a 'leg-man,' who brings the stones in from the hills to make gardens."

"Well, then, your fine is paid ; here is the receipt, and when you have done your month come and see my daughter, at this address, which I give you, and we will try to find something for you to do."

I have not written the real name of my *roya donna*, or "prison-woman," because she turned out splendidly, and is at this moment as good and worthy,



MINIATURE GARDEN.

and trusted a house-servant as any in the establishment which received her. She did not fail to present herself in my house at the expiration of her sentence, still wearing the dress in which she was made prisoner, and sadly reciting the miseries of her

incarceration. Japanese policemen are very dutiful and polite, but Japanese prisons are serious places, and Japanese justice never trifles. But she came

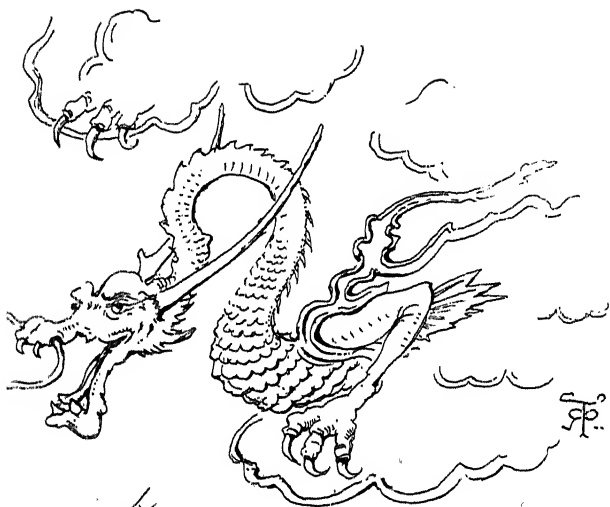
out with a good-conduct paper, and having renewed her garments at the *Kimono* shop—not an expensive thing in Japan—I took her for counsel and help to an English Archdeacon of my acquaintance, one of those noble and devoted Churchmen who, by their piety, learning, and simple Christian love, do more good in a quiet way than dozens of diplomats and professional missionaries. It was a good deal like illustrating in action Sydney Smith's axiom that A never sees B in distress, but he wants C to do something for the case. However, my kindly friend was a man of as much resource as virtue. He found for poor O Haru San the chance she needed. The young woman herself, glad of the opportunity, behaved with such fidelity and devotion that my friend's wife took her, after a few months, into her own service, and when, at my second visit to Japan, after more than a year's interval, I entered that house in Shiba, the Musume who opened the sliding door was no other than O Haru San herself, radiant with health, neat as an ivory *kanzashi*, and as pleased to see me as I was pleased and proud to see her, and to find what fair treatment and kindness in that exemplary household had effected to change a prison-bird into an honest and happy girl.

It was in connection, therefore, with the *roya no-onna*—the prison-woman—that I went one morning to the rock-seller's, at Azabu, and learned a good deal more than I knew before of the mysteries of his trade. At the gateway a bullock waggon, with three strong oxen harnessed to it, had just brought

down an immense slab of black stone, and a lame elderly Japanese, who turned out to be O Haru's uncle, was preparing the ropes and levers to transfer the huge mass into his master's stoneyard. The old fellow had had a foot crushed some time ago in the hard and dangerous duty which occupied him. But he was an honest man, well-esteemed by his employer, although very poor, and the character he gave to his niece, helped out by new particulars of the sore straits which had driven her to do wrong, enabled us, without much difficulty, to get the police supervision removed. The number of women who commit crimes in the empire of Japan is not much more than seven or eight per cent. of the total of male criminals. They are, without doubt, the most law-abiding of their sex in the whole world.

# XVI

## THE TRIUMPH OF JAPAN

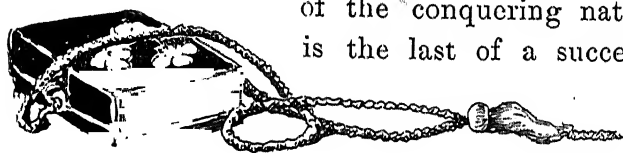


## XVI

### THE TRIUMPH OF JAPAN



JAPAN has just crowned the brilliant series of her victories by the capture of Port Arthur, the principal naval station of China. This extraordinary achievement, whether or not it will conclude the campaign, and perhaps even the war, places China, in a military and naval sense, at the feet of the conquering nation, and is the last of a succession of



warlike movements planned with the utmost skill, and carried out with wonderful sagacity, energy, and valour. The result may well seem astound-



ing to those who did not know the true Japan, and who took their notions of the temper of its people from superficial observers. Accomplished as this series of triumphs has been within less than four months, it is indeed calculated to satisfy, if not to surprise, those even who best understood the spirit and resources of the Mikado's country, and the high intelligence with which the Japanese Government and its subjects had prepared themselves for such a crisis in the national history. I shall endeavour in this paper to furnish some reasons why the present outcome of the conflict was to be surely foreseen by well-informed persons from the commencement; and I may do this with a better grace, because when the war was breaking out I ventured to write in the *New Review*, and elsewhere, that the troops and ships of China would not be able to stand before those of Japan anywhere, or at any time, in anything like equal numbers and strength. That was in the hour when almost all Western critics of the war were saying that, whatever slight successes Japan might at first obtain, the "sombre strength" of China would eventually overwhelm her, and when even Mr. Curzon did not fear to affirm that the war was being entered upon chiefly to please the parliamentary Opposition of Tokyo.

The fact is, that until recently the Western mind generally cherished an entirely erroneous idea about Japan and the Japanese. Its conception was derived from such sources as M. Pierre Loti's clever

but superficial “Madame Chrysanthème,” and from various similar publications by “globe-trotters” who had seen and understood no more of the country than *flâneurs* or curio-hunters can get at. Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan have also something to answer for, by reason of their lively misrepresentations of Japan in the comic opera entitled “The Mikado.” Yum-yum and Pitti Sing were accepted as types of the Japanese woman, and it is one example out of many of the errors which pervaded the amusing piece that the “Kimono” of those young ladies were crossed over their bosoms from right to left. Never by any chance is the graceful robe in question thus worn, except at death, when it is the custom to fold the garment for the first time in that way, it being arranged during life always from left to right. The Mikado himself, together with Pooh-Bah, with the Ministers and the *mise-en-scène* generally, were all of them equally ridiculous to a Japanese eye, and the piece could not be produced in Japan partly on this account, and partly because of the gross disrespect offered in it to the growing empire and its sovereign. Signs of the same mistaken notions have been almost everywhere visible in the English Press, whether serious or comic. *Mr. Punch*, at the first great victory of Ping-Yang, had a cartoon representing “Jap, the Giant Killer,” proudly trampling upon a colossal Chinaman; and in all quarters might be read expressions of wonder and occasionally of disappointment, that “little” Japan should make

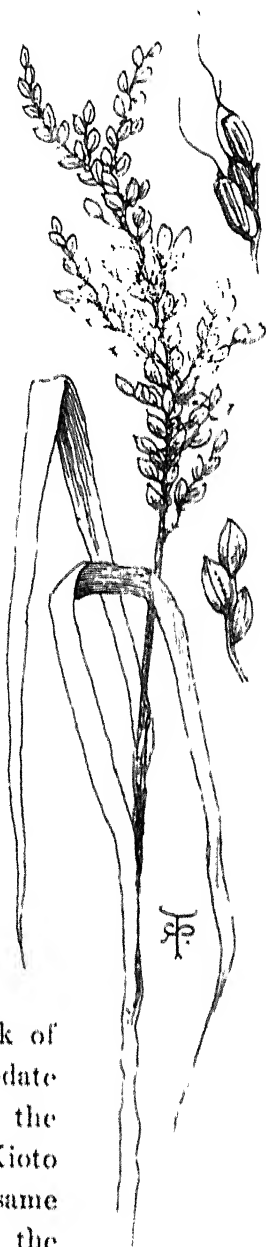


such headway against the prodigious Middle Kingdom. But

Japan is not little, measured by any just standard. Even *Whitaker's Almanack* might have informed these ill-equipped public instructors that the empire—which comprises no less than 4200 islands, nearly 150,000 square miles in area—has a population of over forty-one million souls—more than the number of those dwelling either in the British realm or in France.

This population is as

homogeneous as a sack of rice. A native of Hakodate or Sendai talks with the same tongue as one of Kioto or Nagasaki, wears the same clothes, and cherishes the same loyalty to his "heaven-



born" sovereign and the same patriotism towards Dai Nippon. Only one-thirteenth part of the empire, meanwhile, is under cultivation, the rest consisting of mountainous ground, either barren, or forbidding tillage, and the keeping of flocks and herds, because of a prickly bamboo-grass which grows everywhere and spoils the pasture. Being at heart a Buddhist country, flesh-meat in any case has never become popular in Japan, although it has been found that for the army and navy beef and mutton are needed to correct the exclusive fish and rice diet of the land. For myself, I think that, if the hillsides were steadily burnt off, good grass might be produced, and oxen and sheep be some day seen all over Japan. At present the latter familiar animal is so rare in the islands that I have paid a sen at a village-show to see a sheep in a cage, exhibited as a great novelty.

In a word, Japan is no globe-trotter's playground of undersized, frivolous people, living a life like that depicted upon the tea-trays and screens; but a great, a serious, and a most civilised nation, having a history extending over 2500 years, obeying an unbroken dynasty dating its origin from only a hundred years short of the time of the foundation of Rome, and deriving from its isolated position in the North Pacific a solidity and unity only possible to island-empires. Japan has borrowed from China many important elements in her religion, her arts, and her customs; but it is the greatest mistake to speak of

the two countries in the ordinary style as if their character and type were at all identical. Japanese features give evidence, no doubt, of a large Mongolian element in the native blood, but that blood has been subtly tempered by Nature with a considerable admixture of the Malay and the Kanaka, the resulting blend being one producing special gifts and extraordinary qualities. The pure Japanese language has nothing in common with Chinese, from which, however, it takes to-day, for colloquial and literary purposes, a large proportion of words and phrases. Yet no Chinese vocable ever steals into Japanese poetry, which appears, therefore, musical and graceful beyond the reach of the harsh celestial tongue. The first point, consequently, to have in mind while contemplating the otherwise amazing social, civil, and military advance of Japan, is her ancient and strictly indigenous civilisation, during the vast prolongation of which the Japanese, unseen and unknown by the outer world, developed certain entirely special national qualities and national arts, the former of which render them one of the strongest peoples in the world potentially, while the latter place them absolutely at the head of mankind for several valuable traits and social superiorities. The revolution of 1868, so radical and thorough-going that the Japanese themselves style it *O Jishin* ("the honourable earthquake"), must not by any means be taken as the starting-point of the modern empire, although it forms the beginning of the present era of Meiji, and marks the moment when Japan entered into the

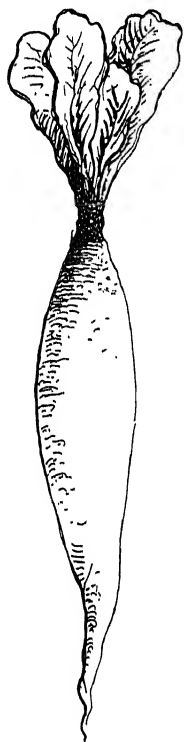
Western system. Rather must it be clearly understood that, like a skilful gardener who grafts a new rose or a new apple upon a healthy and well-established stock, so did Japan adapt the scientific and civil achievements of the West to an Eastern root, already full of vigorous life and latent forces. The "globe-trotters" who come and go, and write their light appreciations without even learning the language, or seeing more than what a guide can show them, forget to speak of the extensive public services established, in the network of railways, in the perfect postal arrangements, the telegraph, electric lighting, educational, medical, and sanitary departments; and they did not, and could not, know, as closer students knew, how the Japanese—earnest, exact, and artistic in all things—had carried into the organisation of their army and their navy that same conscientious craftsmanship and minute fidelity as to details which you see all over the land wherever a carpenter fits a plank, or an artist carves an ivory *netsuke*, or a Japanese lady ties up a present for her friend, with the inevitable red and white string, and the *noshi*.

My own eyes were opened when I was out, by the Emperor's gracious invitation, with the imperial troops, in 1890 during their three days' military manœuvres in and around Nagoya. A civilian must not pretend, of course, to judge of soldiers, but one who had seen many other armies, European and Asiatic, could at least form reasonable conclusions, and mine, after that experience, were very firmly fixed as to the reality of the fighting strength of Japan. The

sturdiness, cheerful spirit, and willing obedience of the regiments would have struck the most careless eye. The Emperor, who loves his army to a degree that sometimes almost made the navy jealous, was in our midst, soldiering in earnest like the rest, with nothing to distinguish him in the smoke and bustle, except the embroidered cloth of purple silk with gold chrysanthemums laid upon an ammunition box for his lunch, and the golden scabbard of his Masamune sword. In marching, the soldiers laid aside their barrack boots to slip their feet into the *waraji*—those sandals of cord worn everywhere through the country, in which they can walk all day long—I will be bound that the path of the army through Corea and Manchuria is at this day marked by scores of thousands of such discarded foot-gear which the Japanese pedestrian flings aside when worn out, or throws into a tree as an offering to the God of Travellers. The spirit of the men was admirable. I saw the wheel of a heavy field-gun crush an artillery-man's foot; but the gunner did not utter a word nor leave his post until an officer, perceiving the blood running from his sandal, and finding the man's foot broken, sent him to the rear. In the march homeward from those beautiful hills covered with lilac azalea blossom, where the mimic battle had raged, the gentle and cheerful demeanour of "Kintaro" the Japanese "Tommy Atkins"—was most remarkable. He was polite and friendly with everybody in the towns and villages; sober, orderly, contented; and evidently loved his duty. Like the Turkish troops, those of

Japan live upon what would seem to us next to nothing. Cold boiled rice and pickled slices of the gigantic white radish called "daikon" suffice them, at any rate until they can get to a bit of fried fish; and the delicate cup of weak tea—the universal beverage of the land—satisfies their simple taste as completely as it does that of the rudest labourer among this strangely refined race.

In Japan, unlike China, it is held noble to be a soldier, and indeed a great number of his Majesty's marines are the sons of "samurai"—what we should call here "esquires." The police of the capital and the Imperial Guard are in like manner largely recruited from the upper classes of Japan, dispossessed of their feudal privileges by the revolution. In consequence, these Japanese regiments are not only well-recruited, but splendidly led by officers educated in warlike science; and the contrast is strong indeed between such fearless lieutenants, captains, and colonels, who rejoice in getting back to their old chivalric life, and the Chinese generals and commanders, with spectacles and long silver finger-nail guards, carried into the field in sedan-chairs with opium-pipes in hand instead of swords.



"DAIKON" RADISH.  
(*Raphanus sativus*).



As for the Japanese navy, it has "made its proofs" in a style which renders praise superfluous. With her extensive coasts and universal habit of fish diet, Japan had early come to be encircled by a hardy breed of fishermen and sailors from whom any government could pick a superb *personnel* for warships. An old law used to forbid the building of any boats or junks beyond a certain tonnage, which was meant to keep the people to themselves. But all that exclusiveness became frankly abandoned at the beginning of Meiji, and when the present war commenced the Emperor had a splendid, though unfinished, navy at command, together with a whole fleet of passenger steamers owned by Japanese companies, which he could requisition. In the society of my friend Captain Ingles, R.N., who was chief adviser for many years to the Imperial Japanese navy, I saw and heard many a proof of its efficiency. There was a warship—I think it was the *Naniwa*—came to moorings at Kobe during the naval manœuvres there. No sooner was she fast than an order was conveyed to her to put to sea again immediately, to take part in certain sudden evolutions. From the time when she took up her berth until she cast off again and steamed seaward the interval elapsing was so brief and the smartness shown so perfect, that my professional friend observed, "We could not beat that in the British navy!" As an example of the thorough way in which Japan went to work to create this fleet—the dimensions of which she intends to double in the next ten years—

it may be mentioned that, when commencing its establishment, she engaged an entire British ship's company, from the commander to the cabin-boys, in order to "coach" every grade of her officers, cadets, and companies in their respective duties. Rank by rank the Japanese thus moulded their own blue jackets upon our British type, while they so studied and mastered the arts of musketry and gunnery, that perhaps the best rifle now carried by any troops is that invented by Colonel Murata for the army of his Imperial Majesty; and the sanguinary record of the Yaloo River has amply proved that they knew how to profit by the warlike productions of Elswick and of Krupp.

As for this quarrel between Japan and China, it is, historically, an old one, and, twice at least before now, the *hi no maru*, the "sun-flag" of Nipon, has been carried to victory over the hills of Chosen. The Empress Jingo Ko-go successfully invaded that peninsula about the date when our Saxons first landed in Britain; and Hideyoshi, the dwarfish, six-fingered, but famous Taikun, subdued and would have annexed the land but for his sudden demise. In 1269 A.D., after a first disastrous attempt to plunder the Japan coasts, that renowned warrior, Prince Kublai Khan, made a descent upon them with many hundreds of ships and scores of thousands of fighting men. The memorable event is the Armada-story of Japanese history, and the land has never forgotten either its perils or its glories at that epoch. Aided by a mighty typhoon, the islanders

managed to shatter and disperse the argosy of the Chinese conqueror, and cut off thousands of the invader's heads, after the barbarous fashion towards prisoners then prevailing, which China would still follow, though Japan has long ago adopted the Geneva Cross, and astonishes her pig-tailed enemies by tenderness and humanity towards the wounded and captives. A nobleman of ancient lineage brought to me, when in Japan during 1889, a very curious painting of Kublai Khan's invasion and defeat, which had been executed some two or three generations after the battle. It was done with much skill and spirit upon thin leather, and extended, when unrolled, to a length of many yards, while attached to it was a faded silk flag of the Tartars, and a wisp of horse-tail from a Tartar banner. I might have bought the relic, and, indeed, greatly wished to become its possessor, for nothing was more interesting than thus to behold faithfully depicted the soldiers of "Xanadu," and the battalions of the early Japanese emperors in "their manner as they lived." But I perceived it was a veritable "Bayeux tapestry" for Japan, and therefore sent the owner with it to the palace, where I believe his Imperial Majesty was pleased to purchase the antique scroll for his own archives at a very gracious price indeed. I have alluded, however, to Hideyoshi, Kublai Khan, and the Empress Jingo, not to go into the annals of Corea, but merely to indicate that this international feud between Japan and China is one of very long standing, and that Corea has been oftentimes before a



78

bone of contention. There are ignorant observers of the present extraordinary Asiatic episode who talk and write as if Japan, in her new strength, had looked about for a likely enemy and for a plausible dispute, and had found them quite by accident in the Chinese Court and the Corean Question. The proclamation of the Chinese Emperor at the outbreak of the war, when he called his enemies "vermin," *Wojin*, and commanded, a little too lightly, their "extirpation," should teach a better insight. It was an old and inevitable quarrel.

War is a terrible evil, and I myself am just as sorry for those who have suffered on the Chinese as on the Japanese side. But very little pity is due to the mandarins, the officials, and the worthless court of the unwieldy Middle Kingdom. Statesmen naturally desire to see some sort of government survive at Peking, and reasonably dread the chaos which may follow if the Manchu dynasty should collapse, and 350 millions of mankind be thereby temporarily without any authoritative head. But the utter feebleness and failure which China has exhibited—the disgraceful incompetence of her officers, and the cowardice of her soldiers and sailors—is but the condemnation written large of the miserable Central Government first of all, and then of a civil and social system which, if it does disappear, did not deserve to survive. Under the cruel, corrupt, and barbarously opportunist regime of Peking, founded as it has been upon the immoral moralities of Confucius, patriotism and honour, faith and loyalty, with

almost all the manly virtues, have been, reign after reign, crushed out of the hearts and souls of the ingenious, industrious, patient, and obedient people of China. In the fortunes of the present war the world beholds—if it will look deeper than to what satisfies shallow critics—the immense significance of dominant national ideas. We have suddenly found ourselves gazing upon a prodigious collision between powers founded on Confucianism and Buddhism respectively—since, behind the disgraceful defeat of the troops and ships of Peking lie the unspirituality, the narrowness, and selfishness of the old Agnostic's philosophy, while behind the successes of Japan are the glad and lofty tenets of a modified Buddhistic metaphysic, which has mingled with the proud doctrines of Shintoism to breed reverence for the past, to inculcate and to produce patriotism, loyalty, fearlessness of death, with happiness in life, and above all, self-respect. It is this last quality which is the central characteristic of the Japanese men and women, and round about which grow up what those who do not love the gentle and gallant race may call "vanity," and many other foibles and faults. Self-respect, which Buddhism teaches to every one, and which Confucius never taught, makes the Japanese as a nation keep their personal honour—except perhaps sometimes in business affairs—as clean as they keep their bodies; and has helped to give them the placid and polite life, full of grace, of charm, and of refinement, which contrasts so strongly with the dirty, ill-regulated, struggling, atheistic existence of

the average Chinese. Self-respect—*mizukara omon-zuru*—has also largely given them their brilliant victories of this year; that temper of high manhood, the “law unto themselves,” which Confucianism has taken away by its cold and changeless unbeliefs from the otherwise capable, clever, and indefatigable Chinamen.

In a word, the picture passing before our eyes of unbroken successes on one side and helpless feebleness and failure on the other—which was numerically much the stronger—is a lesson for the West as well as the beginning of a new era in the East. It teaches, trumpet-tongued, how nations depend upon the inner national life, as the individual does upon his personal vitality. The system under which China has stagnated was secretly fatal to patriotism, loyalty, faith, manhood, public spirit, and private self-respect. In Japan, on the contrary, those virtues, rooted anciently in her soil, have never ceased to blossom and produce the fruit that comes from a real, serious, and sensible national unity. In the Chinese journals we read miserable accounts of corruption, defalcation, duties shirked, and discipline replaced by terrified cruelty. Take up any Japanese newspaper of the present campaign, and you will find reports of private subscriptions and donations sent in ship-loads to the army and navy; the Japanese men, eager to share in the maintenance of their flag; the Japanese women, volunteering for service in the field hospitals, or toiling at home to prepare comforts for their brave countrymen. One town in Ehime prefecture unani-

mously abjured the use of tea that they might raise funds to send gifts to the regiments in Corea. Another in Fukushima resolved to set aside the drinking of *saké* till the triumph of Japan was complete, the money saved being forwarded to the army. The villagers of Shizuoka went *en masse* to the top of Fuji San to pray for the success of the armies of Japan. In fact, the whole land, from the Emperor to the lowest *ninsoku*, or "leg-man," has been consolidated by one great heart-beat of national effort, and the consequence is that the vast, unwieldy, inarticulate mass of Chinese strength has gone down before the flag of Japan like rice before the harvest knife. If there be indeed a "little England Party" among us, it should, while taking note of the splendid victories which have raised Japan to the first rank of Eastern Powers, ponder the subjoined extract from a Tokyo journal:—

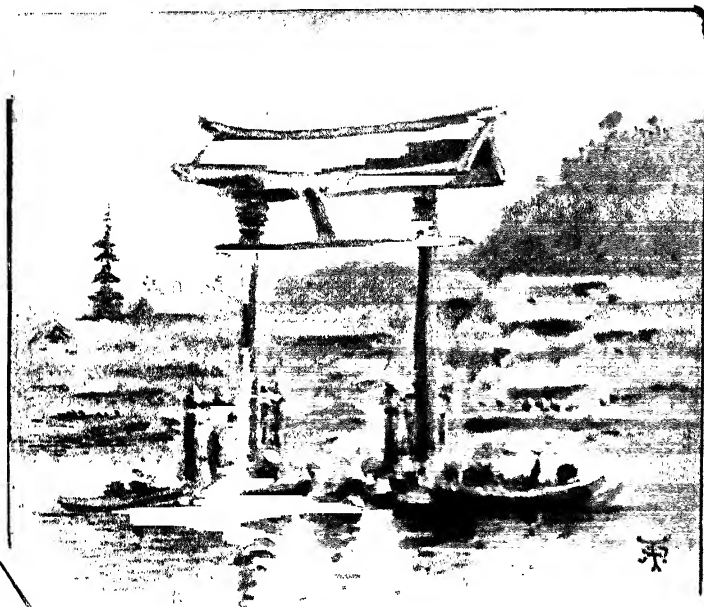
"The representatives of the *Taigen Koho*, or 'Strong Foreign Policy Party,' now in Tokyo, held a meeting on the 16th instant at the offices of the party, and discussed the policy to be pursued in the approaching session of the Diet. They arrived, according to the *Jiji Shimpô*, at a resolution that peace must not be made with China until an agreement can be come to with her securing the permanent tranquillity of the Orient. They further determined that no expense must be spared to achieve the above result, and that ample supplies must be voted; and further, that since national unanimity is essential in a crisis like the present, all petty subjects of dispute



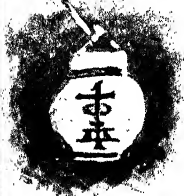
with the government should be laid aside, and no voice of censure should be raised so long as the country's honour and interests are fully guarded. The spirit displayed by these politicians is deserving of all applause; but in truth the heart of the Japanese nation is so thoroughly enlisted in this struggle with China, that we may look for displays of loyalty on all sides."

As to the instances of splendid valour which have irradiated the story of the war, I could fill pages with what have reached my own personal knowledge. The Japanese soldiers have fought throughout with that bright courage which is so different to the reckless despair of Li Hung Chang's braves, and which comes from intelligence, patriotism, and happy faith. Before each action the sailors tidied themselves up, that they might die clean and neat, "like gentlemen." Over and over again the wounded stole up on deck from the cock-pit to join once more in the glorious battle. The victory of such a race in Asia is the victory of enlightenment and civilisation against barbarism and exclusiveness; and the policy of wise English statesmen henceforward will be to maintain and improve the friendship happily established by the Revised Treaty of this year between the two empires of Great Britain and Japan.

Nor is there any good reason for Englishmen as Christians to grudge to Japan her sudden elevation to high rank and influence in Asia. I have spoken above of Buddhism as the root from which her civil virtues and her gentle social manners have sprung. But it is

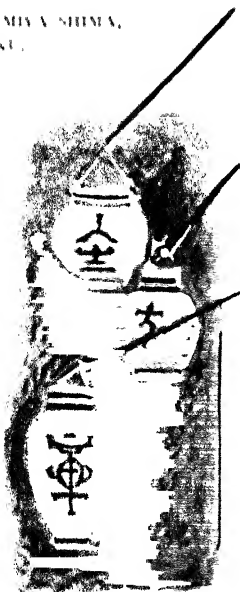


WATER GATE OF TEMPLE, MIYAJIMA,  
ISLAND OF ISE.



the country of  
all others where  
the ethics if not  
the doctrines of

Christianity have found, and will find, the most ready reception, and where the active instinct of the people for "whatsoever things are of good report" has already opened the way to a time when Japan may become Christian in all but name, and, possibly, even in that also "Christian."



XVII

LOST AND FOUND

## XVII

### LOST AND FOUND

Now and then, in the strange vicissitudes of human life, people have experienced, in some sudden joy, something of what the feeling may be when all the past rolls away, and, as Lady Constance says in Shakespeare's play of "King John," "We shall see and know our friends in heaven." An instance of this comes to mind which happened at a London dinner-table in the year, as I think, of 1880. It befell in a good house, with a charming hostess of high rank, and an excellent *chef*; nor was anything further from the minds of the happy and friendly guests on the memorable evening in question than that such a high-spiced dish of romance could possibly mingle with the menu. Nothing, in fact, could have been more pleasantly ordinary than the occasion of the feast, nor more genially matter of fact than the character of those partaking of it. Her kindly ladyship, the hostess; one or two statesmen and men of letters; a middle-aged dame or two of fashion; and the indispensable commingling of some pretty and clever girls—without whose presence a graceful banquet degenerates into a gross repast—these, together with an old Indian general

and his adopted daughter, composed the company. Among those whom I have ventured to call middle-aged sat one that would have been notable anywhere for the faded, yet still commanding, beauty of a countenance in which a profound melancholy clouded, without concealing, the tenderness and refinement of a rare and noble nature. The silver threads of approaching age were very visible in her masses of dark hair, but she was comely, and, indeed, attractive, in her evening of life, specially possessing a softness of voice which seemed partly due to the gift of birth and partly to some ever-remembered sadness. If, indeed, one had noticed more curiously beforehand all the circumstances of that dinner-party, no ear could have failed to have been struck by the strange similarity between the "timbre" of this charming lady's voice in conversation and that of the very handsome girl sitting by her side—the general's adopted daughter. To hear them speak one after the other was really like hearing the same string of a harp twice vibrating, or the same soft chord struck in the minor key of the piano. But the impression produced by such an identity of vocal organ was naturally a transitory one, and in other respects the elderly lady and the bright-eyed girl at her side in no way resembled each other, except by the colour of their hair, which—silvered, as has been remarked, in the locks of the widow—were night-black and glossy as the wing of the raven in those of the younger woman. Chance alone and the hospitable decree of our noble hostess had brought these two thus

side by side at a London dinner-table—if, indeed, there be such a thing as chance. No one present could guess what a startling incident was to befall that evening before the ladies rose to leave the dining-room, and least of all the jovial, garrulous, white-haired general, who, after his usual style, was gaily chattering, his lively reminiscences, indeed, leading to the astounding but happy catastrophe.

The conversation had somehow turned—probably under the gallant veteran's guidance—to the subject of the Indian Mutiny of 1857, and he was narrating, between the entrées and the "roast," how he had assisted at the taking of the town of Calpee by the British relieving force under Lord Strathnairn—then Sir Hugh Rose. There is nothing more absorbing than the story of a battle told by one who has taken part in it. All outside accounts of engagements by sea or land recounted by professional historians appear to me practically worthless. You cannot gather from the pages of Livy how Trebia was really won, or Thrasimene, or Cannæ; and all the learned disquisitions upon Ramillies or Malplaquet or Waterloo leave you still helplessly wondering why, if Marlborough "refused" his left, the enemy did not also "refuse" his right; and wherefore one side allowed the other side to outflank them when the game seemed just as easy for this party as for that. But the man who has been in a battle knows at least his own fiery corner of it, and the aged general was precise as Thucydides and graphic as Napier or Macaulay, while he kept those about him unusually

inattentive to the delicacies cooling before them, and even distracted more than one fair young listener from the pretty things whispered in her ear by her cavalier. Properly, even so respected a guest ought not to have talked so much about battles—at least, before the dessert; but “chatted food” is not unsalutary, and a good diner-out understands how to eat while he listens. The general himself managed cleverly enough to interlard his warlike chronicle with woodcock trail upon toast and a supreme cut of Southdown mutton. Yet he himself permitted the “*épinards aux croûtons*” to pass when he got to the critical point in that famous day—May 22, 1858—of the great Indian conflict.

“I tell you, madam,” he said, addressing himself to the silver-tressed lady, whose attention had somehow become entirely riveted upon his narration, “Sir Hugh Rose won the city and the success of that campaign with nothing but an opera-glass. It had been frightfully warm weather. The sun, from rising to setting, was like a great red-hot cannon-ball in a sky of copper, for it was the height of the dry season. The men suffered far more from the sultry atmosphere than from the enemy; and we lost, indeed, many a good fellow that afternoon by sun-stroke. Sir Hugh himself was three times down on the ground with the terrible solar radiation, but a regimental ‘*bhisti*’ on each occasion poured the contents of a ‘*mussuk*’ of water over his head and neck, and brought him round. We had beaten the Pandies, and they were retreating helter-skelter

down the long hillside to the gates of Calpee, in full view of the advanced companies of our victorious but very exhausted column. Somebody handed a field-glass to Sir Hugh, who steadied himself on his horse, and took a long look at the swarming rebels pouring into the gateway."

The silver-haired lady here cut the old soldier short by ejaculating, "You are speaking, sir, of the Ganesgunj Gate, I think, by the Palace of Sing Dev?"

"Yes, madam," replied the general; "you seem to know the place?"

The lady sighed and nodded, while the general went on. "Sir Hugh Rose was the politest man in the world, but, I must also sorrowfully add, one of the greatest swearers in the army since the time of Uncle Toby in Flanders, and I cannot repeat to you the exact words he used as he clapped the glasses together and exclaimed to the chief of his staff, with some language which made the hot air blue, 'By ——, we shall have the city and everything else, if we only look sharp.' In a moment the camel corps was called up—a body of about 250 men, still pretty fresh. The camels were made to kneel, and two infantrymen, in some cases three, crambled, armed, on to their backs. They were then ordered to pelt away, as hard as the camels' legs could go, to the gate of the city, and to throw themselves, upon dismounting, on to the straggling mob of the fugitives. We artillery men," said the old soldier, "gave the rebels pepper from either



flank with our field-guns, until the camels got too close, and then it was a sight to see how the turbaned rabble scattered to this side and that, as the four or five hundred infantrymen flung themselves into the gateway, and triumphantly entered and captured the entire city."

"It is all most interesting," said the hostess; "but, general, you must really try these '*bouchées à la reine*.'"

"By Jove! I beg a thousand pardons, Lady ———, but Jhansi there, my daughter, knows too well that you never can stop me if you once set me off on that hillside in front of Calpee."

The silver-haired lady had meantime totally forgotten dinner during this belligerent narrative; but her attention at its last point became quite painfully fixed. "Might I inquire why you call your daughter, general, by that Indian name?" she asked.

"Do you not think it pretty?" he queried.

"Certainly; but how came you to choose it for her?"

"Well, ma'am, the fact is, she was my 'loot' in that day's business. I was told off with some guns to hold a post outside the city by 'the travellers' bungalow,' near to the 'Eighty-four Domes,' and the first thing we saw there was an English girl baby lying alone and crowing on a 'charpoy' in the bungalow. She was as bare of clothing as the back of my hand—you need not blush, Jhansi!—and nothing near or far appeared to tell how it came there, or to whom it belonged, except a string of

beads with a little golden cross attached to it. My late wife and I were childless; we took care of the small creature, first for charity, and then for love; and now Jhansi there, named after that bloody gateway, has grown to be the same to me, and was the same to Maria in her time, as our own daughter." The handsome girl cast a look of evident affection at the veteran, reddening prettily to find herself the observed of all observers at the table.

But what on earth made the silver-haired lady now catch her breath and her gentle face turn so deadly white as she said to her fair young neighbour, looking upon her with eyes singularly fixed, "Where is that necklace of beads? What was the colour of them?"

She answered, "They were blue beads—children's beads, which I could not wear now. My old Indian ayah takes care of them for me. She will be coming here soon with my wraps. If you please, she shall bring them to show you."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the lady, "please send and tell her to bring them."

A servant was despatched with the message, and an attempt was made to continue the dinner; but nobody could fail to notice the strange absorption and emotion of the lady, from whose eyes presently tears were seen to run, while, through the falling drops, every now and then she glanced again at the embarrassed aspect of the young girl. In a few moments, unable longer to contain herself, and conscious of the distress which her agitation was

causing among the guests, she began to speak in those tones which were so curiously the echo and symphony of Jhansi's soft voice, "Forgive me, Lady——; what the general has told us makes me remember too sadly what happened to my husband and me in that dreadful time of the Great Mutiny. We lost our only little child in the North-West. The servants were to bring it up to the Hills from Mhow, and I was at a distance with my husband—who afterwards fell, alas! near Gwalior. Our people were all killed or ran away, and we never heard nor could hear of the child, one of very many English babies who disappeared in the same sad way during the great troubles. But what did you do, general, with your little Jhansi in the midst of the fighting?"

"My wife, madam," said the old soldier, "was going to England, and took the child with her. We made a thousand inquiries in India and at home, but there was no sign or token to be had of Jhansi's parentage, and, as you say, scores of little ones were lost or abandoned at that time."

Nobody now was eating, nobody drinking, nobody spoke a word; all were watching the serious, wrinkled face of the general, the eager, pallid anguish of vanished love evoked upon the widow's countenance by these painful memories, and the wistful look of the pretty, black-haired damsel, who found herself thus uncomfortably a central object of interest.

Suddenly turning towards her, "You do not, I

suppose, dear," said the widow, "remember a single word of Hindostani?"

"No," interposed the general, "she could but just lisp—a tiny bit of a thing, some fourteen months old."

"There was one word though, papa, you used to say I knew, 'Dilkoo! dilkoo!' and you told me it must be meant for 'dilkoosh,' 'Heart's delight,' which I had perhaps heard the native servants saying to me."

"No, no, no!" broke forth the widow. "Oh Lady —, forgive me, but my heart is full of a terrible and precious hope. General, that was the pet name by which my dead husband used to call me, and our little child did catch the sound of it, and would sometimes try to repeat the word when she wanted her mother."

At this juncture the old Indian ayah crept into the room, beckoned from the door by the general. She held in her little brown, withered hand a string of blue beads, from which depended a small gold Maltese cross. The general took the necklet, and, with an expression of profoundest respect and breathless curiosity, passed it across the table into the eager grasp of the widow, whose eyes still roamed over the face, and head, and figure of the graceful girl at her side.

The moment she received the trinket, she turned the cross round and pulled out one of its golden arms. From the small hollow thus revealed she drew a tiny scrap of paper, on which something was

written in very small characters. Then she rose from her place, amid the intense attention of all the company, and, with a look on her gentle features never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, exclaimed, "I think that God has this night given me back my child. Oh! if you are mine, as I believe, for Heaven's sake! let me see your foot—here! now!—your right foot. General, on our baby's right foot the third toe was missing.'

At another time, the remark and the request would have sounded like the *dénouement* of a transpontine melodrama; here it was immortal Nature and Celestial Truth. Nobody thought it bold or unusual when the beautiful girl beside herself with tender emotion stooped, drew from her right leg the satin slipper and the silk stocking, and placing a pretty little ivory-white foot on the seat of her chair, displayed in the eyes of all the birth-mark which was the sure and convincing sign that there had indeed been witnessed by those present on that evening one of those real dramas of human life which outdo fiction.

What followed, with its wild delight and passionate explanation, cannot be here described. Those present alone could give an idea of the close of that amazing evening. One of the guests had the curiosity to read the little text written on the paper revealed from inside the cross. It ran: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father Which is in heaven."

XVIII

BUDDHA-GYA



BUDDHA GAYA.  
Entrance arches before restoration.

## XVIII

### BUDDHA-GYA

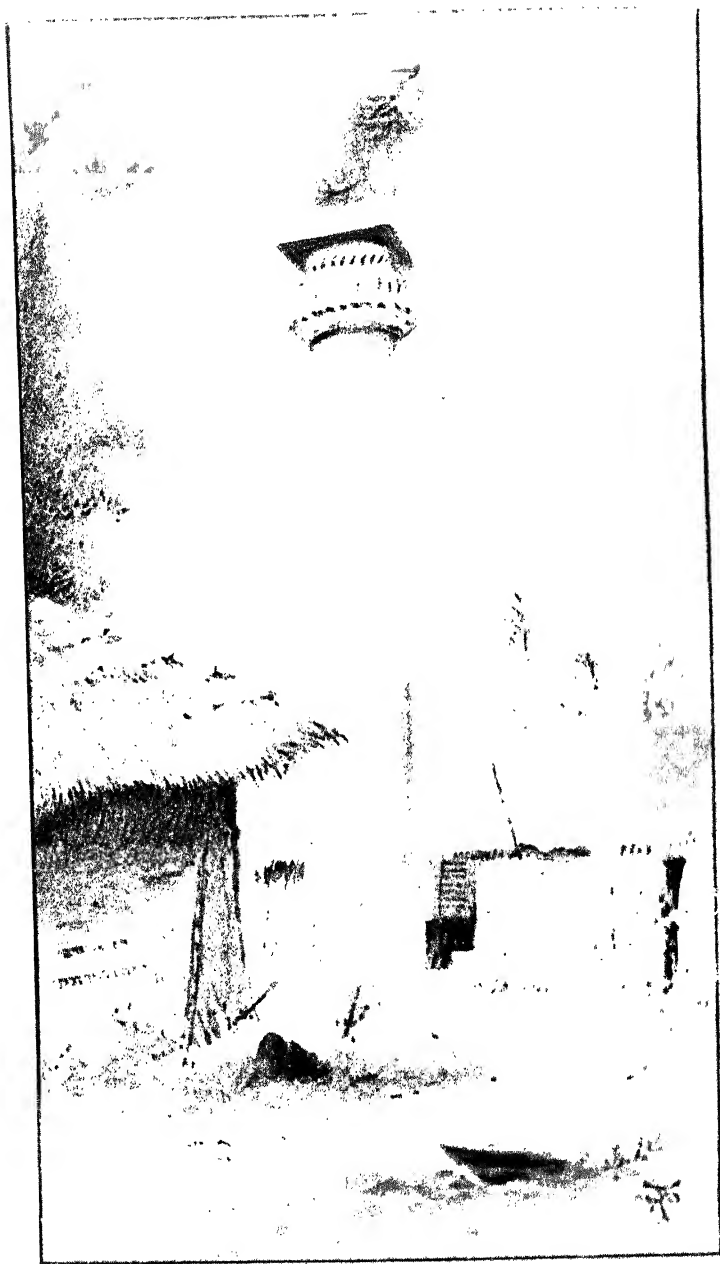
I WOULD to-day, in these columns (*Daily Telegraph*), respectfully invite the vast and intelligent British public to forget, for a little while, home weather and home politics, and to accompany me, in fancy, to a sunny corner of their empire, where there centres a far more important question, for the future of religion and civilisation, than any relating to parish councils or parish pumps. I will, by their leave, tell them of beautiful scenes under warm skies ; of a temple fairer and more stately, as well as more ancient, than almost any existing fane ; and will also show them how the Indian Government of Her Majesty, supported by their own enlightened opinion, might, through an easy and blameless act of administrative sympathy, render four hundred millions of Asiatics for ever the friends and grateful admirers of England.

We will spread the magic carpet of Kamar-az-zaman, told of in the "Arabian Nights," and pass at once upon it to Patna, the busy city beside the Ganges, some 350 miles by rail from Calcutta. The closing days of March are hot there, and the river glitters as if it were molten gold under the fiery sun. We will not stay accordingly to inspect the indigo



factories; or to visit the wonderful *Golah*, where 140,000 tons of rice can be laid up; nor the government opium factory, where enough of that most useful and benign drug is stored to put the whole world to sleep. We will take train from Bankipore for Gaya, only fifty-seven miles away, and having rested in that town for the night, we shall have ordered carriages to be ready at break of day to convey us four *koss* further—some seven or eight miles—into the hills which hereabouts jut across the valley of the Ganges.

I said you should see beautiful scenery, and surely this is such. The road, broad and well made, runs between the Gaya Hills on the right and the bright slow-stealing stream of the ancient Nilájan on the left. The mountain flanks are covered with cactus, wild indigo, and korinda bushes, showing a little temple perched upon almost every peak; while down on the flat, and especially along the sandy levels bordering the river, green stretches of palm groves are interspersed with sal and tamarind trees, the undergrowth being long tiger-grass and the common but ever-lovely ground palmetto, *chamarops humilis*. The air, deliciously cool before the sun rises, is full of birds abroad for food—crows, parakeets, mynas, the blue-winged rollers, the green and scarlet “hammer-smiths,” black and white king-fishers, bee-birds, bronze and emerald, with graceful silvery egrets stalking among the cattle. Later on, when the sky grows warmer, you will see clouds of lovely butterflies among the flowers of the orchids and poisonous



datura, with sun-birds and dragon-flies skimming along the blue and pink lotuses in the pools. The people whom we meet upon the road are dark-skinned patient peasants going with their products to Gaya and Bankipur, while those whom we shall overtake will be mainly pilgrims of the day, wending their way to the immeasurably holy place towards which we also are bound. For, see ! they also at the fifth mile quit the main track, and turning to the left by a less excellent but still carriageable road, which winds under the now welcome shade of the jack-trees and mangoes, are making for that most sacred spot of all hallowed places in Asia, towards which our own feet and thoughts are bound.

It is here ! Beyond the little village of mud huts and the open space where dogs and children and cattle bask together in the dust, beyond the Mahunt's College, and yonder great fig tree which has split with its roots that wall, twelve feet thick, built before England had ever been discovered, nestles an abrupt hollow in the surface, symmetrical and well-kept, and full of stone images, terraces, balustrades, and shrines. It is oblong—as big, perhaps, altogether as Russell Square, and surrounded on its edges by small houses and buildings. From one extremity of the hallowed area rises with great beauty and majesty a temple of very special style and design. The plinth of the temple is square, with a projecting porch, and on the top of this soars to the sky a pyramidical tower of nine storeys, profusely embellished with niches, string courses, and mouldings, while from the trun-

cated summit of this an upper pinnacle rears itself, of graceful form, topped by a gold finial, representing the amalaka fruit. A smaller pyramidal tower stands at each corner of the roof of the lower structure, and there is a broad walk round the base of the Great Tower. Over the richly-worked porch which fronts the east a triangular aperture is pierced, whereby the morning glory of the sun may fall through upon the gilded image seated in the sanctuary within. That image, you will perceive, is—or was—of Buddha, and this temple is the holiest and most famous, as well as nearly the sole surviving shrine, of all those eighty-four thousand fanes erected to the Great Teacher by King Asoka two hundred and eighteen years after the Lord Buddha's *Nirvana*.

Yet more sacred even than the cool, dark sanctuary into which we look, to see the sunbeams kissing the mild countenance of the Golden Buddha inside; more intensely moving to the Buddhists who come hither, and richer with associations of unspeakable interest and honour than King Asoka's stately temple, or even those stone railings carved with mermaids, crocodiles, elephants, and lotus flowers, which the king himself commanded, and which still surround the shrine, is yonder square platform of stone, about a yard high from the ground, out of which a tree is growing. That is the Maha Bodhi tree—in the opinion of superstitious votaries the very original Bodhi tree, miraculously preserved—but more rationally that which replaces and represents the ever-memorable shade under which the inspired Siddhartha

sate at the moment when he attained *sambuddhi*, the supreme light of his gentle wisdom. It is a fig tree—of the *ficus Indica* species—with the well-known long glossy leaves. Its stem is covered with patches of gold leaf, and its boughs are hung with streamers of white and coloured cloth, while at its root—frequently watered by the pious with sandal oil and attar of roses—will probably be seen sitting a Brahman priest of the Saivite sect intoning *mantras*. You will hear him say, “*Gaya! Gaya Sirsa, Bodhi Gaya*,” for though he is praying on behalf of Mahratta pilgrims, and does not know or care for Buddha, the ancient formulas cling to the spot and to his lips. And, beyond all doubt, this is the spot, most dear and divine, and precious beyond every other place on earth, to all the four hundred million Buddhists in China, Japan, Mongolia, Assam, Cambodia, Siam, Burma, Arakan, Nepaul, Thibet, and Ceylon. This is the authentic site, and this the successor-tree, by many unbrokenly cherished generations of that about which my “Light of Asia” says :

“Then he arose, made strong by the pure meat,  
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,  
The Bodhi tree (thenceforward in all years  
Never to fade, and ever to be kept  
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves  
It was ordained the Truth should come to Buddh,  
Which now the Master knew ; wherefore he went  
With measured pace, steadfast, majestic,  
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye worlds  
Rejoice ! Our Lord wended unto the Tree !”

There is no doubt, in fact, of the authenticity of

the spot. The four most sacred places of Buddhism are Kapilavastu (now Bhūila), where Prince Siddhartha was born ; Isipatana, outside Benares, where he first preached ; Kusinagara, where he died ; and this site marked by the tree, whereat "in the full moon of Wesak" 2483 years ago he mentally elaborated the gentle and lofty faith with which he has civilised Asia. And of all those four, the Tree-Place here at Buddha-Gaya is the most dear and sacred to Asiatic Buddhists. Why, then, is it to-day in the hands of Brahman priests, who do not care about the temple, except for the credit of owning it, and for the fees which they draw ? The facts are these. Until the thirteenth century—that is, for more than 1400 years—it was exclusively used and guarded by Buddhists, but fell into decay and neglect, like other Buddhist temples, on the expulsion of Buddhism from India. Three hundred years ago a wandering Sivaite ascetic visited the spot, and settled down, drawing round him gradually the beginning of what is now the College of Priests established there. So strong have they since become in ownership, that when the Bengal Government in 1880 was repairing the temple and its grounds, and begged for its embellishment from the Mahunt a portion of Asoka's stone railing which he had built into his own house, the old Brahman would not give it up, and Sir Ashley Eden could not, or did not, compel the restoration.

The Buddhist world had, indeed, well-nigh forgotten this hallowed and most interesting centre of



THE BUDDHIST CHIEF PRIEST: SRI-MANGALA WELIGAMA OF PANADURA.

their faith—the Mecca, the Jerusalem, of a million Oriental congregations—when I sojourned in Buddha-Gaya a few years ago. I was grieved to see Mah-ratta peasants performing “Shraddh” in such a place, and thousands of precious ancient relics of carved stone inscribed with Sanskrit lying in piles around. I asked the priest if I might have a leaf from the sacred tree.

“Pluck as many as ever you like, sahib,” was his reply, “it is nought to us.”

Ashamed of his indifference, I took silently the three or four dark shining leaves which he pulled from the bough over his head, and carried them with me to Ceylon, having written upon each the holy Sanskrit formula. There I found them prized by the Cingalese Buddhist with eager and passionate emotion. The leaf presented by me to the temple at Kandy, for example, was placed in a casket of precious metal and made the centre of a weekly service, and there and then it befell that, talking to the gentle and learned priests at Panadurè—particularly to my dear and wise friend, Sri Weligama—I gave utterance to the suggestion that the temple and its appurtenances ought to be, and might be, by amicable arrangements with the Hindoo College and by the favour of the Queen’s Government, placed in the hands of a representative committee of the Buddhist nations.

I think there never was an idea which took root and spread so far and fast as that thrown out thus in the sunny temple-court at Panadurè, amid the



waving taliputs. Like those tropical plants which can almost be seen to grow, the suggestion quickly became an universal aspiration, first in Ceylon and next in other Buddhist countries. I was entreated to lay the plan before the Oriental authorities, which I did. I wrote to Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Ceylon, in these words: "I suggest a Governmental Act, which would be historically just, which would win the love and gratitude of all Buddhist populations, and would reflect enduring honour upon English administration. The temple and enclosure at Buddha-Gaya are, as you know, the most sacred spots in all the world for the Buddhists. . . . But Buddha-Gaya is occupied by a college of Saivite priests, who worship Mahadeva there, and deface the shrine with emblems and rituals foreign to its nature. That shrine and the ground surrounding it remain, however, government property, and there would be little difficulty, after proper and friendly negotiations, in procuring the departure of the Mahunt with his priests, and the transfer of the temple and its grounds to the guardianship of Buddhists from Ceylon and elsewhere. I have consulted high authorities, among them General Cunningham, who thoroughly sympathises with the idea, and declares it entirely feasible. . . . I apprehend that a certain sum of money might be required to facilitate the transfer of the Brahmans, and to establish the Buddhist College. In my opinion, a lakh of rupees could not be expended by any government in a more profitable manner."

Sir Arthur, who had just been exploring Buddhist remains in Ceylon, was very well disposed to the idea. Lord Dufferin warmly received it, at Calcutta; Lord Connemara, in Madras; and at that time, if only the Home Government had been more alive to a grand opportunity, it would have been easy to make satisfactory terms with the Brahmins, and to have effected the transfer of the holy place to a representative committee—at one stroke delighting and conciliating all Buddhistic Asia.

But two or three years passed by, and while the idea was spreading throughout Asia, and a large society had become established with the special purpose of acquiring the guardianship of the sacred site, the Mahant grew more exacting in his expectations, and clung closer to the possession of the temple. The letters which I received from the East showed that the old Brahmin had memorialised the government, in his alarm or avarice, and that local authorities had for quiet's sake reported adversely to the negotiation. I think the Mahant was a good man. I had never wished any but friendly and satisfactory arrangements with him. Yet if you walked in that spot which all these scores of millions of our race love so dearly, you would observe with shame and grief in the mango groves, to the east of Lilajan, ancient statues plastered to the walls of an irrigating well near the village Mucharin—identified with the "Muchalinda" tank. Stones carved with Buddha's images are to be found used as weights to the levers for drawing water. I have seen ryots in the villages

surrounding the temple using beautifully-carved blocks as steps to their huts. I have seen three feet high statues in an excellent state of preservation, buried under rubbish to the east of the Mahunt's baradari. A few are plastered into the eastern outer wall of the garden along the bank of Lilajan ; and the Asoka pillars, the most ancient relics of the site—indeed, “the most antique memorials of all India”—which graced a temple pavement, are now used as posts of the Mahunt's kitchen. To rectify this sad neglect, and to make the temple, what it should be, the living and learned centre of purified Bhuddism, money was not, and is not, lacking. If the Home Government had seen its way to make the Hindoo Abbot well-disposed, I could have commanded any sum which might have seemed fair and necessary. But the idea was too intelligent for the official grasp, and the golden moment went by.

Nevertheless, Asia did not abandon its new desire, and I received so many, and such pressing, communications, that I went at last to the then Indian Secretary of State, Lord Cross—always intelligent, kindly, and receptive—and once more pleaded for the great restoration.

“Do you wish, Lord Cross,” I asked, “to have four hundred millions of Eastern peoples blessing your name night and day, and to be for ever remembered in Asia, like Alexander, or Asoka, or Akbar the Great?”

“God bless my soul, yes,” answered the Minister ; “how is that to be done?”

Then I repeated all the facts, and produced so

happy an effect upon the Indian Minister's mind, that he promised to consult the Council, and to write—if the idea was approved—to Lord Lansdowne. In due time the Viceroy replied that the idea was legitimate and beneficial, and that so long as no religious ill-feeling was aroused, and no pecuniary grant asked from the Indian Treasury, the Calcutta Government would be inclined to favour any friendly negotiations. Thus the matter stood at my last visit to the East, when I was astonished and rejoiced to find how firmly the desire of this restoration had taken root, and how enkindled with the hope of it Ceylon, Siam, Burmah, and Japan had become. The Mahá-Bodhi Society, established to carry out the scheme, was constituted as follows:—

### MAHÁ-BODHI SOCIETY.

#### *Patron.*

LOZANG THUB-DAN-GYA-TCHO, Grand Lâma of Tibet.

#### *President.*

Right Rev. H. SUMANGALA, Pradhâna Nayaka Mahá Sthavira  
of Ceylon.

#### *Vice-Presidents.*

The Ven. THE TATHANABAING, Mandalay, Burmah.

Right Rev. SHAKU UNSIYO, Tokyo, Japan.

THE FANG TANG, Yung-Ho-Kung, Peking, China.

The Ven. VASKADUVÊ SUBHUTI, P.N.M., Ceylon.

The Ven. V. SRI SUMANGALA, Ceylon.

#### *Representatives.*

*Siam*—H.R.H. Prince Chandradat Chudadhar, Bangkok.

*Japan*—S. Horiuchi, Esq., Indo-Buseki Kofuku Kwai, 1 Hachigo,  
Shiba Park; Tokyo.

- Japan*—The Secretary the Society of Buddhist Affairs, Jokojoji, Teramachi-dori, Shojo Sagaru, Kioto.
- Ceylon*—G. P. Weerasekera, Esq., Assistant-Secretary Mahá-Bodhi Society, 61 Maliban Street, Colombo.
- Burmah*—Moung Hpo Mhyin, K.S.M., Secretary Mahá-Bodhi Society, 5 Commissioner's Road, Rangoon.
- Burmah*—Moung Hpay, Extra-Assistant Commissioner, Thayetmyo.
- Arakan*—Chan Htoon Aung, Advocate, } Secretaries Arakan Mahá-Bodhi Society, Akyab.  
Htoon Chan, B.A., B.L., }
- Chittagong*—Krishna Chandra Chowdhury, Secretary Buddhist Aid Association, Raozan, Chittagong.
- Darjeeling* (India)—Láma Ugyen Gyatsho, Tibetan Interpreter, Secretary Mahá-Bodhi Society, Darjeeling.
- Calcutta*—The Secretary Calcutta Mahá-Bodhi Society, 20-1 Gangadhar Babu's Lane, Bowbazar, Calcutta.
- California*—Philangi Dasa, Editor *Buddhist Ray*, Santa Cruz, California, U.S.A.
- New York*—Charles T. Strauss, 466 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.
- France*—Baron Harden Hickey, Secretary Bouddhique Propagande, Andilly par Montmorency, Seine-et-Oise, France.

All communications to be addressed to H. DHARMAPALA, General Secretary Mahá-Bodhi Society, 29 Baniapooker Road, Entally, Calcutta.

The purpose of the Society was thus stated :—

“The site where the Divine Teacher attained supreme wisdom, now known as Buddha-Gaya, is in middle India, and to his followers there is no spot on earth more sacred than the Bodhimanda, whereon stands the Bodhi-tree—

“ ‘Never to fade, and ever to be kept  
In homage of the world, beneath whose leaves  
It was ordained the truth should come to Buddh.’

“At this hallowed spot, full of imperishable associations, it is proposed to re-establish a monastery for the residence of Bhikhus representing the Buddhist

countries of Tibet, Ceylon, China, Japan, Cambodia, Burmah, Chittagong, Nepal, Korea, and Arakan. We hope to found, also, a college at Buddha-Gaya for training young men of unblemished character, of whatsoever race and country, for the Buddhist Order (Sangha), on the lines of the ancient Buddhist University at Nālanda, where were taught the 'Mahāyāna and also works belonging to the eighteen sects.'

"The study of Sanskrit, Pali, and English will be made compulsory on all students. One or more Buddhist scholars from each of the Buddhist countries will in time be attached to the staff of teachers.

"To carry on this great and glorious works of Buddhist revival, after a torpor of seven hundred years, whence dates the destruction of Buddhism in India, the Mahā-Bodhi Society has been organised, and the promoters solicit sympathy and generous support all the world over."

To give some faint idea of the interest felt in this matter even among such remote communities as those of Japan, I will speak of a scene in Tokyo still vivid in my memory. Last summer, in the Japanese capital, the Buddhist High Priest, with certain of the fraternity, begged me to come to the temple in Atago-shita and speak to the brethren about the Holy Places in India, and especially upon the prospects of acquiring for the Buddhist world the guardianship of the Temple of the Tree. In the cool, dark inner court of that Japanese *tera* the priests and their friends sate on the white mats in concentric circles,

eagerly listening while I told them all about that three or four hundred miles of Indian country lying between Busti in Oudh and Buddha-Gaya in the Lower Provinces, which is the Holy Land of the "calm brethren of the yellow robe." I spoke of the birth-place and death-place of the Gentle Teacher, and showed them pictures which I had myself taken of the ancient building at Isipatana, outside Benares. The hot day, beating upon the hillside beyond the temple garden, shone upon the scarlet azaleas and the lotus-buds in the garden-lake, and rendered it warm enough, even in that vast shadowy apartment, for a constant flutter of fans, while now and then a young priest from the outer circle would glide away for drinking water. But when I came to paint for them that site of the stately temple which, from its hollow beside the Buddhist-tree looks over the hill of the "Thousand Gardens," and marks the spot where the whole religious history of Asia was transformed, and its manners for ever stamped with the merciful tenderness and indestructible hopes of Buddhism those hundreds of priests and novices sate like rows of little children lost in a fairy story. The fans were laid aside; the shaven heads were craned forward in intense desire to hear every word; old men laid their hands to their ears, and young ones leaned towards me with clasped palms, to learn all about the Tree, and the Temple, and the broken statues, and the Hindoo priests who do not care for the spirit of the place, and who ought, in a friendly way, to yield it up, on proper conditions, to Buddhist guardian-

ship. Every man present would have given all he possessed, I think, to help towards such an end. As for their unworthy guest, they lavished upon me marks of pleasure and gratitude ; they spread me out an outrageously elaborate feast-table in the temple pavilion, and sent with me back to my lodgings servants carrying presents of books and boxes of beautiful Japanese silks and embroideries. Since then the High Priest writes to me thus from Tokyo :—

“After your regretted departure from Japan the Indo-Bussiki Kofuku Society has not been idle, and now I am glad to inform you that we are trying to buy a certain piece of land near each of the sacred sites according to your kind advice to us. Mr. Dharmapala, of the Mahá-Bodhi Society, is doing all he can to help us in India; and if everything goes as intended, a certain number of Japanese monks will start for India within this year.”

Thus is this new and great idea spreading, and the world will not be very much older, I think, before Buddhism by this gateway goes back to its own land, and India becomes the natural centre of Buddhistic Asia. For the moment I am sorry to say the movement has sustained a check. After a friendly correspondence in Sanskrit between the Mahunt and myself, matters were looking fair for an arrangement, when — against my wish — hostile measures were commenced between the Mahá-Bodhi Society and the Hindoo monks. Mr. Dharmapala, the energetic secretary, whose enthusiastic services to the cause



can never be sufficiently praised, and the example of whose generous efforts ought to make him beloved throughout Buddhistic Asia—thought proper to place in the temple a very precious gilded image of Buddha, sent to his care from Japan. The Mahunt's people ejected this, not without violence, and a series of lawsuits began. We gained the favourable decision of the resident official, and of the Suddar Court; but the High Court of Calcutta, by a judgment which I must respectfully declare erroneous and untenable, reversed the decree, so that after an expenditure of more than one hundred thousand rupees, and the bravest labours on the part of my excellent friend, Mr. Dharmapala, the policy of appealing to law has failed.

I am, however, quite certain that my own policy of appealing to Reason and Right, and of relying upon friendly negotiations with the present Hindoo tenants of the shrine, will and must eventually prevail. It is a fixed purpose of my mind that these shall prevail, and the first really enlightened Viceroy who takes up this question, will discern its huge political importance, and assist me and my friends to obtain success. I suppose there are some people who will ask, why should the British public take any concern in such a movement? But such will be of much the same calibre as those who go about inquiring, "What is the British Empire to Battersea?" Apart from the immense historical, religious, and social importance of Buddhism in Asia, here is an opportunity for the Government of India to gratify

and conciliate half that continent by the easiest and least costly exercise of goodwill. The Mahunt and his college will, no doubt, have to be bought out, and rather expensively, now that delays and misguided judgments have made him master of the bargaining. But if an enlightened Minister and Viceroy will, as they may, facilitate the arrangement, all must end well, and grateful Buddhists would furnish whatever cash is requisite. No orthodox Hindoos will be wounded in sentiment, because, by strict truth, the Mahunt, as a Brahman and follower of Sankarácarya, goes against his shastras by keeping control of a Buddhist's temple. However, it brings him so much personal dignity and so much money, that these things must be compounded for, no doubt; yet a well-disposed collector and a far-seeing government could find a score of pleasant ways to make him willing to give up his tenure. There is no room left me to dwell upon all the happy consequences which would flow to the Indian Viceroyalty and to India herself from the goodwill so created in Burmah and Siam. Buddhism would return to the place of its birth, to elevate, to spiritualise, to help, and enrich the population. It would be a new Asiatic crusade, triumphant without tears, or tyranny, or blood; and the Queen's administration would have the glory and benefit of it. The *Hindu* of Madras, a leading native journal, writes: "If there is anything in the intellectual and moral legacies of our forefathers of which we may feel proud, it is that sublime, pure, and simple conception of a religious and moral system which the world owes

to Buddha. Educated Hindoos cannot hesitate in helping Buddhism to find a commanding and permanent footing once more in their midst, and to live in mutually purifying amity with our Hinduism itself." Here is indeed, for an enlightened British Indian Minister, "a splendid opportunity."

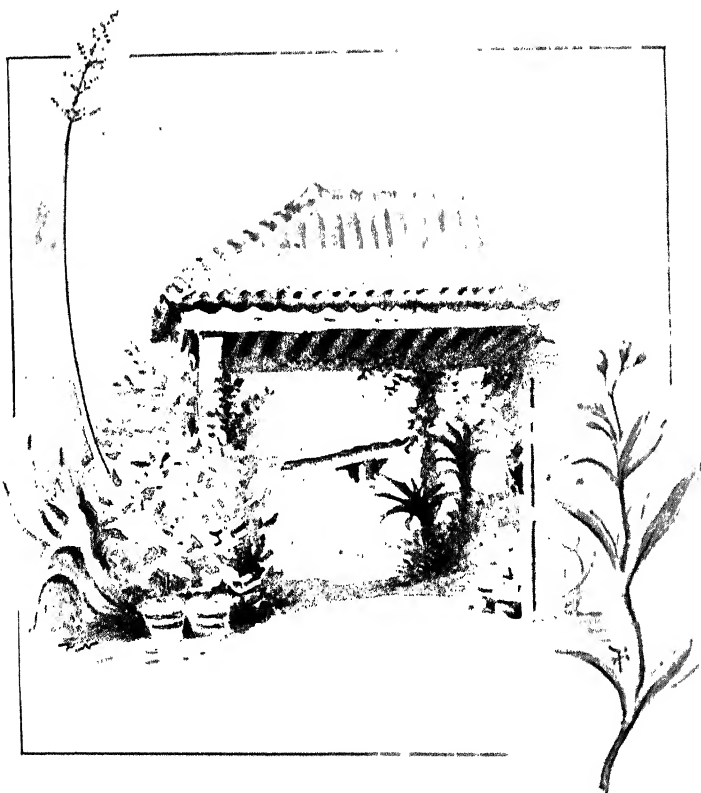
## XIX

# THE “GARDEN OF REPOSE”

## THE "GARDEN OF REPOSE"

VISHRAMBAGH, "the Garden of Repose," was the name of the Government College Building in the city of Poona, of which I had the honour to be appointed Principal at the age of twenty-two. A hundred memories, most of them dear and delightful, cling to that ancient Indian edifice and to the work I did there. The Deccan College, as it was called, formed with the Elphinstone College, which was in the capital of the Presidency, the University of Bombay; and my colleague in that city was Sir Alexander Grant. Between us we constituted the University, and had in the two colleges the flower of the native intellect of Western India; but my own charge was the more interesting, Poona being the centre of the Deccan, and drawing to itself students from all Maharashtra. There were about five hundred collegians at the Vishrambagh, which was a mediæval palace of the Peishwas, the former kings of the country, situated at the heart of the city, in a quarter named Sunwar-Peit. It has since perished by fire, but in its time was a picturesque structure, containing three large courts paved with basalt, and surrounded by galleries enriched with

exquisitely carved teak-wood arches. The class-lecture-rooms, corridors, and audience-chamber or Diwan-Khana, were similarly embellished with beautifully carved pillars and arches, and in the



POONA.

heart of the building a green garden spread, full of palm trees, bananas, papaw, orange and lemon bushes. When all the students were present about the class-rooms and corridors, in their white dresses and many-coloured turbans, the *coup d'œil* of my college was

really charming, and a great deal of serious work went on there; for Hindoos are earnest pupils, and uproar or turmoil is as rare in Indian lecture-halls as in a Japanese school or university.

Day after day I used to ride down to the college, through the main streets of the city of Poona, either inside a palanquin or in my own bullock-car, drawn by



BANGLE SHOP, POONA.

two gigantic, high-humped white bullocks, christened Krophî and Mophî, after the two famous hills in Herodotus. It was never possible to be weary of that ride, and even now I recall its sights and sounds with a fond fidelity of recollection. The green lanes of the cantonment; the great tank where the buffaloes wallowed; the temples of Hanuman and Durga, covered

with fantastic paintings ; the Gosavis' Asylum ; the guard-house with the armed sentries ; the cloth and grain and tobacco and bangle shops ; the firework-maker, the wheelwright, the huts where they wove cloth, or carded cotton with the string of a great twanging bow ; the blind old woman begging on the bridge ; the Mussulman butcher with a few ounces of chopped-up meat on a plantain leaf for his stock-in-trade ; the monkeys sitting on the shop roofs ; the crows and green parrots darting up and down the streets ; the flying foxes, hanging by scores upon the great silk cotton tree ; the broad Moti Chowk, or Pearl Street, crowded with buyers and sellers ; the great stone bull (Nanda) in the middle of the road—I know them all still as I know Piccadilly, although it is thirty years since day by day I traversed that ancient Mahratta city.

College opened at ten o'clock ; but there was no real need for the Principal to be punctual, because the Paharikaris, or gate-watchmen, did not slide the ten wooden beads which marked that hour across the wire of the time-board until I appeared, and from the same event, indeed ; the city quarter respectfully took its daily time. Then there were lectures and studies until one o'clock, the hour of tiffin, which meal used to be spread for me in a pretty apartment, formerly occupied by the Queen of the Peishwa, looking upon the green garden and the tank, and adorned with the same exquisite teak-wood carvings. It was the time of the great Indian Mutiny, from the troubles and perils of which Poona itself was not exempt ;



and I laugh to remember how Rama, my servant, used always to lay by the side of my plate a loaded revolver, which it was the general custom to carry. But I was soon on such good terms with my students and the towns-people, that one afternoon I put the offensive little weapon into the soup-tureen, as a sign that I wanted it placed on the table no more, and that was the last I knew of my armed lunches. The life was immensely amusing. The students were keen to learn, and, for those who understood human nature, eminently manageable; at the same time, it needed constant vigilance to be on one's guard against certain foibles which characterised some among them. For example, there were a number of important scholarships to be decided, and I was well aware that in preparing examination papers I could not absolutely trust the integrity of my clerks and printers. I wrote out, therefore, and gave to these people one whole set of papers, but had another and a different set privately printed in Bombay, and it was that second series which was issued on the eventful examination morning, to the consternation, I fear, of certain young gentlemen who had provided themselves at considerable cost with the earlier set. One was obliged in this way, against one's will, to match craft against craft. Every first of the month, for example, two officials from the Treasury would come down to the Vishram-bagh bearing upon their shoulders large bags full of rupees, which were for the payment of the scholars, native professors, teachers, and European staff of the

college. By ancient custom these coins were shot out in a heap upon the marble pavement and distributed, in the Principal's presence, through his carcoon Ananda, to the various recipients ; the natives among them always chinking every rupee on the stone before tying it in their girdles. But some would be absent or ill, and in course of time large sums of silver money would naturally collect in the college chest, the accurate amount of which was both difficult and tedious to check. It was my habit to have the chest emptied now and then on to the stones, that we might see all was right, which was invariably the case. Yet, feeling how much blind reliance must be reposed upon Ananda, I sent him off one day to fetch some papers, and in his absence dropped from my own pocket on the shining heap a rupee. When he returned and went over the counting he reported to me, as a most singular circumstance, that there was one rupee too much in the *hisab*, and, without saying a word to him, I felt well justified afterwards in trusting that carcoon.

A large part of the studies of the college were devoted to Sanskrit, and we had a strong staff of learned Brahman pundits, who sat in little rooms on carpets, with next to nothing on, deciphering old manuscripts. Of these latter the college possessed a very rich collection ; and never shall I forget the joy manifested by that great scholar, the late Dr. Martin Haug, who had joined us from Germany, when I introduced him to the dusty treasure-chamber of those black classics, and told him they were all

at his disposal. It was like Dominie Sampson, of Sir Walter Scott's novel, when the great library was made over to him and he uttered the exclamation, "Prodigious!" I recollect a singular proof of the immense learning of that same worthy Orientalist. We had ridden down at daybreak to the water's edge, where the Parsees were worshipping the rising orb of morning, and one of them, a priest, was reciting a prayer in Zend. Martin Haug asked him if he understood what he was repeating. The priest replied that he had no idea of the meaning, but they were sacred words handed down from immemorial antiquity. The doctor then slowly and correctly repeated the invocation, and translated it to the Zoroastrian, who was naturally astonished, for it was indeed remarkable that a young German student from Leipzig should know more about his own ritual than the fire-worshipper himself. Among my native teachers were some very capable men, like Krishna Shastri Chiploonkur and Kero Punt, with minds as receptive as could be found in Oxford or Cambridge. Among my students, too, were brilliant young men, who might have distinguished themselves in the front rank at our universities. I especially recall three Parsee brothers, the Pudumjis, all of whom—Dorabji, Sorabji, and Nowroji—have since become leading men in the Presidency. There was also my own especial favourite among the Brahmans, Baba Gokhlë, who died too young for his great capacities to bear full fruit. In conducting the studies of such pupils I learned more than I could teach, and

I think of them still with an endless affection and regard.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Luximan, the Mahratta ghorawallah, used to bring my white Arab to the college gates, and in the cool shadows of the sinking sun I rode back to the cantonment. It was impossible not to make a great many pleasant acquaintances among the shop-people along the route, and curious to see how caste conflicted with the charity which is universally inculcated by the Hindoo religion. In thirsty weather wayfarers of low rank would naturally ask for a drink of water. The



A SET OF LOTAS.

Brahman or Purbhoo householder could not let his brass and copper vessels be defiled by their touch, so he established a little bamboo spout in front of his abode, and the thirsty men or women would put their lips to the end of it, while the householder poured in water at the top. I came myself into a slight difficulty one day in this respect. Cantering my horse rather too sharply round a corner, his withers caught the shoulder of an old Hindoo lady who was proceeding to the temple with an offering, and sent her spinning to the ground, where she lay in a swoon. I was much distressed at the accident,

and, jumping off my horse, raised the grey-haired dame from the earth, and gladly found that she was uninjured and merely shaken, but faint. The thing wanted was water; and seeing some Brahman women coming down the street with lotas of water on their heads, I asked for some, and, being refused, promptly helped myself, in order to succour the old lady, who quickly recovered. But the next day a deputation of vexed and voluble Hindoo women came to the college to represent that the "Principal-Saheb," by taking and using their lotas, had made them no longer serviceable to Brahmans, and I was obliged to furnish a new set before they would forgive me.

If I could tell one-half the humours of that daily double transit through the great Deccan city, it would be seen how interesting and charming in many aspects the domestic life of Asia is; although there would be many other things to mention besides domesticities, more grotesque and amusing, perhaps, than moral. Sometimes, again, there came sad and anxious seasons when cholera raged in the city. The streets would be blocked with mourning people while the dead were being carried out to the burning-grounds. Our own quarter suffered severely on one occasion, and my classes became almost decimated. The Hindoo students repaired to me at last in a body, and asked permission to go all together to the shrine of the goddess of that particular disease—to make propitiatory offering. I had on the college staff a worthy Scotch professor, who regarded the proposal as shockingly heathenish, and wished me to refuse;

but knowing the value of mental impressions at such a time, I compromised between science and orthodoxy, and said that if they would all give me their word to boil every drop of water before they drank any, and to take every morning five drops of hydrochloric acid in their drink, I would not only consent, but give them twenty rupees towards the expenses of the pilgrimage. It is notable that the cholera disappeared shortly after the pilgrimage—but privately, I never believed this was due to the goddess.

Closely connected with the “Garden of Repose” is the one and only artistic triumph of my career. I have always been fond of painting and sketching, but in an entirely unprofessional way. There came upon us, however, a great day in the history of India, when, the Mutiny being at an end, and the country restored to peace and order, it was decreed by those in authority that the government should be handed over from the great East-India Company to Her Majesty the Queen. Never shall I forget the banquet given by the Governor of Bombay in Kirkee, at which he read aloud to us the State paper ordaining this change, and announcing the demise and disappearance of that renowned Company Bahadur, “which we all had had the pride and honour to serve.” There were generals and brigadiers at table that evening who, while Lord Elphinstone spoke, brushed from their eyes something that was not a fly or a gnat; and His Excellency’s speech was received in a mournful silence, till the mention of the Queen’s

name at the close of it brought back a certain loyal cheeriness. In the daytime, on the maidan, there had been a great parade of victorious troops, under Sir Hugh Rose—the famous 25th Native Infantry among them, which had gained so much distinction in the campaign of the North-West. When these brave fellows returned to Poona—the heroes of Jhansi, of Calpee, and a score of other fields—we had collected two or three thousand rupees to make an entertainment for them, and I was deputed to consult the native officers as to what they would best like. Western heroes would have wanted a good feast with plenty of liquor, but these temperate warriors were unanimous in desiring a really good nautch dance. So we erected immense tents on the parade ground, and hired from the neighbouring cities, at immense expense, all the professional female stars whom we could secure; and those eight hundred men sat all the quiet night through in the tents smoking, eating their betel-nut, and watching the endless movements of the Nautchnees, and listening to their songs.

But as to this my artistic triumph, of which mention has been made. On the evening of that memorable day the city of Poona was to illuminate, and it suddenly struck the educational staff of the Vishrambagh that something conspicuously loyal ought to be done by us. Fireworks, lamps, and torches we could, of course, command, but the bangle shops and coppersmiths and dyers would do as much as that, and we were looked to for something striking by all

the quarter. Accordingly I volunteered, a little too rashly, to provide a special feature for the demonstration of peace and loyalty. Taking the largest tablecloth in my bungalow, which happened to be of damask spotted with roses, I stretched it tight upon the matting, and, preparing a sufficient quantity of transparent colours, set myself to reproduce, with unskilled loyalty, an effigy of her beloved Majesty the Queen from an illustration in my possession. The roses in the margin were painted red and green, and in the centre was designed a full-length image of the Sovereign with royal robes and crown and sceptre, nine or ten feet in length. The outline having been made and reasonable correctness achieved in details, the great object was to get in some brilliant colour effects; and there was, in truth, no sparing of crimsons and purples, of amber and green and blue, in rendering Her Majesty as gorgeous as the greatness of the occasion warranted. When it was all finished and dry, the rude but sincere work of art was rolled up and carried down to the "Garden of Repose," where it was tightly stretched upon a screen of bamboo, framed with mango leaves and lotus flowers. A large quantity of buttis—oil-lamps—was arranged behind it, so as to throw a strong light through the transparency, and when evening fell those in charge erected this production outside the façade of the college amid the coloured lights and lamps elsewhere disposed. That night, after dinner, I had an artist's desire to see how the improvised picture looked in its new position, and,



mounting my horse, I rode into the city, which was very gay with illuminations and holiday crowds. On coming near the Vishrambagh the throng of people thickened so much about the approaches that my horse could make no way. I rode round, therefore, to the street of the coppersmiths, but here also the squares and lanes were blocked with towns-people all apparently trying to get to the college. I asked what they were so anxious to see, and twenty voices answered, "Taswir! taswir! It is a picture of the Maharani in the Sunwar-Peit." When the spot was reached at last my gaze fell upon a spectacle which, for the moment, might have made a Rubens proud, a Raphael vainglorious. Her Majesty, upon my tablecloth, shone gloriously forth in such magnificence of hues—I will say nothing of design and draughtmanship—that a stained-glass window in a cathedral with the sun shining through would be quiet in comparison. The good folks had never beheld any such presentation before. They forgave, in an ecstasy of popular pleasure, the defects they did not perceive; and for many hours there were constant shouts of "Taswir! taswir!" among the crowds flocking to the spot, and a perpetual stream of them flowing past the gates of the college and crying, "Wah, wah! Shabash!" and "Maharani ki jai." If I could have been guilty of artistic vanity, the cup of popular favour was filled for me as a painter that night. It had got abroad that the "Principal-Sahib" was the gifted author of this prodigious production, and no President of the

Royal Academy could for the moment have held a prouder position in the art world. I was positively glad to get away and retire from my undeserved fame to the obscurity of private life ; but as for the people, they would have stayed there all night loyally admiring the Queen's multi-coloured majesty, if a judicious order had not been issued towards the small hours to extinguish the lamps and roll up the picture. It took our dhobi—the Hindoo washerman—weeks and weeks to get the last glories of those colours out of the tablecloth, but to the end it retained some faint tints to recall the great occasion, and to make me secretly regret that this must be my first and last artistic success.

XX

THE SWORD OF JAPAN

## XX

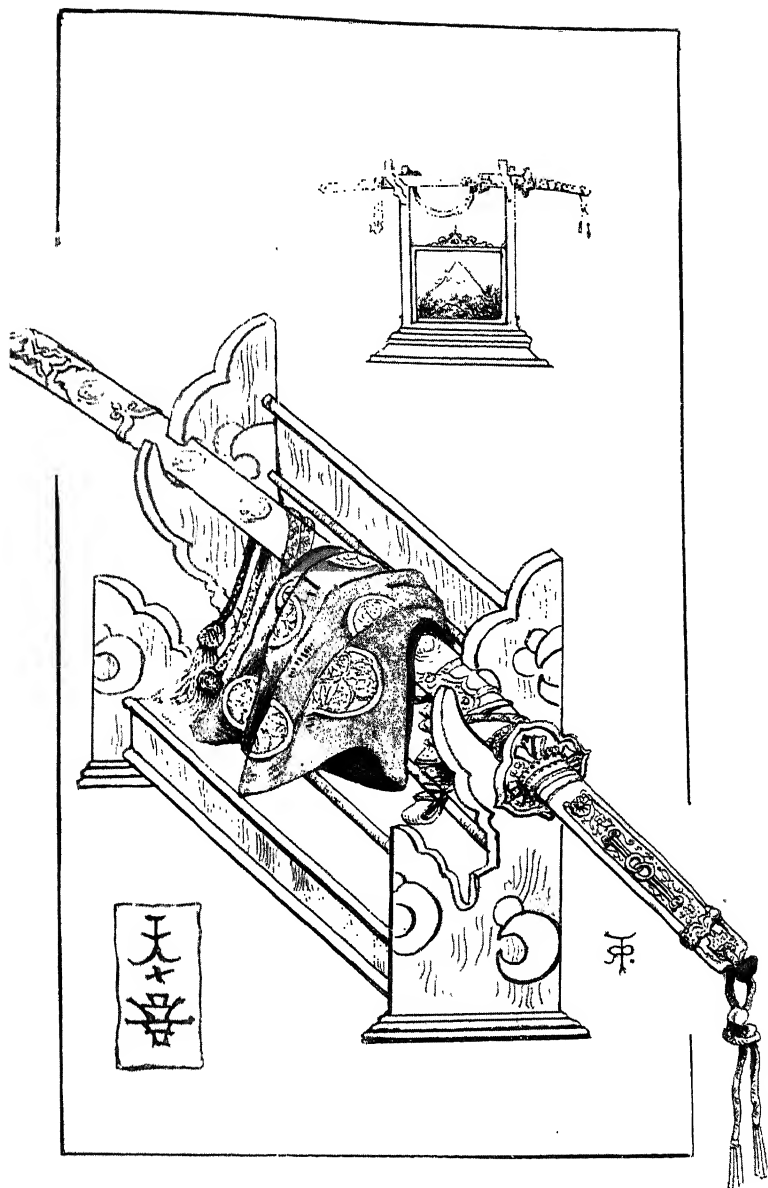
### THE SWORD OF JAPAN<sup>1</sup>

A GREAT Shogun of Japan, the famous Iyeyasu, left it written in his testament that "the girded sword is the life of the Samurai." The sword was, indeed, even more than this in ancient Japan. It became the central point in the morals and customs of the land; the badge of honour and the token of chivalry; a special and sacred weapon around which grew up the grave, punctilious manners of the lords and knights of Dai Nippon, whose politeness—exquisite, but rigid as the steel they bore—had to be imitated, and was imitated, by the lesser people. The civilisation of a country always crystallises round a few fundamental habits of that country. The manners and morals of Japan may all be traced to the sword, the tea-cup, and the paper house. The first has made the people serious, fearless, punctilious in mutual demeanour; the second has created their identical habits, their sobriety and sociability; while those perfectly transparent abodes of paper and panel, common throughout Japan, where "no secrets are hid," have forced upon them

<sup>1</sup> Many particulars in this paper are derived from Dr. Lyman's learned treatise on the subject.

a Greek simplicity of domestic behaviour, with a modesty, naturalness, and absence of *naturel* *honte* unparalleled elsewhere. The sword has been now for ever laid aside in public by the gentlemen of Japan—obeying in this, with wonderful good sense, a sudden and difficult edict. But the signs of its ancient cult linger deep to this hour in the minds and ways of the people, and it may be worth while to speak a little of the bygone importance of the Japanese sword.

The sword-maker who forged the finer blades for the Samurai and Daimio—the barons and knights—was no mere blacksmith. He ranked, indeed, first of all craftsmen in the land, and was often appointed lord or vice-lord of a province. He did not enter on his grave duties lightly. When he had a blade to make for a great Japanese gentleman, the Katanya abstained for a whole week from all animal food and strong drink; he slept alone, and poured cold water every morning over his head. When the forge was ready (and no woman might so much as enter its precincts), and when the steel bars were duly selected, he repaired to the temple and prayed there devoutly. Then he came back to his anvil and furnace, and hung above them the consecrated straw-rope (*shime-nawa*) and the clippings of paper (*gohei*) which kept away evil spirits. He put on the dress of a court noble, with the *e-boshi* and *kami-shimo*, tying back his long sleeves with a silk cord. Only after many ceremonies, when the five elements—fire, water, wood, metal, and earth—were well con-



SWORD REST, JAPAN.

ciliated, would that pious artisan take his hammer in hand.

The blade was beaten out of steel alone—*mukugitai*, the “pure make”—or of steel blended with iron. Great heed was taken to have good and well-smelted material. Each time, before the smith placed his bar in the bed of glowing charcoal, which an apprentice blew to white heat, he coated it with a paste of clay and straw ashes, so as not to burn the naked metal; and never touched it with the hand—hot or cold—since sweat would spoil the weld, and leave a blur on the steel. When he had beaten out his bar 8 inches long,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick, he bent it midway, beat it out again to the same dimensions, thus folding and re-hammering it some fifteen or twenty times. As the original bar was in four flakes, Dr. Lyman, in his admirable treatise on the subject, calculates that at the fifteenth hammering there would be 131,072 layers, increased by five following bendings to 4,194,304 layers. This careful repetition gave the metal a texture like ivory or satin-wood. They had names for the different “watering” so produced, as “bean-grain,” “pear-grain,” “pine-bark grain,” and “vein-grain.” Afterwards the blade was forged down to its full length, the imperfect ends cut off, the point drawn out, and the tang fitted on, upon which came the tempering. But these last processes were very serious, and the sword-forger sate alone, and solemnly sang to himself while he gave to the weapon its final fashionings. They say that the difference be-

tween the swords of Masamune and of Muramasa, two famous craftsmen, was due to their singing. A Masamune blade brought victory and luck everywhere. A Muramasa sword was always leading its owner into quarrels, though it carried him through them well; and it would cause accidents, and cut the fingers of friendly folks inspecting it, being never willing to go back to its scabbard without drinking blood. The real reason was, so runs the legend, that Muramasa, while he sate at his work in the forge, was ever singing a song, which had the chorus of "*tenka tairan! tenka tairan*," which means "trouble in the world, trouble in the world," whereas Masamune, the gentle and lucky sword-maker, always chanted while he worked "*tenka taihei, taihei*," which signifies "peace be on earth—peace!" Japanese people of the old days firmly believed that both the kindly words and the unkindly got somehow welded into the very spirit of the steel, so that Masamune's blades prevented quarrels or brought to their wielders a quick victory, while Muramasa's had in them a lurking instinct for doing mischief—a sort of itch to hurt and wound. All sorts of tales were told to illustrate this. There was a splendid sword of Muramasa, which had killed by *hara-kiri* four of its possessors in succession. Once, too, when the Shogun was handling a spear-head embedded in a helmet of one of his warriors, the point wounded his august hand. "See quickly," he said, "what is the mark upon this accursed iron, for it must be Muramasa's!" And when they came to look at the



maker's mark, it was indeed a spear-head from the grim sword-maker's, who had chanted the thirst for blood into all his *yari* and *katana*.

Some of the very famous sword-forgers would never write their names or make any sign at all upon their productions. "It is enough to try a blade of mine," said Toshiro Moshimitsu; "it will tell you of itself who made it." Many of the inferior craftsmen engraved dragons, gods, and flowers upon their blades, but the best work does not bear such ornaments, which might hide an imperfection in the metal. All, however, except such men as Toshiro and Masamune, would cut into the tang the name and date of the sword and the owner's and maker's name. Swords had appellations, and might be christened with such titles as *Osoraku*, "the terrible," or *Hiru*, "the blood-sucker." On a long sword noted by Dr. Lyman the inscription ran '*Motte shisubeshi, Motte ikubeshi*,' "Defend yourself with me—die with me." But when the blade had been forged and shaped—whether it were the straight *surugi* or the *tachi* and *katana* carved into the lines of "the falcon's wing," or the "cormorant's neck"—it had to be very carefully and skilfully tempered. The Japanese sword-smiths effected at one operation what European craftsmen do in two, namely, the high annealing of the edge and the low tempering of the body of the blade. They covered it with *sabi-doro*, a paste of red earth and charcoal, and then, before this hardened, they drew the paste away from a narrow streak along the edge, afterwards putting

it into the fiercest part of the fire. Very heedfully did the smith move the precious sword up and down in the pine-coals till he saw the proper colour come near the tang, which would be in a few minutes. Then it was plunged in water of a certain temperature, which thing in itself was a great secret. Katate, the "One-handed," a renowned swordsmith, bought the knowledge of that precious mystery dear. His master taught him everything else except this matter of the right heat of the tempering bath, so, watching his opportunity, he broke into the forge one day, and plunged his hand into the water just as the master was dipping a reddened blade into it. The master smote the audacious member off there and then with the unfinished sword, but Katate knew his last trade-secret.

The fire, which burned the bared edge violet, left the *mune*, or body of the blade, blue or straw-colour; and being plunged into the water, the sudden chill turned the former very hard, but brittle, making the latter tough, elastic, and "mild." The edge so obtained was called *yakiba*, "baked-leaf"—but there must not be too much breadth of it, as it would necessarily be brittle. Then was the cold blade carefully cleaned and rough-ground, and at this stage the smith could know whether his work must be wasted or not. If the smallest fault manifested itself, the true craftsman flung the failure aside—the false one cut a dragon or a Sanskrit letter or two over the blemish. The grooves were now chiselled into the sword, especially the *chi-nagashi*

or blood-channel, which in the case of spear-heads would be afterwards filled up with vermilion lacquer. A hole was drilled in the tang to receive the *mekugi*, or bamboo peg holding the handle on; and then followed the real and final grinding. This was performed by a special handicraftsman. Holding the blade horizontally wrapped in cloths, and with a small part only bare, he rubbed it up and down upon whetstones of varying grit, finishing upon a fifteenth stone of very fine grain, and afterwards polishing with stone powder and oil. It would be at this stage that the beauty and value of the sword came forth. There used to be very many Japanese gentlemen, and even to-day there are some, who could tell instantly, upon inspection, by the look of a blade in this stage, who had wrought it. Official personages existed who gave governmental certificates of blades, written on special paper and stamped. The boundary between the hard, sharp, whitish edge and the grey-blue of the back must not be harsh. It must be clouded by *nioi*, misty spots and flecks, not regular like drop-marks, but fleecy and broken apart like clouds. In good steel, where the clay covering had slightly come away, there would appear *tobi-yaki*, "flying burns," isolated specks of soft white. The visible grain would look "as though the steel were water, and it were rippling." Where the tempering had been perfect there would come little points of bright silver along the edge—called *nie*, only to be seen by the educated eye. Masamune's swords were very full of such. It must be an

excellent blade if, inside and underneath, as it were, the dark body of it, there flickered the *utsuri*, the "reflection," a glimmer along the dividing line of edge and breast, faintly prismatic, and resembling the "mist round the moon." Only a consummate judge could note and estimate the *chikei*, small films of white; the *niadzuma*, or "lightning flashes," fine shining lines in the *nioi*; the *sunagashi*, resembling specks of sand in a row; and the *uchi-yoke*, or narrow forge-marks. The blade which combined these virtues was fit to sit in the girdle of a daimio, and would be worth from £200 to £300; twelve to fifteen hundred of the old *yen*.

Such a sword was often mounted very splendidly indeed; the finest artists lavishing their skill upon the scabbard, *tsuka*, the *me-nukî*, or studs upon the handle, and, above all, on the *tsuba*, or hilt, which was often enriched with lovely work in gold, silver, and bronze. The scabbard was generally of magnolia wood, and ended in a richly-adorned *kojiri*, or ferrule. It held, at its upper end, two small daggers or skewers with pretty handles called *kogai*. These were used in thick of fight to stick through the ear of a slain enemy as a sort of visiting card. With such a weapon you could cut through five sheets of copper and not notch the steel, and the edge put on it might be so fine that if you held it in a river's current a stalk of grass floating down would divide upon contact with it. Masamune's blades could sever a bar of iron, or cut a falling hair in two. Muramasa's would slice bronze armour "like a

melon." The point was not much used, but Iyeyasu once, for trial, put a *katana* of Yoshimitsu's clean through the iron mortar of his physician.

Immense punctilio attached to the wearing, the carriage, and the etiquettes of these precious weapons. The higher-born you were, the more you might stick up the hilts of your two swords; but soldiers of lesser degree wore them horizontally. Dr. Lyman says correctly: "To draw a sword from its scabbard without begging leave of the others present was not thought polite; to clash the scabbard of your sword against another was a great rudeness; to turn the sword or the scabbard, as if about to draw, was tantamount to a challenge; and to lay your weapon on the floor and kick the guard towards another was an intolerable insult, that generally resulted in a combat to the death."

Pfoufoules says that "the rules of observances connected with the wearing of the long and short sword or the single sword were very minute, but have fallen into disuse. . . . In former days the most trivial breach of these elaborate observances was often the cause of murderous brawls and dreadful reprisals. . . . To express a wish to see a sword was not usual, unless when a blade of great value was in question; and then a request to be shown it would be a compliment appreciated by the happy possessor. The sword would then be handed with the back towards the guest, the edge turned towards the owner, and the hilt to the left, the guest wrapping the hilt either in the little silk napkin always carried by

gentlemen in their girdle-books, or in a sheet of clean paper. The weapon was drawn from the scabbard and admired inch by inch, but not to the full length, unless the owner pressed his guest to do so, and then, with much apology, the sword was entirely drawn and held away from the other persons present. After being admired it would, if apparently necessary, be carefully wiped with a special cloth, sheathed, and returned to the owner as before."

A guest, on entering a friend's house, if the host was an older man or of higher rank, would take off his longer sword and either lay it down at the entrance or hand it to the servant who admitted him, who would thereupon place it on the sword-rack in the position of honour in the apartment. If on somewhat familiar or equal terms with the host, the guest might carry the long sword into the house, but detached with its scabbard from the belt, and lay it on the floor at his right hand, where it could not be drawn. The shorter sword was retained in the girdle; but in a prolonged visit both host and guest laid that also aside.

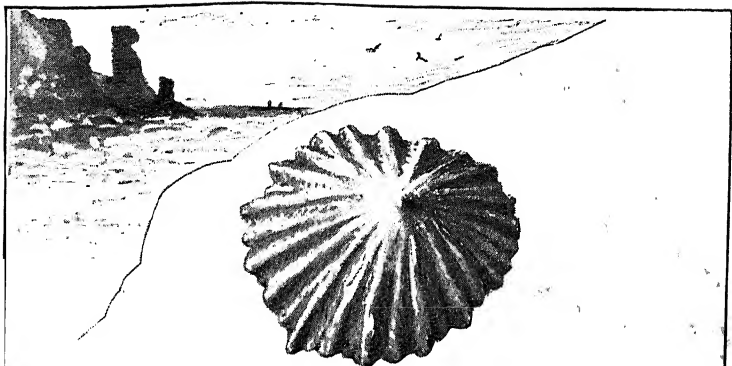
These high manners of the steel bred that Japanese courtliness and chivalry which have survived it. The cult of the *katana* is now for ever at an end in Dai Nippon—the samurai and lords of the land have laid aside their proudly cherished weapons, and go abroad as peacefully as the *Akindo*, the merchant. Yet there are fine swordsmen still to be found among the quietest of the Emperor's senators and lieges, and I have myself seen wonderful things done by some of

them with ancient blades. Moreover, the measured speech, the deep and heedful reverence, the silent dignity, the instincts of manhood which clustered round the steel, are still characteristic of the race; and the swords, though no longer worn, are proudly and carefully preserved in many a mansion, castle, and temple. Thucydides says that "the nation which carries iron is barbarous," and under that remark the United States, where almost everybody seems to possess and carry a revolver, would stand condemned. But Japan, by a wonderful effort of abnegation on the part of her upper classes, altogether laid aside, twenty years ago, the old and perilous habit of going abroad with a girdle full of swords and daggers. It was a noble submission to new ideas—yet to this day a Japanese gentleman raises your sword to his forehead and bows deeply before he examines it. Nor will he uncover a single inch of the shining and sacred steel without gravely obtaining your permission and that of the company present.

XXI

L I M P E T S





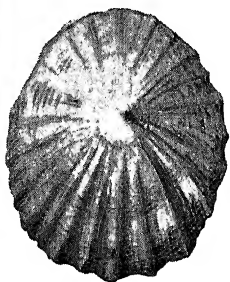
PATELLA  
ATHLETICA (Bean)

XXI

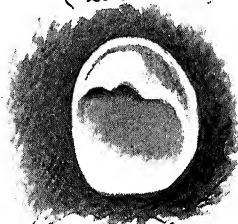
## LIMPETS



It is a trite saying that an oyster may be crossed in love, but few people who are not observant naturalists would ever attribute the softer emotions of life to a limpet. Nevertheless, some recent researches tend entirely to confirm the statement which will be found in all good books of natural history, that there is no creature more attached to its own dwelling-place than the little vulgar mollusc in question. Attached in one



*Patella vulgata*  
(Linnaeus)



*P. crepidula* unguiformis  
or Slipper Limpet (Malta)

sense everybody well knows that it is, who knows a limpet when he sees it. The little sub-conical single shell sits tightly to the surface of the wave-washed rock ; and very great force, indeed, is needed to remove it. But the limpet is a home-loving creature in a very different sense from this. All close observers of nature have long ago been familiar with the mode in which it wanders away from the little depression upon its rock to take a meal of sea-weed between tide and tide, and then returns to the self-same spot and fits itself with as much precision into the notched hole as a lid upon a box. Lately, however, these curious little journeys have been specially investigated. Professor Davis described very admirably, indeed, in *Nature*, how he had seen marked individuals coming back from an excursion of as much as a yard distance to settle down into its particular scar. The limpet has tentacles and what seem like eyes. Yet it is not by means of these that it finds its slow way home, for the Professor removed them from two individuals which accomplished all the same their return trips. It then occurred to him that the road was designated for the limpet by the smell of its own track, and the Professor, to determine this, carefully washed the intervening space with sea-water, only to see the limpet readily finding its way back. Another patient naturalist, Mr. Lloyd Morgan, confirms these observations of Professor Davis with a series of "limpet-statistics" which are quite decisive. Out of twenty-five of the little molluscs which he removed

to a distance of six inches, twenty-one safely returned to their accustomed hole within two tides. Out of twenty-one removed to a distance of a foot, thirteen came back within two tides and five more within the next two; and when the interval was increased to eighteen inches and twenty-four inches respectively, eighteen out of twenty-one turned up safely from the former journey, and five out of thirty-six, at the interval—immense for a limpet—of two feet. Some of these enforced wanderers were removed round a corner of a rock and yet knew the way home. In one case, where a limpet had taken up a new position, it went back to this after having been transferred to its original hole. In another case the limpet had to pass between two other of its fellows who were fixed, and lifted its shell in the most intelligent manner to get over these. And, leisurely as the little mollusc travels, there is yet a certain amount of energy displayed to reach its familiar abode; for in one instance the little creature travelled ten inches, over a somewhat curved course, in something under twenty minutes, which, by the limpet time-table, may be considered a record speed. In a word, if limpets could sing, their favourite ditty would be "Home, Sweet Home." Carrying their shell with them, that becomes, in a sense, their portable abode; but the place they really love is that spot upon the rock where they have wriggled and fitted the little serrated edge of their house into the stone so as to exactly fit, and shut out air and water. On reaching the well-known spot they twist and turn about to

match their shell to the hole, like a belated householder getting his latchkey to fit; and they love that one place beyond all other, because only there can they sit still and tightly, and defy all enemies.

That this humble little sea-creature should display so strong a passion for home, rivalling almost the well-known faculty and instinct of the pigeon or the cat, must make thoughtful people desire to know more about it. Everybody has remarked the small grey and green cones studding the surfaces of sea-washed stones. Scientific dictionaries denominate it "patella," and it goes into the catalogues as a "gasteropod mollusc of the Zygo-branch section." But under these hard words is hidden a wonderful life, the study of which is well calculated to convince the least reflective of the miracles of design which exist in Nature. The life of the limpet is about equally divided between eating and sleeping. When the tide is ebbing out, he softly loosens himself from the depression which he has made in his rock, and goes about under water grazing upon sea-weeds. His tiny mouth—if so it can be called—is armed with a tongue of the most extraordinary construction, like nothing so much as a long flexible blacksmith's file. It is called the "radula," and is very much longer than his body. It has upon its surface one hundred and sixty rows of teeth, twelve in each row, so that the total number of the limpet teeth amounts to one thousand nine hundred and twenty. This is the grazing instrument of the common or British limpet; but a variety of the same family, called the *patella*

*variegata*, although only two inches and a half long in extended body, has a tongue more than a foot long. And there is a South American species with a shell one foot wide, which is used by natives as a basin, the tongue of this being absolutely prodigious. We pass by the many curious facts about the keyhole limpets, fissurellidæ, which have orifices in the apex of the shell, and the strange slipper limpets, or acmæa, to come back to our own common or sea-shore individual. Mention was made above of the enemies of the limpet, and he has many. Man eats him cooked, in the North of Ireland and elsewhere. Fish and sea-birds greatly relish his small person, which, but for the too-great prevalence of sand in it, is nearly as toothsome when cooked as a winkle. But by far the worst of his foes is the oyster-catcher, a bird wrongly named, for it lives almost entirely upon limpets. To catch the little mollusc you must surprise him at a moment when he has detached the indentations of his shell from the hole into which they fit; and the slightest vibration of his rock, or any sudden blow or noise, causes him instantly to screw himself down into his "scar", in a manner which makes him immovable except to the edge of a sharp knife or the stroke of a big stone. But the red-legged oyster-catcher, stepping softly with his great feet upon the half-bared rocks, knows how to catch the limpet just at the moment of innocent relaxation; and with one cunning and silent insertion of his bill wrenches the small "gasteropod" from his beloved site. If once the limpet hears the

oyster-catcher coming, he locks himself into his chiselled hole, and nothing that the "hæmatopus" can do will detach the tiny morsel. Safe in his corrugated shell, he listens to the futile efforts of the bird, as secure from danger as a sailor in an armour-clad battery. We might almost imagine that he laughs at his baffled foe, for why should it seem impossible for a limpet to laugh if he can find his way home over a yard of rugged rock, and if he loves that home with such deep devotion, and possesses besides in what we have called his tongue a mechanical implement of such exquisite delicacy and perfection that any invention of Mr. Edison or Mr. Maxim is but rude and clumsy compared to its matchless efficiency?

For anything we know to the contrary, the limpet enjoys his life—feels, perceives, and even thinks. Nay, he may and must share with the oyster the sad privilege of being crossed in love; for the sexes are distinct in the small beings, and they have their love-makings and little families quite regularly every spring. It may not seem a very lively existence to adhere to a rock at low tide and nibble sea-weed when the water is up; but a mollusc who in this way always "comes home to tea" cannot but possess faculties and feelings unsuspected by us. Has he preferences among the female limpets which all look so similar to our eyes; is he an epicure among the sea-grasses, knowing flavours and tastes utterly hidden from us? Does his sloppy rock, with its barnacles and sea-anemones and mussel-shells and

bladder-weed, afford him all the charms and variety of an extended landscape? Has anybody any idea by what magic of evolution that "radula" has been furnished to him by Nature which under the microscope makes the finest tool of the watchmaker ridiculous? And the minute mollusc which suggests these unanswerable questions is but an item in the countless company of living things filling every corner of land and sea and air, each of them everywhere a thousand times more wonderful than the wisest student knows. There is a "gasteropod," a sort of first cousin to the limpet, which swims in the Southern Ocean and is called the "violet sea-snail." It is one of the ianthinidæ, and in the breeding season this strange creature forms a raft out of a special membrane, attaches its two hundred or three hundred eggs to this improvised lifeboat, and launches it upon the water for them to hatch out at leisure. If you touch it when captured in the sea-net it exudes a violet dye much more beautiful than the purple of the Tyrian murex. This, too, is only one of the million marvels of the deep, and only one of the uncounted instances of the exhaustless resources of life. Many and many a more astonishing fact than the home-loving habits of the limpet might be culled from that rich region of the sea-shore between high and low water mark.

XXII

A DELICATE ENTERTAINMENT

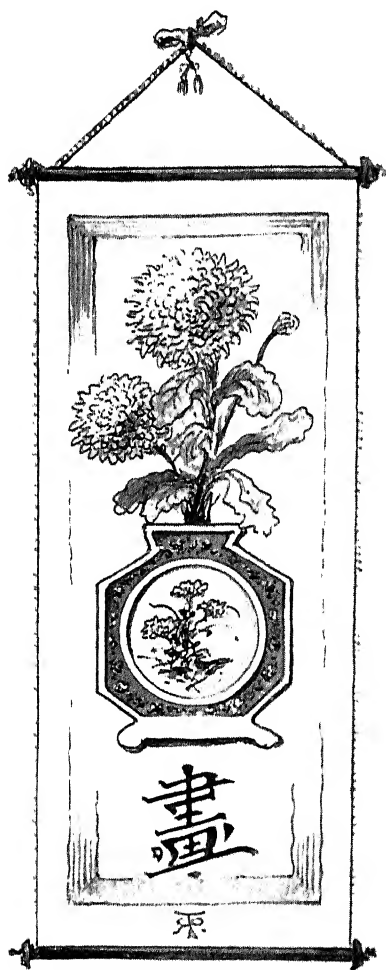


## XXII

### A DELICATE ENTERTAINMENT

THERE is a pretty and refined form of social amusement in Japan which has never been mentioned on this side, so far as I have seen, in connection with the domestic life of that country. It well deserves description, nevertheless, being so characteristic of the highly cultured tastes of the Japanese, and because it opens the gate into quite a new realm of sense-pleasure, and might, indeed, be very well introduced among people of education and fine sensibilities in England. It is founded upon the Eastern love of sweet odours—a province of rare delight, far too much neglected among ourselves, as may be seen indeed by our lack of words with which to define different fragrances, and the foolish fashion which has surrendered the beautiful world of perfume almost entirely to the female sex. Englishmen, it is true, wear button-holes of violets, or gardenias, or rosebuds; and some of them are bold enough to bedew a pocket-handkerchief with a little frangipani or eau de Cologne; but the habit is regarded as rather effeminate, and even ladies are a little blamed if they indulge in the stronger fragrances of the fashionable perfumers. All this is deplorable, and due, it seems to me, to a

deficient olfactory gift rather than to any reasonable prejudice; for why should we not take delight in



WALL PICTURE OR "KAKEMONO."

the infinite range and exquisite variation of those mysterious odours which, not content with scattering freely among her flowers, Nature bestows upon us in many a strange and subtle corner of the animal and vegetable world? We have, by reason of our dulness, very few satisfactory titles in the dictionary with which to name these wonderful essences; and the nose—that most important feature—not only boasts no classic passages of its own to compare with the literature of the eye, the ear, and the lips, or even the hair, but is scarcely ever mentioned, even in poetry. Martial can find nothing better to say of that organ in his mistress except

that it is "not too great," and all that Ariosto permits himself to observe about the same part of the

lovely countenance of one of his chief heroines is that "it stood in the middle of her face."

They do not so disregard the nose in Japan, or neglect the delicious kingdom of sensations of which it is the well-provided and happy channel. Less fortunate than we are in the variety and delicacy of manufactured perfumes, they appreciate intensely those which they possess, and give lovely and appropriate names to distinguish one odour from the other. For the most part, Japanese perfumes are prepared not in the liquid form, as with us, but in powder or solid shape, necessitating the use of incense-burners to develop the aroma of each. The Japanese word for an incense-burner is "koro," and upon this omnipresent article of Japanese domestic and religious life the artists of the land have lavished their finest skill. The most divinely graceful utensils exist in bronze, iron, silver, gold, and pottery, entirely devoted as "kogo" in which to keep the little tablets of incense, or as "koro," and "chojiburo" in which to burn them. Some are quaintly fashioned in the forms of fish, birds, or animals, and richly gilded; but the majority are of bronze, the fragrant smoke issuing from perforations in the lid of the little vessel.

Imagine yourself, then—oh, gentle English guest! seeking in vain for some new social pastime—imagine yourself in Tokyo, receiving the distinction of "O maneki"—the honourable invitation—to a "josshuko," or incense-party. I must call it a distinction, because these entertainments are only given in the upper

circles of Japanese life, and would never be addressed to any one who was not known as a person of quiet ways and cultivated tastes. On the highly ornamental document inviting you, or in a letter accompanying it, will be conveyed in graceful words the



JAPANESE LADY.

request that, if it be "honourably convenient," you will not smoke, or drink tea, or "saki," or eat scented sweetmeats for a day or so previous to the reception. It will also be in good form that you should not make any employment of pomade or oil for the hair, nor use any ordinary perfume. On repairing to the house

of your hostess—for a lady always presides over this most dainty amusement—it will be polite and proper to enter with much caution the apartment reserved, taking care to open and shut the paper shutters, “shoji,” very quietly, in order not to disturb the tranquil air of the room. Like all Japanese rooms, that chamber will be celestially clean and sweet ; but the probability is that you are entering a “yashiki,” or superior abode, where, beside the cream-white “tatami” and the silvery “shoji,” the woodwork around will be of finished workmanship, and the supporting columns of natural timber, the most valuable that the mountain forests can yield. With your feet bare or in socks you have knelt down in your place within a half-circle of pleasant friends, male and female, who salute you with soft words of welcome and polished compliments. Your dress will be new, or at least unsoiled ; all upper garments being left outside that no smell of the street may enter this Paradise of perfume. Opposite to the half-circle of happy guests kneels the fair hostess, in front of her being ranged a row of ten small packets of perfume, folded and tied in precisely an identical fashion, and their contents known to her alone, either by their arrangement or some private mark. Two or more incense-burners will be near her with a metal bowl of lighted charcoal and various little implements with which to handle the incense. In “joshuko” there will be ten packets, but only four different scents, and a specimen of each of these four is placed, distinctively coloured or packed, at

the left hand of the lady of the house. Let us say that they are the sorts called "tamatsumi," in English, pile of jewels; "shibafune," ships of grass; "mumei," the unspeakable; and a fourth fragrance, which is not named or experimented with. In the row of ten, all looking identical, there will be three of No. 1, three of No. 2, three of No. 3, and one of the mysterious compound. The guests receive ten little tickets, bearing names corresponding to this division—three of No. 1, three of No. 2, three of No. 3, and one for the "kyaksama," or unknown perfume. In a box near at hand there is a division for the tickets of each of those present;—and now the graceful pastime is ready to commence.

The lady of the house burns one of the extra parcels of No. 1, and all in turn sniff at the aroma, the name and character of which she indicates. Then, gently wafting aside the fragrant cloud, she gives her guests the flavour of No. 2, and afterwards, in due turn, that of No. 3, naming them all. But "kyakuko" is, as I say, not burned. Now then the delicate ordeal commences. The lady host opens one of the ten indistinguishable parcels and places it on the glowing scarlet ashes of the "koro." The blue vapour issues from the perforated lid, each guest in turn of precedence savours the smoke decorously three times, and then, making up his or her mind, secretly drops the ticket which is thought to agree with that particular odour. One after the other the guests thus vote in silent ballot, not being allowed to give any hint as to their persuasion, but softly

conversing of other things as the incense-burner goes round. Another and another packet is selected and consumed, and again and again those present cast their votes, each dropping the tickets into his own division of the ballot-box. Somewhere or other in the course of the play the secret scent will come in, but it is remarkable how often it fails to be recognised, the eager guests expecting it before it has arrived. Moreover, in spite of the frequent use of the fan, each of the fragrances intermixes with each, and it is quite astonishing how keen the nostril needs to be to analyse and separate the fine differences of the various essences. At the close of the round, when all ten perfumes have been consumed in the "koro," a scrutiny is held of the voting, and he or she who has made the highest number of happy guesses receives a little "hobi," a prize of some pretty and useful kind.

A great collection of elaborate articles is needed to carry out this graceful entertainment in perfection. The incense-burner ought naturally to be very artistic, whether of porcelain, bronze, copper, or iron. The incense-box should be of fine lacquer, and of beautiful shape and finish. It will generally have been constructed in three divisions—the first containing the incense-cakes, the second some aloes-wood, and the third a receptacle for the incense ashes. Little plates of mica must be ready, on which to lay the pieces of incense when put over the burner. The card-box ought to be charming, and the cards are sometimes little lacquered wooden blocks, with a

number on one side and on the other the picture of some tree or flower—the name of which each guest will, for the time being, assume. Every person, it will be understood, receives ten tickets, with the same picture on the back, representing unmistakably the owner.

It would take me too far to go into the varieties of incense and other fragrant materials which are manufactured by the Japanese perfumer, and to quote all the playful and fanciful names given to them. There is, for example, “kokon”—“the breath of twilight”—and there is “yama-ji-no-tsuyu”—“the dew on the mountain path.” The first is compounded of aloes-wood, sandal-wood, and kakko, in certain proportions. The second has clover-blossom in it, and musk or “jako”—of which the ladies of Dai Nippon are very fond. Some of them have the custom of sewing a tiny bag of musk-dust inside a velvet fillet, and fastening it under their sleeve upon the upper arm. The ingredients of these perfumes are mixed in powder and then kneaded into consistency with white honey. There are many other forms of this delicate entertainment besides “josshuko”—such as “kogusa-ko,” “keibako,” “kagetsu-ko,” “meisho-ko,” all of them having some amusing or imaginative significance. But enough has been said to show the refinement, the charm, and the entertaining character of this Japanese form of indoor pastime, which might, I think, be happily introduced into those fortunate abodes in our own land where there reigns something like



Japanese tranquillity and something like the Japanese artistic instinct which can find 'true joy in the curve of a line, in the contrast of supplementary colours, or in the subtle differences of one sweet odour from another closely resembling it.



JAPANESE BOY.